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AMONG THE DUNKERS

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. W. PETERS

THE sun is free of the ridges. It has shaken off the lone pine that stands out so boldly there in the clearing, and is soaring off over the mountains to the south. It is time for preaching. The clock would point the hour of eight, and the churchman of the town would hardly yet be considering his breakfast, but here in our little Pennsylvania valley we know that when the sun has cleared that solemn old tree it is time to be hitching, for five dusty miles lie between us and the Dunker meeting-house. The road is a hard one, too. From where it leaves the pike at the covered bridge to where it skirts the berry-patch at the crest of the hill, we can see every foot of it standing out white and hot against the green slope. There are three more climbs like that before we reach our journey's end, but why count the cost when we are to hear a young brother from "Ioway"; and these brethren from a distance are always better talkers than our home product. The mere fact that they have travelled from "Ioway" shows that they have seen the world and will have something new to tell us.

But all the valley is not going to Dunker preaching. The little brick meeting-house over the ridge would not hold one-half the pious folk that are to journey along that road to-day. Many will pass it and go on to the grove where the great Mennonite bush-meeting is on; or to the barn where the River Brethren gather for their simple service of devotion, or to the white farm-house with the gates of blue. Within those blue gates the Amish are to worship, and, if their ancient custom had its inception in truth, one could not choose a better place, for it has been hallowed by the visit of many a passing angel, who, marking the heavenly hue of the entrance, has stepped inside to bless the home there.

So the valley is awake to its Sabbath duties. From its every quarter, along its every road, the rockaways are crawling. They meet at the covered bridge; they move solemnly up the long hill; and our church parade is on. How different it is from that famous one that swings along Fifth Avenue every Sunday, when the human pea-fowl of every class strut and spread their plumage! Here simplicity is the effect to be obtained, for the keynote of the teaching of these sombre folk is humility. There, for instance, is the Dunker bishop of the district. He drives a fat horse with a monstrous curly mane, and the good animal ambles along as though really anxious to make time, but fears to be seen running on Sunday. The brother sits well back in his vehicle, and is almost hidden from view by the dust-coated side-curtains, but still we can see his great black hat, with its high, cylindrical crown and broad, flat brim. It looks hot these summer days, but it is well in keeping with his heavy brown coat, which has a straight, clerical collar, close buttoned at the throat, is cut away well in front, and sweeps into broad tails behind. The bishop's hair is

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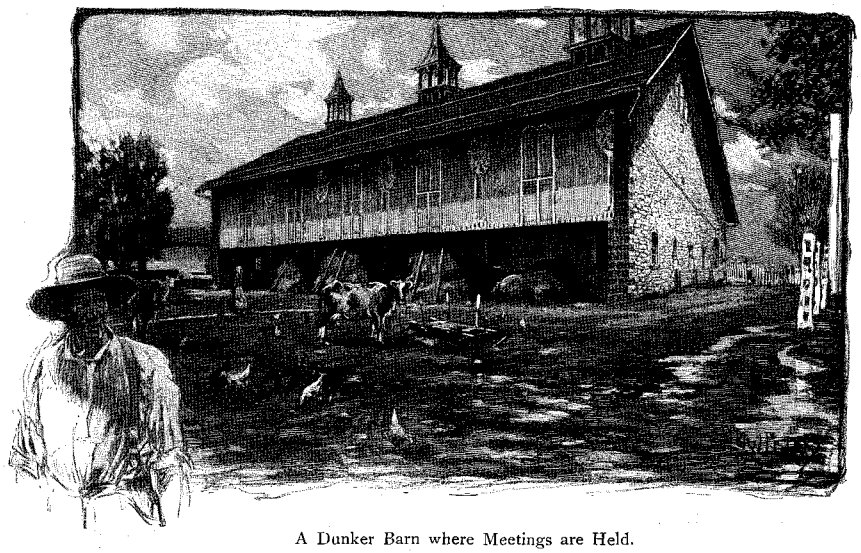

A Dunker Barn where Meetings are Held.

long, and is trimmed off straight, just below the ears, which causes it to stick out in most inartistic fashion. His beard is long, too, and his upper lip is clean shaven, for among his people a mustache is a badge of worldliness.

Beside him is his wife. They have fine faces, the women of these simple sects, and the austere scoop-bonnet and the kerchief at the neck almost seem a fitting frame for the placid countenance of the bishop's helpmate. Her dress, too, is plain in color and cut, and is unornamented by frills or furbelows.

As it is with the bishop and his companion, so it is with every man and woman in the long line of vehicles bound over the ridges. You have seen them, and, unless you know their faces, you have seen all the brethren and sisters in the solemn procession. Yet there are differences. To the stranger in our valley these differences are so small as to pass unnoticed, but to them so big as to divide them at the Dunker meeting-house, to halt some there, to send some on to the farm with the blue gates, some to the gathering in the grove and others to the barn service.

To the Amishman, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, jogging the reins up and down over the back of his sleek horse, the Dunker is a worldly man, for the Dunker wears buttons, and the button is an emblem of vanity. Truly pious folk use hooks and eyes, as he does himself. Just why the button should be so wicked a thing the Amishman would doubtless find it hard to explain. He simply knows that his people have for generations eschewed them as worldly. His knowledge of history does not extend back to the sixteenth century when the great Baptist movement was in its inception in Germany. Then it was the custom in many parts of the Fatherland for the young bloods to decorate their coats and waistcoats with row on row of bright metal buttons. To his forefathers these were outward manifestations of Satan, and in their protest they took to the hook and eye.

The Dunker has a dash-board on his wagon and a little hood in front to better protect him in the driving rain. The Amishman does not. He abhors dash-boards and hoods. The lines of his vehicle are as straight and severe as those of his buttonless coat and his great wide trousers, cut in the fashion of a hundred years ago. But with all his studied simplicity, there seems unconscious art in the arrangement of his hair. It is smoothed over the forehead in a bang, brushed down the side of the head until the ear is almost covered, and chopped straight across behind, and the neck below it is kept well shaved.

There are differences then. As it is with this one man, so through the whole line. The shade of a gown or bonnet, the arrangement of the hair or beard, the button

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on the coat, the dashboard on the wagon will tell the Dunker from the Amishman, the River Brother from the Mennonite.

It would seem that these folk are divided more by such small outward manifestations than by the great questions of faith. Still, between the Mennonite and the Dunker there is the one serious difference on the rite of baptism. To the latter three-fold immersion is all-important, while to the former it is sufficient to kneel in the stream and receive the water on the head from the hand of the elder, though in many congregations simple affusion is enough. On all other points they seem almost in accord. Both strive faithfully to follow the letter of the Scripture, to keep apart from the world and to be simple in their mode of living. The strange ceremony of the pedilavium is common to both, and for centuries they have stood together in opposition to infant baptism, to the taking of oaths, and the bearing of arms. Both use the courts to settle their disputes only as a last resort, but endeavor to follow the injunction: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." (Matthew xviii. 15–17.)

A Dunker Sister.

So we seldom find them in a court of law, and almost as infrequently at the polls, though of late years the progressive spirit of the age has stirred them in many parts to exercise more and more the right of franchise.

The history of the Dunkers and the Mennonites shows a continual combating of this same progressive spirit. Nearly all of the quaint German sects in our middle and southern Pennsylvania counties can be traced to either one or the other of these denominations, and in every instance the schism has come on some question of church discipline, such as the introduction of the Sunday-school, the use of the meeting-house, or the enforcement of rules regarding dress. Such a revolt from the Mennonites two centuries ago, headed by Jacob Ammen, led to the formation of the Amish denomination. And strict as they were, they, too, suffered a rupture, and to-day we have the Old Amish, who scorn the meeting-house, but gather for worship in their homes. With the Dunkers, also, we find several divisions brought about by disputes over the principles of dress, the question of non-conformity with the world, and the introduction of Sunday-schools. Even the small body of River Brethren has split in three. This denomination is supposed to have sprung from the Mennonites, whom they much resemble in belief and practice, though they hold to three-fold immersion. They were first known as one organization in the middle of the eighteenth century, when they began to baptize in the Susquehanna.

Of all the Protestant churches few have so ancient a history as the Mennonites. None, not even the Quakers, can point to a record of so much evil borne and so little returned. Their origin is surrounded with obscurity. They were reproached by some inimical historians of the sixteenth

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century with being an outgrowth of those fanatical Anabaptists who seized the city of Münster and made John of Leyden king. Their own scholars contend that they descended from the Waldenses, who struggled so long against Rome before the Protestant movement became general. The best modern authorities say that the truth lies between these two theories. The Baptist movement in Germany, in the early part of the sixteenth century, embraced many Waldensian communities. John of Leyden and his compatriots stood at one extreme of the movement, and at the other were Dirck Philips and Menno Simons, who gave his name to the sect now known as the Mennonites or Mennists. These leaders had but one point in common, and that was opposition to infant baptism.

Menno Simons was born in Friesland in 1492. He entered the Roman priesthood, but became a close student of the teachings of Luther and Zwinglius, and eventually an ardent opponent of infant baptism. He left the Roman Church in 1536, and gathered around him a small company of persons who held views like his. Under his leadership this sect grew rapidly in numbers and influence. To that influence can be readily traced the great Baptist movement in England, and from the teachings of Menno Simons, Barclay says, George Fox imbibed the views that brought him to the front among the religious leaders of history. The Mennonites have been frequently spoken of as German Quakers. It were more just to speak of the Quakers as English Mennonites.

No Christian sect was ever more bitterly persecuted than these simple, harmless people. Their story, from the days of Menno Simons until they found refuge in Pennsylvania, is one of continued oppression.

In their Confession of Faith, adopted at Dordrecht in 1632, they set forth their doctrine of non-resistance. "Regarding revenge, whereby we resist our enemies with the sword," they declare, "we believe and confess that the Lord Jesus has forbidden his disciples and followers all revenge and resistance, and has thereby commanded them not 'to return evil for evil, nor railing for railing,' but to put 'the sword into the sheath'; or, as the prophets foretold, 'beat them into ploughshares.'"

At a time when men argued theology with the sword and Germany was being fought over by the armies of Europe, there could be little place for a people who lived up to such a principle. Particularly was this true in the Palatinate, which through the whole of the seventeenth century was a scene of ruthless ravage and rapine. Even in free Switzerland the doctrines of the Mennonites, and that of non-resistance especially, clashed with the State church, and those who held them suffered much at the hands of their Reformed brethren. So, when Penn opened his great domain in the New World to the oppressed of all lands, the followers of Menno Simons began to move across the sea. The first party of thirteen families went from Crefeld, a city on the lower Rhine, in 1683, and arrived in Philadelphia on October 6th of that year. They founded Germantown and started the great German immigration to Pennsylvania.

The movement which resulted in the formation of the large sect now known as the German Baptist Brethren, as the Dunkers are properly called, was independent of the Mennonites. The house of Alexander Mack in Schwarzenau, Germany, was the scene of the first gathering of these people. Here, in 1708, a little company of eight persons began to meet together at regular times to study the New Testament. They were convinced that its injunctions were not being consistently obeyed by either the Lutheran or Reformed churches, and they aimed to study it impartially, casting aside all prejudice and tradition, and to judge for themselves the duty it imposed on the believer. It was not long until they deemed that they saw that duty clearly, and the initial step to its proper performance was baptism by immersion.

"And now as they were prepared thereunto, so they went into the solitude in the morning," reads the old record by Brother Theophilus, of the monastery at Ephrata. "Even eight of them went out unto the water called Æder [The Eder]. And the brother upon whom fell the lot baptized the brother whom the congregation of Christ wanted baptized, and after he was baptized he immersed him who had baptized him and the remaining three brothers and sisters. And so all eight were baptized

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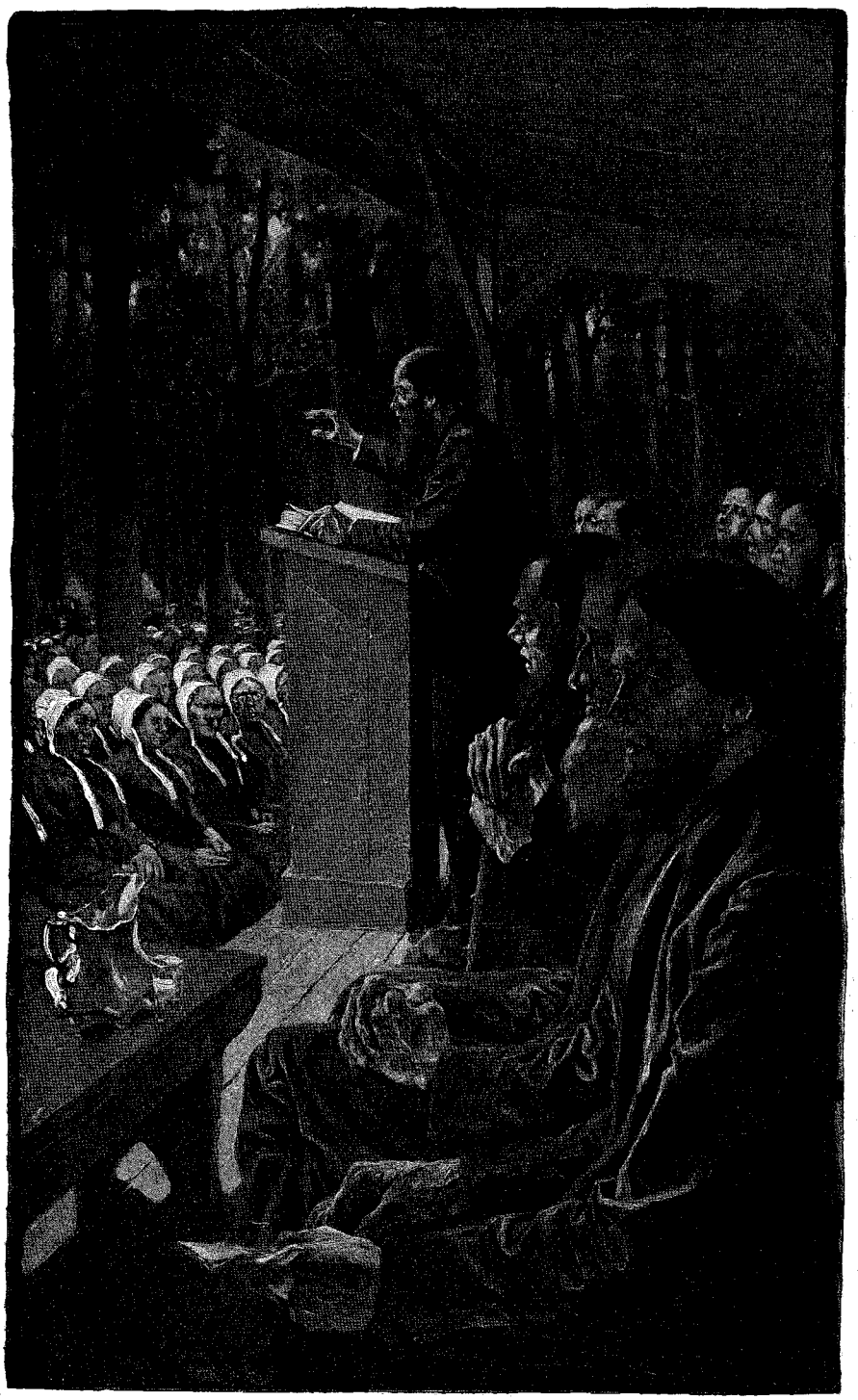

Drawn by G. W. Peters.

An Amish Camp Meeting.

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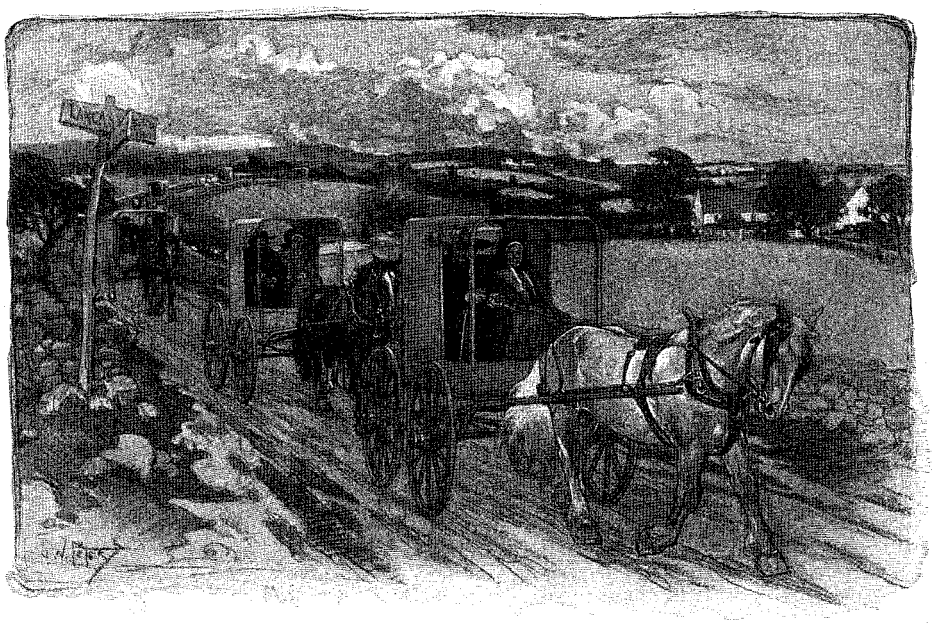

Along its every road, the rockaways are crawling.

in the early morning hour. This was accomplished in the year 1708. But of the month of the year, or the day of the month or the week they have left no account."

Alexander Mack became the minister of the church. Its membership increased rapidly, but persecution followed and eventually drove the brethren to Crefeld. In 1719 the first party of these refugees, numbering nineteen families, reached Germantown. They were soon scattered, and it was not until some years later that they united again for religious worship. Peter Becker, a weaver of Germantown, was the moving spirit among them, and on Christmas-day, in 1723, he gathered together the brethren and formed the first congregation in this country. There were present the seventeen persons who had been baptized in the Fatherland, and six others presented themselves for reception into the fold. In the late afternoon the party went over an old Indian trail to the Wissahickon, and here was performed the baptismal rite which has fastened on the sect the name of Dunker, or dipper. There was ice on the Wissahickon that day, but the pious Becker, leading by the hand one Martin Urner, an Alsatian, stepped into the creek undaunted. From the little company kneeling on the bank arose the solemn baptismal hymn of Alexander Mack, *Ueberschlag die Kost, Spricht Jesu Christ, wann du den Grund wilt Legen.* Before the elder, standing waist-deep in the water, the Alsatian knelt and was thrice immersed beneath the stream. The *Segenspruch* was pronounced and he stepped forth into the company of his spiritual brethren. It was nearly dark before the last rite had been performed and the little band left the wild, wooded ravine. That night, in the house of one of the congregation, they held a love-feast.

It is nearly 200 years since Becker and his people held their night service in the hut of Johannes Gumre, but time has wrought few changes in that quaint ceremonial. The brethren of to-day commemorate the Last Supper with the same peculiar forms. In that good time between the planting and the hay-making, when Nature is doing most of the farm-work, and again when the barns are stuffed with the fruits of the year's labor, the rockaways come out by the scores to liven the roads to the meeting-place. And who that has seen the rite can forget it? Go to our quiet valleys and follow these pious folk, sit with the bearded brethren as they drone out their German hymns, watch the flickering candle-light as it plays

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over the faces of the white-capped sisters at the evening service, and they will carry you centuries into the past; they will lift you out of a complex world into such a simple one.

It was the writer's privilege to follow the rockaways one day last May to a barn in the Lebanon Valley, one of those great white structures with green shutters, that so distinctly mark our Pennsylvania landscapes. The brethren came early. By noon a hundred vehicles stood side by side in the field close by, and as many horses were hitched along the fences or around the wagons filled with feed that had been provided for them, for beast as well as man was cared for here. Dinner was served to all in the long tent in the orchard. None was refused. For friend or stranger, for those of the fold or the unregenerate a bountiful meal was spread. The men at one table and the women at another faced great plates of green pickles, loaves of bread of monstrous size, bowls of apple-butter, rich, black, and pasty, as only it is to be found on the Pennsylvania farm; pans of beef-stew and rice, and generous rusk. Between the tables moved a score of sisters and long-bearded brethren with cheeks that glowed from sobriety and much scrubbing. They lugged about large pots of coffee and milk and saw that the wants of all were satisfied. Not till the wreckage had been cleared away and the last tin pail was shining like silver did the movement toward the barn begin. Here benches were fixed facing the platform that had been erected across the front of the floor for the ministers, who numbered more than ten. There were about 200 in the company, which was divided, as it is at all their services, the women sitting on one hand and the men on the other.

An Amish Girl.

An old brother started the singing by shouting the first line of a hymn, and the whole company joined in. A half-dozen hymns followed quickly, some in the Pennsylvania German, some in English, some mere fragments droned out line by line after a preacher had repeated them. A half-hour was passed thus, and then began an "experience meeting." Here a brother or there a sister would arise and in a few words offer "testimony." Now and then there came a lull, but it would be but momentary, for some brother was ever ready to roll out a warning "Ho-oh-oh," and under his lead the whole company would swing away into a song again. The sermons were next, and once the preaching began it seemed to the onlooker interminable, for minister after minister arose, and some in Pennsylvania German and some in English expounded their simple doctrines. The big supper-bells were sounding all over the valley before the last man had finished.

Those discourses were certainly not masterpieces. One or two of the elders, powerful old men with splendid voices, did ascend to eloquence and made the rafters ring with their rolling, guttural periods, but for most the speech was halting and the ideas expressed were few and oft repeated. Absolute faith in the letter of the Scriptures was the keynote, for into these minds the question of their inspiration had never entered. But the people were no more learned than their leaders. Through that long afternoon they listened

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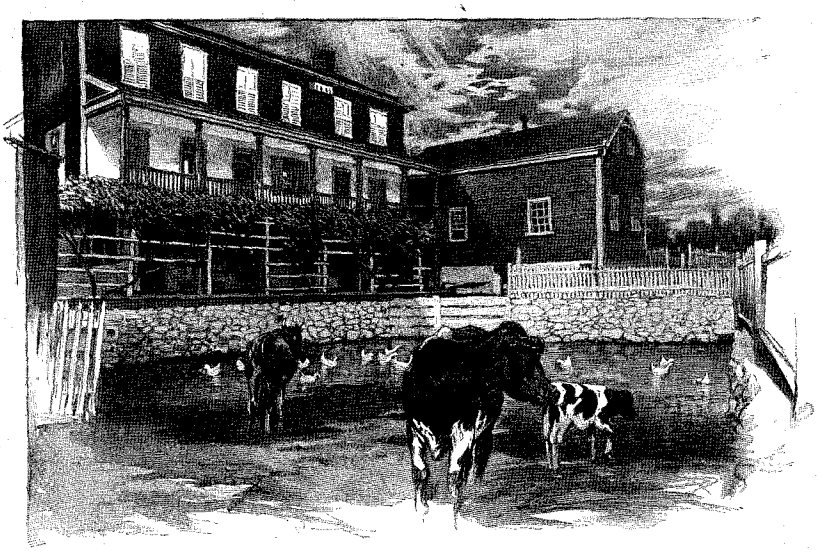

An Amish Farm House.

with rapt attention, the sole disturbing note being the wails of the babies, for there were many infants on the sisters' side and they not infrequently sought to give expression to their still more primitive ideas by bursting forth in a vociferous chorus. They never disconcerted the preacher. Once or twice they stopped him, but he was accustomed to such interruptions and waited with resignation until the youngsters had been lulled or shaken into silence.

The congregation had supper together. This common meal is in commemoration of the Passover, and is marked by the serving of a stew of the paschal lamb. The company by this hour far exceeded the capacity of the tent, so when one party had supped, a second was admitted, and then a third, until all had been fed, not excepting the goodly number of non-sectarians who were present purely as sightseers. No effort was made, however, to clean the eating utensils for each new company. The latest comer sat down and took the plate, cup, knife, and fork as the last brother had left them. To have expected otherwise would have been a gross display of pride and a reflection on those who had gone before. But this was the only respect in which the first table was desirable, for there was no falling off in the supply of food, and the brothers and sisters were everywhere seeing that none went hungry.

The sun is settling on the mountains in the west when again the movement toward the barn begins. A few brethren have been working there this half-hour preparing it for the night's service. They have improvised tables by placing one bench upon another, stretching them in parallel rows with other seats at either side. A few of the younger men gather in one corner and begin singing lustily, and as their voices reach the orchard the little groups there melt away. Soon the seats are full and the preachers are in their places. The whole barn resounds with a German hymn. And as they sing the deacons are moving to and fro, stretching white cloths along the tables, arranging a few candlesticks there at wide intervals and swinging lanterns from the beams. The hymn is done. There is an expectant pause. An old brother from a dark corner wails the warning "Ho-oh-oh." And away they all go again :

> Ho-oh-oh—relitchen is the thing,
> I feel it in my soul.
> Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
> I feel it in my soul.

And as the last notes die away, we hear again the plaintive "Ho-oh-oh." Then silence.

The bishop rises. There is a suppressed shuffling as the brothers turn sideways on the benches to face him. He reads the

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thirteenth chapter of St. John and discourses on it, dwelling on the lesson of humility taught there in the lowly service of feet-washing. It is nearly dark when he finishes, and one after another the candles are lighted, and now the lanterns are flickering from the beams overhead.

At one side, at the long tables, sit the sisters, their white prayer-coverings showing full against the general gloom, their mild, serious faces turned toward the preachers, and on every hand hang their black bonnets—sombre draperies added to the sombre scene. At the other side are the brethren, long-bearded, long-haired men with solemn faces, and along every low-lying beam stretch row on row of great hats, their crowns rising like a series of monuments to the doctrine of humility. On the platform are the preachers—a line of them—most of them old and white. The few flickering lights throw strange shadows everywhere, and now and then bring into relief the black forms of the unregenerate in the half-filled mows at either end. From the stables below come the sound of cattle stirring restlessly in their straw bedding, the half-suppressed bleat of a lamb, the cluck of a nervous hen. Back of it all, a pushing, vulgar mass, crowding at the wide doors, stares in at the company—the sightseers from the neighboring villages, arrayed in bonnets gay with paper flowers of every hue, bright dresses, or the terrible productions of the "fashionable tailor" or the "gents' furnisher" of the country town.

A second preacher is on his feet expounding the doctrine of humility. He protests against the tendency of some of the sisters to relax a little in their strictness as to dress, as is evidenced here and there by a light blue gown. He beseeches them to keep apart from the world, and to shun the ways of the unregenerate.

"Let the young brethren be as the old brethren!" he cries. "Let the young sisters be as the old sisters!"

He, simple man, looks over the heads of his co-worshippers at the world as it stands there on the barn-bridge gaping at him, and the world seems a dreadful thing. Little wonder! As between his people, with their unconscious art, and the unregenerate without, our sympathies are with the brethren.

The preacher is closing. Now we hear a hushed clatter as brother after brother and sister after sister remove their shoes. The sermon is over. The congregation sit with backs to the tables, and great pans of water are carried down the aisles. Aprons are brought, and the bishop and

The "Powwow-doctor."

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the preacher at his side gird themselves and wash the feet of the two brothers next them. It is quickly done, and when he has dried his brother's feet with the apron, the bishop takes his right hand and leans down and gives him the kiss of peace. Then he hands him the apron and the pan. Down the aisles they go, two at a time, each pair performing the lowly service for the brothers next them and giving them the kiss as the ablutions are completed. So it is on the sisters' side. And during the odd rite the company sings.

The pedilavium done, the people kneel in prayer, and when they rise again they remain standing. The bishop turns slowly, takes the right hand of the preacher next him, and they kiss. It is the holy kiss, given as an emblem of love and charity, and it passes from one to another, slowly and solemnly, up the table on one side and down on the other, until the last brother has received it. He kisses his wife, and the gap between the sexes is bridged, and one after another the sisters receive it.

The communion service follows, and the congregation receive the emblems standing. On the brothers' side the strips of unleavened bread are passed from hand to hand, every man, as he gives it to his neighbor, saying, "Beloved brother, this bread which we break is the body of Christ." On the other side an elder goes from sister to sister breaking the bread. This difference has its foundation in the belief that as the women had no part in the breaking of Christ's body, neither should they break the emblem. So it is with the cup, the brethren passing it from hand to hand and the sisters taking it from the elder.

With the singing of a hymn the love-feast is over, but though the company separate to-night, they will meet again in the morning to pass another half-day in much singing and preaching and praying. Provision has been made to lodge them in the neighboring houses and barns, so it will be noon before the rockaways are on the road again, homeward bound.

In its details the ceremony of the love-feast differs much among the various sects. Most of the Dunkers have meeting-houses designed with special provision for the rite, with a great kitchen and dining-hall in the basement and an attic equipped as sleeping quarters. Many of them make the supper still more closely a part of the evening service. Tables are set in the main hall of the meeting-house, and after the pedilavium the feast is held, the congregation having simply to put on their shoes and to wheel about on the benches. The chief dish, of course, is the lamb-stew, which is served in great bowls, four brethren usually eating from a common vessel.

The love-feast in its perfection must have been that observed at Ephrata, that strangest of monastic communities which flourished in the eighteenth century in Lancaster County, under the leadership of Conrad Beissel. When we read of that monastery and of its predecessor in the ridge on the outskirts of Germantown, much in the character and customs of our sectarians of to-day becomes clearer. When we know of the mystic midnight rites on the Wissahickon and the Cocalico, we will not wonder at the quaint superstitions that cling to the pious descendants of the pious brethren of that day, for their influence was widespread among the people of their race and religion. It was on the ridge overlooking the Wissahickon that the "Society of the Woman of the Wilderness" (Revelation xii. 14–17) flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. This company of German Pietists had come hither in 1694, and under the leadership of the mystic and scholar, Johannes Kelpius, established themselves in the wilderness to await the millennium. They continued here for many years, a band of forty mystics, living in a log house forty feet square, passing their days in charitable labors among their fellow-countrymen, in meditation and services of devotion, and in mysterious rites and incantations by which they hoped to obtain theosophical light. From a watch-tower on the roof, a brother nightly scanned the heavens with a telescope for a harbinger of the Bridegroom's coming, that their lamps might be trimmed and burning.

Conrad Beissel, a pious journeyman baker, arrived in Germantown in 1720, expecting to find there an ideally spiritual community where he, too, could spend his days in devotion. He found that

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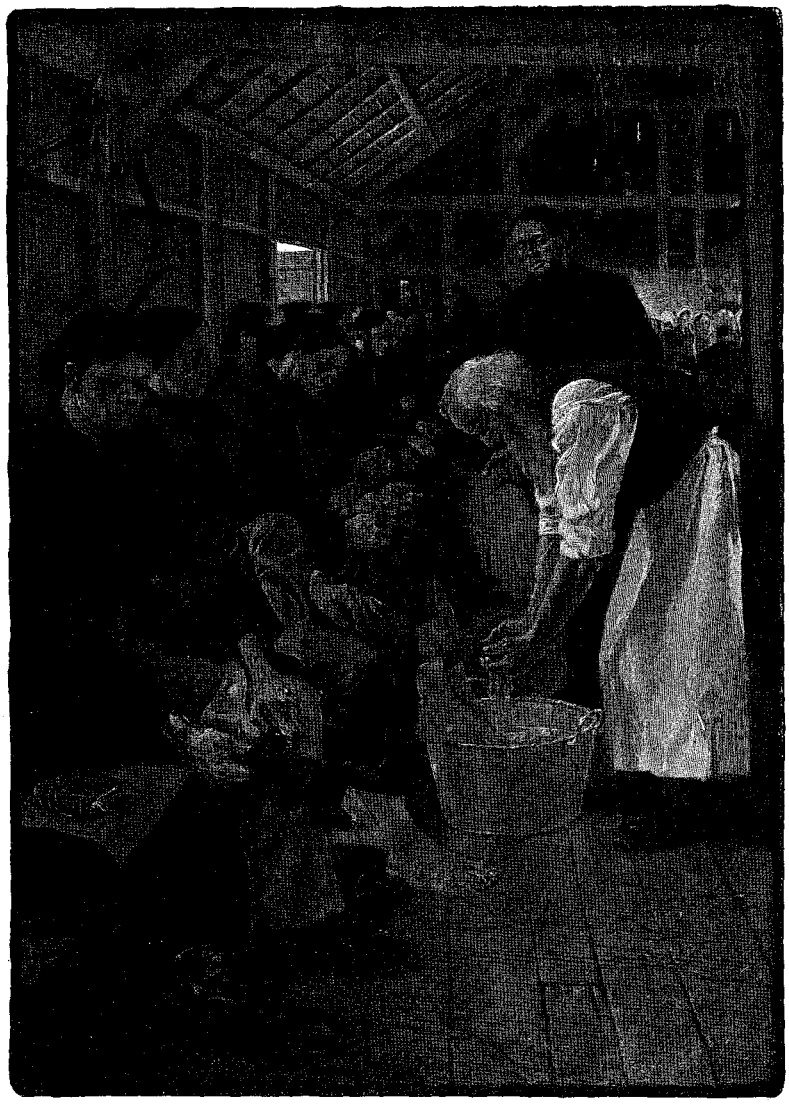

Each pair performing the lowly service for the brothers next them.—Page 522.

Kelpius was dead; the nightly vigil on the watch-tower had been abandoned, and the "Contented of the God-loving Soul," as the hermits called themselves, were scattered. Beissel had once in his wanderings stayed with the old Schwarzenau congregation, and now in his disappointment he sought out his former friends and indentured himself to Peter Becker to learn the weaver's trade. At the expiration of his service he removed to an anchorite's hut in the Conestoga valley, and endeavored, by ceaseless teaching and preaching, to revive the dying spirit of religion among his countrymen. He soon became a power among them, and his fame as a pious man spread through the country. Then Becker came into the valley with a party of Dunker revivalists, and Beissel was baptized by his former master in the Pequa. He organized a Dunker congregation in Conestoga, but he and his followers soon split from the Germantown brethren on the question of observing the Sabbath on the first or seventh day. Beissel adhered to the Mosaic law, and a breach was formed that was never closed. The Sabbatarian

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congregation grew in strength, but dissensions came, together with much persecution from without, and finally, in 1732, the weary teacher betook himself once more to the wilderness. He had hoped to lead a hermit's life on the banks of the Cocalico Creek, but one after another, brother after brother and sister after sister, followed him into seclusion until, in a few years, there had gathered under his rule one of the strangest monastic communities in history.

To-day a few tottering buildings mark the spot where the Solitary Brethren and the Sisters lived so long their hard lives of labor and prayer. The Sister House and its Saal, or prayer-hall, the Brother House, and a few cabins still stand. Only a handful remain of those who follow the lines laid down by the master spirit, Father Friesdam, as Beissel was called by his people. But Ephrata, until the close of the eighteenth century, was a great centre of religious teaching, and its influences have been lasting on a large body of Pennsylvania Germans.

It seems but a step from our barn-service to-day to those night gatherings in the old prayer-hall at the monastery, with the white-robed brotherhood on the platform at one end; the white-hooded, white-gowned sisters in their secluded gallery, the oddly garbed men and women of the secular congregation on the main floor, and at the preacher's table the mystic Beissel. But the pious folk at our barn-service are liberal as compared with the brothers and sisters of Ephrata. Their day of preaching and praying in the spring and autumn, long ordeal though it may seem, is as nothing to the ceaseless round of devotion in Father Friesdam's community, the long services of song and teaching, the midnight vigil awaiting the Bridegroom's coming, the pilgrimages afoot to awaken the lagging brethren far and near. And it was not on these duties alone that the Ephrata brother filled his life, for oddly mixed with the strict religious regimen were the weird ceremonies of the Zionitic Brotherhood, who studied deeply the mysterious philosophy of the Rosicrucians, and sought to attain spiritual regeneration by mystic rites which are said to have had their origin in the earliest ages.

The hermits of the Wissahickon were skilled in the casting of horoscopes, and in the preparation of charms by occult ceremonies to drive away misfortune and disease. Superstition was rife among the Germans in Ephrata's time, and the rites of the Solitary Brethren could not have lessened its hold on the simple people. We do not wonder, then, to find in our valleys to-day strange charms to drive away disease, incantations to lull into helplessness the snake, and even the boisterous bee; lucky days, unlucky days, omens of good and evil, and odd beliefs almost innumerable. For in many a farmhouse we find the Bible and the almanac side by side, the first a guide to good living, the last to good husbandry. To many the almanac is as much of a mystery as the Bible, and they follow it as blindly. They know nothing of the fixed stars, the planets and their movements, which play so important a part in their gardening. The "signs of the moon" are found by studying the almanac, not the heavens. When she wants to plant cucumbers under the influence of The Twins, that they may bear abundantly, the farmer's wife does not sit up at night to find the moon's position in the Zodiac. Her little pamphlet will give her the important information. Indeed, the signs of the Zodiac were better called the signs of the almanac.

There is a bit of odd reasoning in the selection of these signs. For example, anything planted when the moon is in Pisces, the fish, will be well watered; beet-seed put in the ground when the moon is in Cancer, the crab, will run to sprouts; that which is to grow great and strong should be planted under Leo's influence; a calf weaned in this same sign is likely to become too valiant a beast, so for self-protection the farmer should trust him to the care of Pisces, and he will grow up spiritless.

The sign of the "Posey Woman" is in some sections a popular name for Virgo, and when the moon is in this part of the heavens it is best to plant flowers, for under the Virgin's guardian care they will bloom abundantly. When the horns of the moon point downward one should plant such things as are to obtain their greatest growth beneath the surface, as the onion, the potato, and the beet, for under the contrary conditions they are likely to

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run to tops. Even the fence-post comes under the influence of the heavens, and stands firm and straight when put in the ground when the moon's horns are turned earthward, and the shingle should be nailed under the same conditions, else it will curl upward. So we can go through the almost innumerable little duties of the farm and find for each an odd superstition. Many of these have come down from the remotest ages in German history; some bear the stamp of pagan times; others seem outgrowths of the later mystic movement in Germany and the provinces on this side the sea.

The Kiss of Peace.

The practice of "powwowing," or driving away disease by incantation, is said to have been in vogue for ages among the German people. And in our valleys to-day the "powwow-doctors" still repeat over many bedsides the mysterious formulas which have been handed down from generation to generation. Old women seem generally to be "blessed with the gift," and marvellous is the faith in their powers. A general condition of success is that they charge nothing for their services. This is laudable, indeed, but it is usually counterbalanced by the fact that they board for days at a time in the patient's house while they mutter their incantations over him. But the school is slowly driving the "powwow-doctor" farther and farther into the woods. Education is bringing to simple minds doubts as to their powers, and it is not unusual to see them mumbling their charmed words over limbs bandaged by modern surgery.

Even the apple-butter, Pennsylvania's great staple, is influenced by the movements of the heavenly bodies, for we must pick our apples when "the moon is wet," when its horns are turned up so the old Indian can hang a bucket on them. The apples will be juicy then, and we shall get a good barrel of cider from every twelve bushels. Every drop counts during a boiling, for we are going to boast to our neighbors about how much our apples yield. That is an important topic of conversation. It is a point on which comparisons can be made as well as on the weight of hogs at butchering-time.

These "b'ilin's" are great occasions in our valley. When old Joe Dumple and his missus have fixed their date, the neighbors know it. It would be almost a breach of etiquette for any other person within a mile to choose the same day. But the Dumples doubly preëmpt it by borrowing all the copper kettles in the neighborhood. The Dumples "make" on Tuesday; they "boil" on Wednesday. It is announced, and those two days are given to the Dumples. The first is passed by the men of the family gathering the apples and making cider; the women "schnitz." A great social occasion is a "schnitzin'," when the sisters sit through a whole afternoon paring apples and gossiping, until they have filled several large tubs with the white fruit ready for the boiling.

The Dumples are up early next day. They are out early every morning, and the sun generally finds them through breakfast when he appears on the scene. But when

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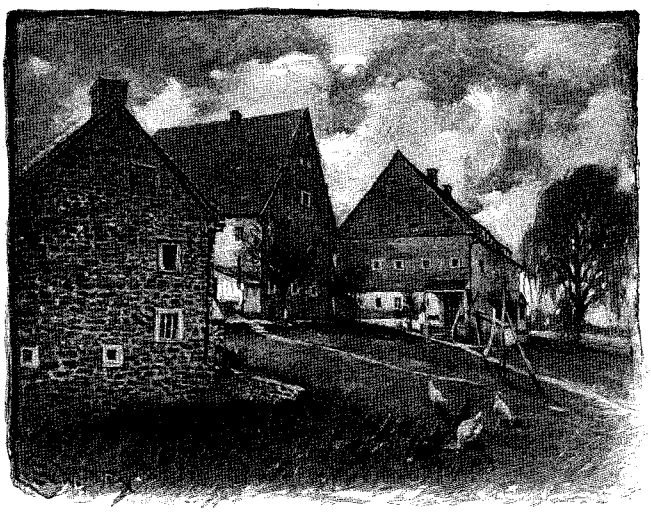
one is going to boil, an extra good start is needed. Two great copper kettles full of cider are rigged over a fire behind the summer kitchen, and the tedious operation of "boiling down" is begun. By and by the neighbors begin dropping in again. There is Mrs. Andy Hooker from up the pike, who has come to help finish the "schnitzin'," and has brought her man along to lend a hand at the stirrer; there is Dumple's wife's cousin and her aunt from over the ridge, and a parcel of sisters from the adjoining places and the village. Brother Matthias Zook, who rents out his farm for the half and so has his whole time to himself, drops in to get a drink of cider, stays to dinner, and lingers on till the stirring begins. Then he disappears.



The Sister House and its Saal, or Prayer-hall, and the Brother House.

All morning long and well into the afternoon the cider boils until where there were three barrels now there is one big copper kettle full. The momentous hour has arrived when the "schnitz" must be tumbled in, bucketful by bucketful, and stirred into the steaming juice. It is a dreadful operation, this stirring, for to grasp the long handle that guides the wooden paddle about the kettle is like seizing an electric wire. Much as it hurts, you can't let go. The fire may blaze until you are blistering; though arms ache and legs totter, the stirrer must be kept moving, for let it rest one moment and the kettle will burn. And a good copper kettle is worth twenty dollars! So Dumple remembers that he has some chores to do at the barn, and Mrs. Andy Hooker's man finds himself attached to the stirrer, with the women ever at hand to see that he never lags. Thicker and thicker and blacker and blacker turns the butter. The sun is low when the last apples disappear into the sticky, bubbling, steaming mass, but there are hours yet of stirring. It is long work, this boiling.

Darkness comes. Often when driving through our valley on autumn nights we burst upon these scenes that for the moment recall the weird sisters in "Macbeth." About the great caldron, in the glare of the blazing logs, we see the hooded sisters, moving to and fro, into the light and out again. But what might seem the incantations of the witches over the hell-broth is really a hurried test of its thickness. The figure that sweeps from the darkness into the fire-lit circle with hands outstretched is not about to toss into the kettle the "eye of newt" or the "toe of frog." It is Mrs. Andy Hooker and her contribution to the butter, a half pound of cinnamon. She disappears again. Now comes the second witch, swinging across the glowing cavern, in the person of Mrs. Dumple, who waddles up to the caldron and flings into it not the "nose of a Turk" nor "a Tartar's lips," but a bucketful of sugar.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

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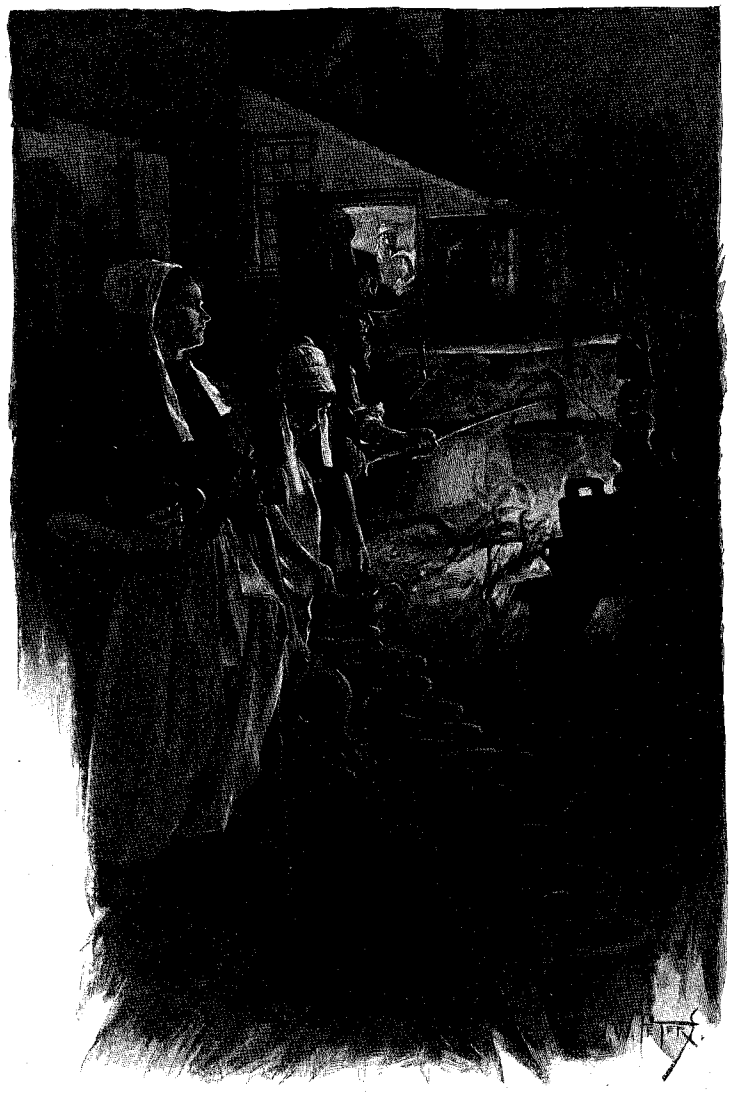

These "b'ilins" are great occasions in our valley.—Page 525.

We doubt if "all" are repeating the weird incantation, but in the fat, dim outline against the black night we can see one who possibly feels it. This is Mrs. Andy Hooker's man at the end of the stirrer. It is late before he is freed from that dreadful burden, for they make the gruel "thick and slab," black and fragrant, all the virtues of the orchard boiled down into a few stone crocks.

The brethren and the sisters have few social gatherings, so the apple-butter boiling, the barn-raising, or the quilting is an occasion of importance. It is upon their religious festivals and the meeting-house that they depend largely for their broader intercourse, for they usually shun the great county gatherings, the dances and the picnics, in conformity with their rule of keeping apart from the world. That they will be able to continue thus seems doubtful. Here and there in the meeting-houses a light blue calico dress beneath a gray bonnet, or a high, shining celluloid collar showing above a Dunker coat gives a hint that the world is closing in on them. It is pleasant, however, to see how tenaciously they do cling to their old customs.

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Some of the Mennonites have drifted far from the rules of their fathers in the matter of conformity with the world, but they retain their quaint church discipline. For example, all the branches still choose their ministers by lot. The Dunkers select theirs by a general vote, but the Mennonite fulfils the law as he can best interpret it (Acts i. 23–26). When a preacher is to be chosen the members of the congregation suggest those whom they wish to see ordained. The men thus named are called at a fixed time before the bishop and the other preachers. The bishop places in front of them a number of books in one of which is a slip of paper. The brother who draws that book is at once ordained.

The lot falls in strange places sometimes. They get some odd preachers that way, but none who are ever likely to split the church in a controversy over higher criticism.

"There are no mysteries in the Bible," I heard a venerable bishop say to his people one day last summer. He leaned over the rough table that served him as a pulpit and added, with greater emphasis, "God never made no mysteries." There was a pause, as he straightened up, and his thoughts seemed to wander far away, for he was looking at the ceiling. He came back again, though, and in the tone of one thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he was saying, he declared: "But, brethren, there are some tight p'ints."

Tight p'ints? Brother, avoid them! Already we see, worming its way with your simple brain, the bacillus of higher criticism. Crush it. For in the "tight p'int" is the ruthless enemy of the broad-brimmed hat and the scoop bonnet; the reviler of the almanac; the boon companion of the worldly button; the careless artist who will whiten over the cerulean gates; the talented musician who will sneer out of your hymn-books the old buckwheat note, with its memories of harmonious discord. And we, even the unregenerate of the valley, who sing our songs of praise to the melodeon's accompaniment and listen to the discourses of a hireling ministry—even we should miss the Sunday procession across the ridges. The old Dunker sleigh, with its high back, or the rockaway, with its mud-coated curtains and the monstrous fat horse, the blue gate and the long, low meeting-house are as much a part of our landscape as the lone pine in the clearing and the gap in the mountain, where we can look into the home of the rattler and the bear.

Tight p'ints? Friend, watch where you wander! For we who have known you would cry with the preacher at the love-feast, "Let the young brethren be as the old brethren, and the young sisters as the old sisters."

A Dunker Girl in the Fields.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER I

THE OLD HOUSE IN KENNEDY SQUARE

KENNEDY SQUARE, in the late fifties, was a place of birds and trees and flowers; of rude stone benches, sagging arbors smothered in vines and cool dirt-paths bordered by sweet-smelling box. Giant magnolias filled the air with fragrance, and climbing roses played hide and seek among the railings of the rotting fence. Along the shaded walks laughing boys and girls romped all day, with hoop and ball, attended by old black mammies in white aprons and gayly colored bandannas. In the more secluded corners, sheltered by protecting shrubs, happy lovers sat and talked, tired wayfarers rested with hats off, and staid old gentlemen read by the hour, their noses in their books.

Outside of all this color, perfume, and old-time charm; outside the grass-line and the rickety wooden fence that framed them all in, ran an uneven pavement splashed with cool shadows and stained with green mould.

Here, in summer, the watermelon-man stopped his cart; and here, in winter, upon its broken bricks, old Moses unhooked his bucket of oysters and ceased for a moment his droning call.

On the shady side of the square, and half hidden in ivy, was a Noah's Ark church, topped by a quaint belfry holding a bell that had not rung for years and faced by a clock-dial all weather-stains and cracks around which travelled a single rusty hand.

In its shadow to the right lay the home of the Archdeacon, a stately mansion with Corinthian columns reaching to the roof and surrounded by a spacious garden filled with damask roses and bushes of sweet syringa. To the left crouched a row of dingy houses built of brick, their iron balconies hung in flowering vines, the windows glistening with panes of wavy glass purpled by age.

On the sunny side of the square, opposite the church, were more houses, high and low; one all garden filled with broken-nosed statues hiding behind still more magnolias and another all veranda and honeysuckle, big rocking-chairs and swinging hammocks; and still others with porticos curtained by white jasmine or Virginia creeper.

Half way down this stretch of sunshine —and what a lovely stretch it was—there had stood for years, beneath a tall sycamore that spread its branches far across the street, a venerable mansion with high chimneys, sloping roof, and quaint dormer windows. Two white marble steps guarded by old-fashioned iron railings led up to the front door, which bore on its face a silver-plated knocker, inscribed in letters of black with the name of its owner—"Richard Horn." All three, the door, the white marble steps, and the silver-plated knocker —not to forget the round silver knobs ornamenting the newel, posts of the railings —were kept as bright as the rest of the family plate by that most loyal of servants, old Malachi, who daily soused the steps with soap and water, and then brought to a phenomenal polish the knocker, bell-pull, and knobs by means of fuller's-earth, turpentine, hard breathing and the vigorous use of a buckskin rag.

If this weazened-faced, bald-headed old darky, resplendent in white shirt-sleeves, green baize apron, and his never-ceasing smile of welcome, happened to be engaged in this cleansing and polishing process—and it occurred every morning—and saw any friend of his master approaching, he would begin removing his pail and brushes and throwing wide the white door before the visitor reached the house, would there await his coming, bent double in profound salutation. Indeed, whenever Malachi had charge of the front steps he seldom stood

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upright, so constantly was he occupied—by reason of his master's large acquaintance—in either crooking his back in the beginning of a bow, or straightening it up in the ending of one. To one and all inquiries for Mr. Horn his answer during the morning hours was invariably the same:

"Yes, sah, Marse Richard's in his li'l room wrastlin' wid his machine, I reckon. He's in dar now, sah—" this with another low bow, and then slowly recovering his perpendicular with eyes fixed on the retreating figure, so as to be sure there was no further need of his services, he would resume his work drenching the steps again with soap-suds or rubbing away on the door-plate or door-pull, stopping every other moment to blow his breath on the polished surface.

When, however, someone asked for young Oliver, the inventor's only son, the reply was by no means so definite, although the smile was a trifle broader and the bow, if anything, a little more profound.

"Marse Oliver, did you say, sah? Dat's a difficult question, sah. Fo' Gawd I ain't seen him since breakfas'. You might look into Jedge Elliott's office if you is gwine downtown, whar dey do say he's studyin' law, an' if he ain't dar—an' I reckon he ain't—den you might drap in on Mister Crocker, whar Marse Oliver's paintin' dem pictures; an' if he ain't dar, den fo-sho he's wid some o' de young ladies, but which one de Lawd only knows. Marse Oliver's like the rabbit, sah—he don't leab no tracks," and Malachi would hold his sides in a chuckle of so suffocating a nature that it would have developed into apoplexy in a less wrinkled and emaciated person.

Inside of the front door of this venerable mansion ran a wide hall bare of everything but a solid mahogany hat-rack and table with glass mirror and heavy haircloth settee, over which, suspended from the ceiling, hung a curious eight-sided lantern, its wick replaced with a modern gas-burner. Above were the bed-rooms, reached by a curved staircase guarded by spindling mahogany bannisters with slender handrail—a staircase so pure in style and of so distinguished an air that only maidens in gowns and slippers should have tripped down its steps, and only cavaliers in silk stockings and perukes have waited below for their hands.

Level with the bare hall, opened two highly polished mahogany doors, which led respectively into the drawing-room and library; their windows draped in red damask and their walls covered with family portraits. All about these rooms stood sofas studded with brass nails, big easy-chairs upholstered in damask and small tables piled high with magazines and papers. Here and there, between the windows, towered a bookcase crammed with well-bound volumes reaching clear to the ceiling. In the centre of each room was a broad mantel sheltering an open fireplace, and on cold days—and there were some pretty cold days about Kennedy Square—two roaring wood fires dispensed comfort, the welcoming blaze of each reflected in the shining brass fire-irons and fenders.

Adjoining the library was the dining-room with its well-rubbed mahogany table, straight-backed chairs and old side-board laden with family silver, besides a much-coveted mahogany cellaret containing some of that very rare Madeira for which the host was famous. Here were more easy-chairs and more portraits—one of Major Horn, who fell at Yorktown, in cocked hat and epaulets, and two others in mob caps and ruffles—both ancient grandmothers of long ago.

The "li'l room ob Marse Richard," to which in the morning Malachi directed all his master's visitors, was in an old-fashioned one-story out-house, with a sloping roof, that nestled under the shade of a big tulip-tree in the back yard—a cool, damp, brick-paved old yard, shut in between high walls mantled with ivy and Virginia creeper and capped by rows of broken bottles sunk in mortar. This out-building had once served as servants' quarters, and it still had the open fireplace and broad hearth before which many a black mammy had toasted the toes of her pickaninnies, as well as the trap-door in the ceiling leading to the loft where they had slept. Two windows which peered out from under bushy eyebrows of tangled honeysuckle gave the only light. A green-painted wooden door, which swung level with the moist bricks, gave the only entrance.

It was at this green-painted wooden door that you would have had to knock

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to find the man of all others about Kennedy Square most beloved, and the man of all others least understood—Richard Horn, the distinguished inventor.

Perhaps at the first rap he would have been too absorbed to hear you. He would have been bending over his carpenter bench—his deep, thoughtful eyes fixed on a drawing spread out before him, the shavings pushed back to give him room, a pair of compasses held between his fingers. Or he might have been raking the coals of his forge—set up in the same fireplace that had warmed the toes of the pickaninnies, his long red calico working-gown, which clung about his spare body, tucked between his knees to keep it from the blaze. Or he might have been stirring a pot of glue—a wooden model in his hand—or hammering away on some bit of hot iron, the brown paper cap that hid his sparse gray locks pushed down over his broad forehead to protect it from the heat.

When, however, his ear had caught the tap of your knuckles and he had thrown wide the green door, what a welcome would have awaited you! How warm the grasp of his fine old hand; how cordial his greeting.

"Disturb me, my dear fellow," he would have said in answer to your apologies, "that's what I was put in the world for. I love to be disturbed. Please do it every day. Come in! Come in! It's delightful to get hold of your hand."

If you were his friend, and most men who knew him were, he would have slipped his arm through yours, and after a brief moment you would have found yourself poring over a detailed plan, his arm still in yours, while he showed you the outline of some pin, or wheel, or pulley needed to perfect the most marvellous of all discoveries of modern times: his new galvanic motor.

If it were your first visit, and he had touched in you some sympathetic chord, he would have uncovered a nondescript combination of glass jars, horseshoe magnets, and copper wires which lay in a curious shaped box beneath one of the windows, and in a voice trembling with emotion as he spoke, he would have explained to you the value of this or that lever, and its necessary relation to this new invention of his which was so soon to revolutionize the motive power of the world. Or he would perhaps have talked to you as he did to me, of his theories and beliefs and of what he felt sure the future would bring forth.

"The days of steam-power are already numbered. I may not live to see it, but you will. This new force is almost within my grasp. I know people laugh, but so they have always done. All inventors who have benefited mankind have first been received with ridicule. I can expect no better treatment. But I have no fear of the result. The steady destruction of our forests and the eating up of our coal-fields must throw us back on chemistry for our working power. There is only one solution of this problem—it lies in the employment of a force which this machine will compel to our uses. I have not perfected the apparatus yet, as you see, but it is only a question of time. To-morrow, perhaps, or next week, or next year—but it will surely come. See what Charles Bright and this Mr. Cyrus Field are accomplishing. If it astonishes you to realize that we will soon talk to each other across the ocean, why should the supplanting of steam by a new motive power seem so extraordinary?

And while he talked you would have listened with your eyes and ears wide open, and your heart too, and believed every word he said, no matter how practical you might have been or how unwilling at first to be convinced.

On another day perhaps you might have chanced to knock at his door when some serious complication had vexed him—a day when the cogs and pulleys upon which he had depended for certain demonstration had become so tangled up in his busy brain that he had thoughts for nothing else. Then, had he pushed back his green door to receive you, his greeting might have been as cordial and his welcome as hearty, but before long you would have found his eyes gazing into vacancy while you questioned him, or he would have stopped half way in an answer to your question, his thoughts far away. Had you loved him you would then have closed the green door behind you and left him alone. Had you remained you would, perhaps, have seen him spring from his seat and pick up from his work-

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bench some unfinished fragment. This he would have plunged into the smouldering embers of his forge and, entirely forgetful of your presence, he would have seized the handle of the bellows, his eyes intent on the brightening blaze, his lips muttering broken sentences. At these moments, as he would peer into the curling smoke, one thin hand upraised, the long calico gown wrinkling about his spare body, the paper cap on his head, he would have looked like some alchemist of old, or weird necromancer weaving a mystic spell. Sometimes, as you watched his face, with the glow of the coals lighting up his earnest eyes, there would have flashed across his troubled features, as heat lightning illumines a cloud, some sudden brightness from within followed by a quick smile of triumph. The rebellious fragment had been mastered. For the hundredth time the great motor was a success!

And yet, had this very pin or crank or cog, on which he had set such store, refused the next hour or day or week to do its work, no trace of his disappointment would have been found in his face or speech. His faith was always supreme; his belief in himself unshaken. If the pin or crank would not answer, the lever or pulley would. It was the "adjustment" that was at fault, not the principle. And so the dear old man would work on, week after week, only to abandon his results again and with equal cheerfulness and enthusiasm begin upon another appliance totally unlike any other he had tried before. "It was only a mile-stone," he would always say; "every one that I pass brings me so much nearer the end."

If you had been only a stranger—some *savant*, for instance, who wanted a problem in mechanics solved, or a professor, blinded by the dazzling light of the almost daily discoveries of the time in search of mental ammunition to fire back at curious students daily bombarding him with puzzling questions; or had you been a thrifty capitalist, holding back a first payment until an expert like Richard Horn had passed upon the merits of some new labor-saving device of the day; had you been any one of these, and you might very easily have been, for such persons came almost daily to see him, the inventor would not only have listened to your wants, no matter how absorbed he might have been in his own work, but he would not have allowed you to leave him until he was sure that your mind was at rest.

Had you, however, been neither friend nor client, but some unbeliever fresh from the gossip of the Club, where many of the *habitués* not only laughed at the inventor's predictions for the future, but often lost their tempers in discussing his revolutionary ideas; or had you, in a spirit of temerity entered his room armed with arguments for his overthrow, nothing that your good breeding or the lack of it would have permitted you to have said could have ruffled his gentle spirit. With the tact of a man of wide experience among men, he would have turned the talk into another channel, music or some other current topic, and all with such exquisite grace that you would have forgotten the subject you came to discuss until you found yourself outside the yard and half way across Kennedy Square before realizing that the inventor had made no reply to your attacks.

But whoever you might have been, whether the friend of years, the anxious client, or the trifling unbeliever, and whatever the purpose of your visit, whether to shake his hand again for the very delight of touching it, to seek advice, or to combat his theories, you would have carried away the impression of a man whose like you had never met before: A man who spoke in a low, gentle voice and yet with an authority that compelled attention; enthusiastic over the things he loved, silent over those that pained him; a scholar of wide learning, yet skilled in the use of tools that obeyed him as readily as nimble fingers do a hand; a philosopher eminently sane on most of the accepted theories of the day and yet equally insistent in his support of many of the supposed sophistries and so-called "fanaticisms of the hour"; an old-time aristocrat holding fast to the class distinctions of his ancestors and yet glorying in the dignity of personal labor; a patriot loyal to the traditions of his State and yet so opposed to the bondage of men and women that he had freed his own slaves the day his father's will was read; a cavalier reverencing a woman as sweetheart, wife, and mother, and yet longing for the time to come when she too could make a career,

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now denied her, coequal with that of the man beside her.

A composite personality of strange contradictions; of pronounced accomplishments and yet of equally pronounced failures. And yet, withal, a man so gracious, so courtly in bearing, so helpful in speech, so rational, human and lovable, that agree with him or not as you pleased, his vision would have lingered with you for days.

When night came the inventor would rake the coals from the forge, and laying aside his paper cap and calico gown, close the green door of his shop, cross the brick pavement of the back yard, and mount the stairs with the spindling bannisters to his dressing-room. Here Malachi would have laid out the black swallow-tail coat with the high velvet collar, trousers to match, double-breasted waistcoat with gilt buttons, and fluffy cravat of white silk.

Then, while his master was dressing, the old servant would slip down-stairs and begin arranging the several rooms for the evening's guests—for there were always guests at night. The red damask curtains would be drawn close; the hearth swept clean, and fresh logs thrown on the andirons. The lamp in the library would be lighted, and his master's great easy-chair wheeled close to a low table piled high with papers and magazines, his big-eyed reading-glasses within reach of his hand. The paper would be unfolded, aired at the snapping blaze, and hung over the arm of the chair. Then the old servant, with a last satisfied glance about the room, would betake himself to the foot of the staircase to await his master's coming, glancing overhead at every sound, and ready to conduct him, when he came, to his chair by the fire.

Whenever Richard appeared at the top of the stairs, Malachi would stand until his master had reached the bottom step, wheel about, and, with head up, gravely and noiselessly precede him into the drawing-room—the only time he ever dared to walk before him—and with a wave of the hand and the air of a prince presenting one of his palaces, would say—"Yo' char's all ready, Marse Richard; bright fire burnin'." Adding, with a low, sweeping bow, now that the ceremony was over—"Hope yo're feelin' fine dis evenin', sah."

He had said it hundreds of times in the course of the year, but always with a salutation that was a special tribute, and always with the same low bow, as he gravely pulled out the chair, puffing up the back cushion, his wrinkled hands resting on it until Richard had taken his seat. Then, with equal gravity, he would hand his master the evening paper and the big-bowed spectacles, and would stand gravely by until Richard had dismissed him with a gentle "Thank you, Malachi; that will do." And Malachi, with the serene, uplifted face as of one who had served in a temple, would tiptoe out to his pantry.

It had gone on for years—this waiting for Richard at the foot of the staircase. Malachi had never missed a night when his master was at home. It was not his duty—not a part of the *régime* of the old house. No other family servant about Kennedy Square performed a like service for master or mistress. It was not even a custom of the times.

It was only one of "Malachi's ways," Richard would say, with a gentle smile quivering about his lips.

"I do dat 'cause it's Marse Richard—dat's all," Malachi would answer, drawing himself up with the dignity of a chamberlain serving a king, when someone had the audacity to question him—a liberty he always resented.

They had been boys together—these two. They had fished and hunted and robbed birds' nests and gone swimming with each other. They had fought for each other, and been whipped for each other many and many a time in the old plantation days. Night after night in the years that followed they had sat by each other when one or the other was ill.

And now that each was an old man the mutual service was still continued.

"How are you getting on now, Malachi—better? Ah, that's good—" and the master's thin white hand would be laid on the black wrinkled head with a soothing touch.

"Allus feels better, Marse Richard, when I kin git hold ob yo' han', sah—" Malachi would answer.

Not his slave, remember. Not so many pounds of human flesh and bone and brains condemned to his service for life; for Malachi was free to come and go and had been so privileged since the day the

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old Horn estate had been settled twenty years before, when Richard had given him his freedom with the other slaves that fell to his lot; not that kind of a servitor at all, but his comrade, his chum, his friend; the one man, black as he was, in all the world who in laying down his life for him would but have counted it as gain.

Just before tea Mrs. Horn, with a thin gossamer shawl about her shoulders, would come down from her bed-room above and join her husband. Then young Oliver himself would come bounding in, always a little late, but always with his face aglow and always bubbling over with laughter, until Malachi, now that the last member of the family was at home, would throw open the mahogany doors and high tea would be served in the dining-room on the well-rubbed, unclothed mahogany table, the plates, forks, and saucers under Malachi's manipulations touching the polished wood as noiselessly as falling leaves.

Tea served and over, Malachi would light the candles in the big, cut-glass chandelier in the front parlor—the especial pride of the hostess, it having hung in her father's house in Virginia.

After this he would retire once more to his pantry, this time to make ready for some special function to follow; for every evening at the Horn mansion had its separate festivity. On Mondays small card-tables that unfolded or let down or evolved from half moons into circles, their tops covered with green cloth, were pulled out or moved around so as to form the centres of cosey groups, some extra sticks of hickory would be brought in and piled on the andirons, and the huge library table, always covered with the magazines of the day—*Littell's, Westminster, Blackwood's,* and the *Scientific Review,* would be pushed back against the wall to make room.

On Wednesdays there would be a dinner at six o'clock, served without pretense or culinary assistance from the pastry cook outside—even the ices were prepared at home. To these dinners any distinguished strangers who were passing through the city were sure to be invited. Malachi in his time had served many famous men—Charles Dickens, Ole Bull, Macready, and once the great Mr. Thackeray himself with a second glass of "that pale sherry, if you please," and at the great man's request, too. An appreciation which, in the case of Mr. Thackeray, had helped to mollify Malachi's righteous wrath over the immortal novelist's ignorance of Southern dishes:

"Dat fat gemman wid de gold specs dat dey do say is so mighty great, ain't eat nuffin yet but soup an' a li'l mite o' tater," he said to Aunt Hannah on one of his trips to the kitchen as dinner went on. "He let dat tar'pin an' dem ducks go by him same as dey was pizen. But I lay he knows 'bout dat ole yaller sherry," and Malachi chuckled. "He keeps a' retchin' fur dat decanter as if he was 'feared somebody'd git it fust."

On Friday there was invariably a musicale—generally a quartette with a few connoisseurs to listen and to criticise. Then the piano would be drawn out from its corner and the lid propped up, so that Max Unger of the "Harmonie" could find a place for his 'cello behind it, and there would still be room for the inventor with his violin—a violin with a tradition, for Ole Bull had once played on it and in that same room, too, and had said it had the soul of a Cremona—which was quite true when Richard Horn touched its strings.

On all the other nights of the week Mrs. Horn was at home to all who came. Some gentle old lady from across the Square, perhaps, in lace caps and ribbons, with a work-basket filled with fancy crewels, and whose big son came at nine o'clock to take her home; or Oliver's young friends, boys and girls; or old Doctor Wallace, full of the day's gossip; or Miss Lavinia Clendenning, with news of the latest Assembly; or Nathan Gill with his flute.

But then it was Nathan always, whatever the occasion. From the time Malachi unlocked the front doors in the morning until he bolted them for the night, Nathan came and went. The brick pavements were worn smooth, the neighbors said, between the flute-player's humble lodgings in a side street and the Horn house, so many trips a day did the old man make. People smiled at him as he hurried along, his head bent forward, his long pen-wiper cloak reaching to his heels, a wide-brimmed Quaker hat crowning his head.

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And always whenever the night or whatever the function or whoever the guests a particular side-table was moved in from Malachi's pantry and covered with a snow-white cloth which played an important part in the evening's entertainment. This cloth was never empty. Upon its damask surface were laid a pile of India-blue plates and a silver basket of cake, besides a collection of low glass tumblers with little handles, designed to hold various brews of Malachi's own concoctions, which he alone of all the denizens of Kennedy Square could compound, and the secret of which unhappily has perished with him.

And what wondrous aromas, too!

You may not believe it, but I assure you, on the honor of a Virginian, that for every one of these different nights in the old house on Kennedy Square there were special savory odors emanating from these brews, which settled at once and beyond question the precise function of the evening, and all before you could hand your hat to Malachi. If, for instance, as the front door was opened the aroma was one of hot coffee and the dry smell of fresh wafer-biscuit mingled with those of a certain brand of sherry, then it was always to be plain whist in the parlor, with perhaps only Colonel Clayton and Miss Clendenning or some one of the old ladies of the neighborhood, to hold hands in a rubber. If the fumes of apple-toddy mingled with the fragrance of toasted apples were wafted your way, you might be sure that Max Unger, and perhaps Bobbinette, second violin, and Nathan—whatever the function it was always Nathan, it must be remembered—and a few kindred spirits who loved good music were expected; and at the appointed hour Malachi, his hands encased in white cotton gloves, would enter with a flourish, and would graciously beg leave to pass, the huge bowl held high above his head filled to the brim with smoking apple-toddy, the little pippins browned to a turn floating on its top.

If the occasion was one of great distinction, one that fell on Christmas or on New Year's, or which celebrated some important family gathering, the pungent odor of eggnog would have greeted you even before you could have slipped off your gum-shoes in the hall, or hung your coat on the mahogany rack. This seductive concoction—the most potent of all Malachi's beverages—was always served from a green and gold Chinese bowl, and drunk not from the customary low tumblers, but from special Spode cups, and I must confess it was productive of a head—for I myself was once tempted to drink a bumper of it at this most delightful of houses with young Oliver, many years ago, it is true, but I have never forgotten it—productive of an *aching* head, I think I said, that felt as big in the morning as the Canton bowl in which the mixture had been brewed.

Or, if none of these functions or festivals were taking place, and only one or two old cronies had dropped in on their way from the Club, and had drawn up their chairs close to the dining-room table, and you had happened to be hanging up your hat in the hall at that moment, you would have been conscious of an aroma as delicate in flavor as that wafted across summer seas from far-off tropic isles, of pomegranates, if you will, ripening by crumbling walls; of purple grapes drinking in the sun, of pine and hemlock; of sweet spices and the scent of roses, or any other combination of delightful things which the excited imagination might suggest.

You would have known then just what had taken place; how, when the gentlemen were seated, Malachi in his undress blue coat and brass buttons had approached his master noiselessly from behind, and with a gravity that befitted the occasion had bent low his head, his hands behind his back, his head turned on one side, and in a hushed voice had asked this most portentous question:

"Which Madeira, Marse Richard?"

The only answer would have been a lifting of the eyebrow and an imperceptible nod of his master's head in the direction of the mahogany cellaret.

Malachi understood.

It was the Tiernan of '29.

And that worthy "Keeper of the Privy Seal and Key," pausing for an instant with his brown jug of a head bent before the cellaret, as a Mohammedan bends his head before a wall facing Mecca, had thereupon unlocked its secret chambers and had produced a low, deeply cut decanter topped by a wondrous glass stop-

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per. This he had placed, with conscious importance, on a small table before the two or three devotees gathered together in its honor, and the host removing the stopper had filled the slender glasses with a vintage that had twice rounded the Cape—a wine, of such rare lineage and flavor that those who had the honor of its acquaintance always spoke of it as one of the most precious possessions of the town—a wine, too, of so delicate an aroma that those within the charmed circle invariably lifted the thin glasses and dreamily inhaled its perfume before they granted their palates a drop.

Ah, those marvellous, unforgettable aromas that come to me out of the long ago with all the reminders they bring of clink of glass and touch of elbow, of happy boys and girls and sweet old faces. It is forty years since they greeted my nostrils in the cool, bare, uncurtained hall of the old house in Kennedy Square, but they are still fresh in my memory. Sometimes it is the fragrance of newly made gingerbread, or the scent of creamy custard with just a suspicion of peach kernels; sometimes it is the scent of fresh strawberries—strawberries that meant the spring, not the hot-house or Bermuda—and sometimes it is the smell of roasted oysters or succulent canvas-backs! Forty years ago—and yet even to-day the perfume of a roasted apple never greets me but I stand once more in the old-fashioned room listening to the sound of Nathan's flute; I see again the stately, gray-haired, high-bred mistress of the mansion with her kindly greeting, as she moves among her guests; I catch the figure of that old darky with his brown, bald head and the little tufts of gray wool fringing its sides, as he shuffles along in his blue coat and baggy white waistcoat and much-too-big gloves, and I hear the very tones of his voice as he pushes his seductive tray before me and whispers, confidentially:

"Take a li'l ob de apple, sah; dat's whar de real 'spression ob de toddy is."

II

STRAINS FROM NATHAN'S FLUTE

It was one of those Friday evenings, then, when the smell of roast apples steeping in hot toddy came wafting from out the portals of Malachi's pantry—a smell of such convincing pungency that even the most infrequent of frequenters having once inhaled it, would have known at the first whiff that some musical function was in order. The night was to be one of unusual interest.

Nathan Gill and Max Unger were expected, and Miss Lavinia Clendenning, completing with Richard a quartette for 'cello, flute, piano and violin, for which Unger had arranged Beethoven's Overture to "Fidelio."

Nathan, of course, arrived first. On ordinary occasions another of those quaint ceremonies for which the house was famous would always take place when the old flute-player entered the drawing-room—a ceremony which brought a smile to the lips of those who had watched it for years and which to this day brings one to those who remember it. Nathan, with a look of quizzical anxiety on his pinched face, would tiptoe cautiously into the room, peering about him to make sure of Richard's presence, his thin, almost transparent fingers outspread to show Richard that they were empty. Richard would step forward and, with a tone of assumed solicitude in his voice, would say:

"Don't tell me, Nathan, that you have forgotten your flute?" and Nathan, pausing for a moment, would suddenly break into a smile and with a queer little note of surprise in his throat, and a twinkle in his eye, would make answer by slowly drawing from his coat-tail pocket the three unjointed pieces, holding them up with an air of triumph and slowly putting them together. Then these two old "Merry-Andrews" would lock arms and stroll into the library, laughing like school-boys.

To-night, however, as Nathan had been specially invited to play, this little ceremony was omitted. On entering the hall the musician gave his long, black, pen-wiper cloak and his hat to Malachi, and supporting himself by his delicate fingers laid flat on the hall table, extended first one thin leg, and then the other, while that obsequious darky unbuttoned his gaiters. His feet free, he straightened himself up, pulled the precious flute from his coat-tail pocket and carefully joined the parts. This done he gave a look into the hall mirror, puffed out his scarf, combed his straight

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white hair forward over his ears with his fingers, and at Malachi's announcement glided through the open doorway to Mrs. Horn's chair, the flute in his hand held straight out as an orator would have held his roll.

The hostess, who had been sitting by the fire, her white gossamer shawl about her spare shoulders, rose from her high-backed chair and laying aside her knitting-needles and wools greeted the musician with as much cordiality—and it must be confessed with as much ceremony—as if she had not seen him a dozen times that week. One of the charms of the Horn mansion lay in just such delightful blendings of affection and formality.

"Am I a little early?" he asked with as much surprise as if he were not as certain to be early when music was concerned as he was to be late in everything else. "Yes, my dear madam—I see that I am early, unless Miss Lavinia is late."

"You never could be too early, Nathan. Lavinia will be here in a moment," she answered, resuming her seat.

"I'm glad that I'm ahead of her for once," he replied, smiling. Then, turning to the inventor, who had come forward from where he had been studying the new score, he laid his hand affectionately on Richard's shoulder, as a boy would have done, and added: "How do you like Unger's new arrangement?—I've been thinking of nothing else all day."

"Capital! Capital!" answered Richard, slipping his arm into Nathan's, and drawing him closer to the piano. "See how he has treated this adagio phrase," and he followed the line with his finger, humming the tune to Nathan. "The modulation, you see, is from E Major to A Major, and the flute sustains the melody, the effect is so peculiarly soft and the whole so bright with passages of sunshine all through it—oh, you'll love it."

While these two white-haired enthusiasts with their heads together were studying the score, beating time with their hands, after the manner of experts to whom all the curious jumble of dots and lines that plague so many of us are as plain as print, Malachi was receiving Miss Clendenning in the hall. Indeed, he had answered her knock as Nathan was passing into the drawing-room.

The new arrival bent her neck until Malachi had relieved her of the long hooded cloak, gave a quick stamp with her little feet as she shook out her balloon skirts, and settled herself on the hall settee while Malachi unwound the white worsted "nubia" from her aristocratic throat. This done, she, too, held a short consultation with the hall mirror, smoothing, with her jewelled fingers, the soft hair parted over her forehead, carefully dusting, with her tiny handkerchief, the little pats of powder still left on her cheeks and tightening up the side-combs that kept in place the clusters of short curls which framed her face. Then, with head erect and a gracious recognition of the old servant's ministrations, she floated past Malachi, bent double in her honor.

"Oh, I heard you, Nathan," she laughed, waving her fan toward him as she entered the room. "I'm not one minute late. Did you ever hear such impudence, Sallie, and all because he reached your door one minute before me," she added, stooping over to kiss Mrs. Horn. Punctuality was one of the cardinal virtues of this most distinguished, prim, precise and most lovable of old maids. "You are really getting to be dreadful, Mr. Nathan Gill, and so puffed up—isn't he, Richard?" As she spoke she turned abruptly and faced both gentlemen. Then, with one of her rippling laughs—a laugh that Richard always said reminded him of the notes of a bird—she caught her skirts in her fingers, made the most sweeping of courtesies and held out her hands to the two gentlemen who were crossing the room to meet her.

Richard, with the bow of a Cavalier, kissed the one offered him as gallantly as if she had been a duchess, telling her he had the rarest treat in store for her as soon as Unger came, and Nathan with mock devotion held the other between his two palms, and said that to be scolded by Miss Clendenning was infinitely better than being praised by anybody else. This done, the two old gallants returned to the piano and to a renewed study of the crumpled pages of the score which lay under the soft light of the candles.

While the party waited for Max Unger—not a note could be sounded until he arrived—the room relapsed again into its

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wonted quiet, broken by whispered talk. Mrs. Horn began to knit again, while Miss Clendenning stood facing the fire, one foot resting on the fender.

This wee foot of the little lady was the delight and admiration of all the girls about Kennedy Square, and of many others across the seas, too—men and women for that matter. To-night it was encased in a black satin slipper and in a white spider-web stocking, about which was crossed two narrow black ribbons tied in a bow around the ankle. Nothing could be too fine or too costly to clothe this dainty old maid, with her stiff starched petticoats bescalloped and belaced, her trim figure filling out her soft white fichu.

There was that subtlety of charm about her which had played havoc with more than one heart in her day. Only Sallie Horn, who had all the dear woman's secrets, knew where those little feet had stepped and what hopes they had crushed. Or why the delicate finger was still bare of a plain gold ring. The world never thought it had made any difference to Miss Lavinia, but then the world had never peeped under the lower lid of Miss Clendenning's heart.

Suddenly the hushed quiet of the room was broken by a loud knock at the front door, or rather by a series of knocks, so quick and sharp that Malachi started from his pantry on the double quick.

"That must be Max," said Richard. "Now, Lavinia, we will move the piano, so as to give you more room."

Mrs. Horn pushed back her chair, rose to her feet, and stood waiting to receive the noted 'cellist, and Miss Clendenning took her foot from the fender and dropped her skirts.

But it was not Max!

Not wheezy, perspiring old Max Unger after all, walking into the room mopping his face and lugging his big 'cello, embalmed in a green baize bag, as was his custom — he would never let Malachi touch it—not Max, but a fresh, rosy-cheeked young fellow of twenty-two, who came bounding in, tossing his hat to Malachi—a well-knit, muscular young fellow, with a mouth full of white teeth and a broad brow projecting over two steel-blue eyes snapping with fun.

With his coming the quiet of the room departed and a certain breezy atmosphere filled the room as would a gust of cool wind, and with him, too, came a hearty, whole-souled joyousness—a joyousness of so sparkling and so radiant a kind that it seemed as if all the sunshine he had breathed for twenty years in Kennedy Square had been somehow packed away in his boyish veins.

"Oh, here you are, you dear Miss Lavinia," he cried out, his breath half gone from his dash across the square. "How did you get here first?"

"On my two feet, you stupid Oliver," cried Miss Lavinia, shaking her curls at him. "Did you think somebody carried me?"

"No, I didn't; but that wouldn't be much to carry, Miss Midget." His pet name for her. "But which way did you come? I looked up and down every path and——"

"And went all the way round by Sue Clayton's to find me, didn't you? Oh, you can't throw dust in the Midget's eyes, you young rascal!" and she stretched up her two dainty hands, drew his face toward her, and kissed him on the lips.

It was her usual salutation to him. No woman ever hesitated to kiss him if they knew him well enough—he was that kind of a boy. They knew, too, that he could never misjudge any confidence they might give him, nor misconstrue any advances they might make.

"There, you dear Ollie—" and she patted his cheek—"now tell me all about it. What did you want to see me for," she added with one of those quick divinations which made her so helpful a confidante. Then, in a lowered voice—"What has Sue done?"

"Nothing—not one thing. She isn't bothering her head about me. I only stopped there to leave a book, and——"

Mrs. Horn, with laughing, inquiring eyes, looked up from her chair at Miss Clendenning, and made a little doubting sound with her lips. Black-eyed Sue Clayton, with her curls down her back, home from boarding-school for the Easter holidays, was Oliver's latest flame. She loved to tease him about his love-affairs; and she was always happy when he had a new one. She could see farther into his heart she thought when the face of some sweet girl lay mirrored in its depths.

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Oliver heard the doubting sound his mother made, and reaching over her chair flung his arms about her neck and kissed her as if she had been a girl.

"Now, don't you laugh, you dear old motherkins," he cried, drawing her nearer to him until her face touched his—he was never so charming as when petting his mother. They were like boy and girl together. "Sue don't care a thing about me, and I *did* promise her the book, and I ran every step of the way to give it to her — didn't I, Uncle Nat?" he added gayly, hoping to divert the topic. "You were behind the sun-dial when I passed —don't you remember?" He shrank a little from the badinage.

The old musician heard the question, but only waved his flute behind him in answer. He did not even lift his head from beside Richard's at the score.

Oliver waited an instant, and getting no further reply released his hold about his mother's neck, now that he had kissed her into silence, and turned to Miss Clendenning again.

"Come, Miss Lavinia—come into the library. I've got something very important to talk to you about. Really, now; no nonsense about it! You've plenty of time—old Max won't be here for an hour, he's always late, isn't he, mother?"

Miss Clendenning turned quietly, lifted her eyes in a martyr-like way at Mrs. Horn, who shook her head playfully in answer, and with Oliver's arm about her slim waist entered the library. She could never refuse any one of the young people when they came to her with their secrets —most important and never-to-be-postponed secrets, of course, that could hardly wait the telling. Her little tea-room across the square, with its red damask curtains, its shiny brass andirons, and easy-chairs and lounges, was really more of a confessional than a boudoir. Many a sorrow had been drowned in the cups of tea that she had served with her own hand in dainty Spode cups, and many a young girl and youth who had entered its cosey interior with heavy hearts had left it with the sunshine of a new hope breaking through their tears. But then everybody knew the bigness of Miss Clendenning's sympathies. It was one of the things they loved her for.

She, of course, knew what the boy wanted now. If it were not to talk about Sue Clayton it was sure to be about some one of the other girls. The young people thought of nothing else but their love-affairs, and talked of nothing else, and the old people loved to live their youth over again in listening. It was one of the traditional customs of Kennedy Square.

Miss Clendenning settled herself in a corner of the haircloth sofa, touched her side-combs with her finger to see that they were in place, tucked a red cushion behind her back, crossed her two little feet on a low stool, the two toes peeping out like the heads of two mice, and taking Oliver's hand in hers said, in her sweet, coaxing voice:

"Now, you dear boy, it is Sue, isn't it?"

"No!"

"Not Sue? Who then?"

"Mr. Crocker."

"What Mr. Crocker?" She arched her eyebrows and looked at him curiously. The name came as a surprise. She knew Mr. Crocker, of course, but she wanted Oliver to describe him. Surely, she thought with a sudden sense of alarm, the boy had not fallen in love with the daughter of that shabby old man.

"Why the landscape painter—the one father knows. I have been taking drawing lessons of him and he says I've got a lot of talent and that all I want is practice. He says that if I begin now and draw from the cast three or four hours a day that by the end of the year I can begin in color; and then I can go to New York and study, and then to Paris."

The little lady scrutinized him from under her eyelids. The boy's enthusiasm always delighted her; she would often forget what he was talking about, so interested was she in following his gestures as he spoke.

"And what then?"

"Why then I can be a painter, of course. Isn't that a great deal better than sitting every day in Judge Ellicott's dingy office reading law books? I hate the law!"

"And you love Mr. Crocker?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"I don't know him, Ollie. Tell me what he is like."

"Well, he isn't young any more. He's about father's age, but he's a splendid old

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man, and he's so poor! Nobody buys his pictures, nor appreciates him and, just think, he has to paint portraits and dogs and anything he can get to do. Don't you think that's a shame? Nobody goes to see him but father and Uncle Nat and one or two others. They don't seem to think him a gentleman." He was putting the case so as to enlist all her sympathies at once.

"He has a daughter, hasn't he?" She was probing him quietly and without haste. Time enough for her sympathies to work when she got at the facts.

"Yes, but I don't like her very much, for I don't think she's very good to him." Miss Clendenning smothered a little sigh of relief, there was no danger, thank Heaven, in that direction! What, then, could he want, she thought to herself.

"And he's so different from anybody I ever met," Oliver continued. "He doesn't talk about horses and duck-shooting and politics, or music or cards like everyone you meet, except Daddy, but he talks about pictures and artists and great men. Just think, he was a young student in Düsseldorf for two years, and then he shouldered a knapsack and tramped all through Switzerland, painting as he went, and often paying for his lodgings with his sketches. Then he was in Paris for ever so long and now he is here, where——"

"Where you tell me he is painting dogs for a living," interrupted Miss Clendenning. "Do you think, you young scapegrace, that this would be better than being a lawyer like Judge Ellicott?" and she turned upon him with one of her quick outbursts of mock indignation.

"But I'm not going to paint dogs," he replied, with some impatience. "I am going to paint women, like the Sir Peter Lely that Uncle John Tilghman has. Oh, she's a beauty! I took Mr. Crocker to see her the other day. It had just been brought in from the country, you know. You should have heard him go on. He says there's nobody who can paint a portrait like it nowadays. He raved about her. You know it is Uncle John Tilghman's grandmother when she was a girl." His voice suddenly dropped to a more serious tone as he imparted this last bit of information.

Miss Clendenning knew whose grandmother it was, and knew and loved every tone in the canvas. It had hung in the Tilghman Manor-House for years and was one of its most precious treasures, but she did not intend to stop and discuss it now.

"Mr. Crocker wants me to copy it just as soon as I draw a little better. Uncle John will let me, I know."

Miss Clendenning tapped her foot in a noiseless tattoo upon the carpet, and for a time looked off into space. She wanted to draw him out, to know from what depth this particular enthusiasm had sprung. She was accustomed to his exuberance of spirits, it was one of the many things she loved him for. If this new craze was but an idle fancy, and he had had many of them, it would wear itself out and the longer they talked about it the better. If, however, it sprang from an inborn taste, and was the first indication of a hitherto undeveloped talent forcing itself to the surface, the situation was one demanding the greatest caution. Twigs like Oliver bent at the wrong time might never straighten out again.

"And why did you come to me about this, Ollie; why don't you talk to your father?"

"I have. He doesn't object. He says that Mr. Crocker is one of the rare men of the time, and that only inexperience among the people here prevents him from being appreciated. That's what he goes to see him for. It isn't father that worries me, it's dear old mother. I know just what she'll say. She's got her heart set on my studying law, and she won't listen to anything else. I wouldn't object to the law if I cared for it, but I don't. That's what makes it come so hard."

"And you want me to speak to your mother?"

"Yes, of course. That's just what I do want you to do. Nobody can help me but you," he cried with that coaxing manner which would have seemed effeminate until one looked at his well-built, muscular body and the firm lines about his mouth. "You tell her of all the painters you knew in London when you lived there, and of what they do and how they are looked up to, and that some of them are gentlemen and not idlers and loafers. Mother will listen to you, I know, and maybe then when I tell her it won't be such a shock to her. Do you know it is

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incomprehensible to me, all this contempt for people who don't do just the same things that their grandfathers did. And how do I know, too, that they are right about it all? It seems to me that when a man is *born* a gentleman and *is* a gentleman he can follow any occupation he pleases. Instead of his trade making him respectable he should make *it* so." He spoke with a virility she had never suspected in him before, this boy whom she had held in her arms as a baby and who was still only the boy to her.

"But, Ollie," she interrupted, in some surprise, "you must never forget you are your father's son. No one is absolutely independent in this world, everyone has his family to consider." She was becoming not only interested now, but anxious. Mr. Crocker had evidently been teaching the boy something besides the way to use his pencil. Such democratic ideas were rare in Kennedy Square.

"Yes, I know what you mean." He had sprung from his seat now and was standing over her, she looking up into his face. "You mean that it is all right for me to go into old Mr. Wardell's counting-house because he sells coffee by the cargo, but that I can't take a situation in Griggson's grocery here on the corner because he sells coffee by the pound. You mean, too, that it is possible for a man to be a professor or president of a college and still be a gentleman, but if he teaches in the public school he is done for. You mean, too, that I could slice off a patient's leg and still be invited to Uncle Tilghman's house to dinner, but that if I pulled out his teeth I could only eat in his kitchen."

Miss Clendenning threw back her head and laughed until the combs in her side-curls needed refastening, but she did not interrupt him.

"I can't get this sort of thing into my head and I never will. And father doesn't believe in it any more than I do, and I don't think that mother would if it wasn't for a lot of old people who live around this square and who talk of nothing all day but their relations and think there's nobody worth knowing but themselves. Now, you've got to talk to mother; I won't take no for an answer," and he threw himself down beside her again. "Come, dear Midget, hold up your right hand and promise me now, before I let you go," he pleaded in his wheedling way that made him so lovable to his intimates, catching her two hands in his and holding them tight.

Of course she promised. Had she ever refused him anything? And Oliver, a boy again, now that his confessions were made, kissed her joyously on both cheeks and instantly forgetting his troubles as his habit was when prospects of relief had opened, he launched out into an account of a wonderful adventure Mr. Crocker once had in an old town in Italy, where he was locked up over-night in a convent by mistake; and how he had slept on his knapsack in the chapel, and what the magistrate had said to him the next day, and how he had to paint a portrait of that suspicious officer to prove he was a painter and a man of the best intentions. In his enthusiasm he not only acted the scene, but he imitated the gesture and dialect of the several parties to the escapade so perfectly that the little lady, in her delight over the story, quite forgot her anxiety and even the musicale itself, and only remembered the quartette when Malachi, bowing obsequiously before her, said:

"Dey's a-waitin' for you, Miss Lavinia. Mister Unger done come and Marse Richard say he can't wait a minute."

When she and Oliver entered the drawing-room the 'cellist was the centre of the group. He was apologizing, in his broken English, for being so late, and Richard was interrupting him with enthusiastic outbursts over the new score which still lay under the wax candles lighting the piano, and which he and Nathan, while waiting for the author, had been silently practising in sundry bobs of their heads and rhythmic beatings of their hands.

"My dear Max," Richard continued, with a hand on the musician's shoulder, patting him in appreciation as he spoke, "we will forgive you anything. You have so exactly suited to the 'cello the opening theme. And the flute passages! —they are exquisitely introduced. We will let Miss Clendenning decide when she hears it—" and he turned Unger's head in the direction of the advancing lady. "Here she comes now; you, of course, know the fine quality of Miss Clendenning's ear."

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Herr Unger placed his five fat fingers over his waist-band, bowed as low to Miss Lavinia as his great girth would permit, and said:

"Ah, yes, I know. Miss Clendenning not only haf de ear, she haf de life in de end of de finger. De piano make de sound like de bird when she touch it."

The little lady thanked him in her sweetest voice, made a courtesy and extended her hand to Max, who kissed it with much solemnity, and Richard, putting his arm around the 'cellist's fat shoulders, conducted him across the room, whereupon Nathan, with the assumed air of an old beau, offered his crooked elbow to Miss Clendenning as an apology for having reached the house before her. Then, seating her at the piano with a great flourish, he waved his hand to Oliver who had drawn up a chair beside his mother, and with a laugh, cried:

"Here, you young lover, come and turn the leaves for Miss Lavinia. It may keep you from running over other people in the dark, even if they are accused of hiding behind sun-dials."

With the beginning of the overture Mrs. Horn laid down her work, and drawing her white gossamer shawl about her shoulders gave herself up to the enjoyment of the music. As she sat leaning back in her easy-chair with half-closed eyes, her clear-cut features in silhouette against the glow of the fire, her soft gray curls nestling in the filmy lace that fell about her temples, she expressed, in every line of her face and figure, that air of graceful repose which only comes to those highly favored happy women who have all their lives been nurtured in a home of loving hands, tender voices, and noiseless servants—lives of never-ending affection without care or sorrows.

And yet to those who knew and who studied carefully this central figure of the Horn mansion—this practical, outspoken, gentle-voiced, tender wife and mother, tenacious of her opinions, yet big enough and courageous enough to acknowledge her mistakes; this woman, wise in counsel, sympathetic in sorrow, joyous with the young, restful with the old—to such close observers there were lines about her white forehead which could not alone be accounted for by advancing years.

These lines seemed all the deeper to-night. Only a few hours before Richard had come to her, while Malachi was arranging his clothes, with the joyful news of a new device for his motor which he had developed during the day. He could hardly wait to tell her, he had said. The news was anything but joyful to her. She knew what it meant—she knew the amounts wasted on the other devices—a loss which at this time they could so little afford.

None of these anxieties had marked the earlier years of their married life, poor as they were, while Richard was giving his energies to the practice of the law. It had only been when the invention craze had taken possession of him that she had lost the sweet serenity which had made her life so restful. She was glad, therefore, to free her mind for the moment from the sorrows of the day; glad to sit alone and drink in the melodies that the quartette set free; glad to listen to harmonies Richard and she both loved. The overture, too, was one of their favorites—one they had often played together as a duet in their younger days.

As she sat beating time noiselessly with her thin, upraised hand, her head resting quietly, a clear, silvery note—clear as a bird's—leaped from Nathan's flute, soared higher and higher, trembled like a lark poised in air and died away in tones of such exquisite sweetness that she turned her head in delight toward the group about the piano, fixing her gaze on Nathan. The old man's eyes were riveted on the score, his figure bent forward in the intensity of his absorption, his whole face illumined with the ecstasy that possessed him. Then she looked at Richard, standing with his back to her, his violin tucked under his chin, his body swaying in rhythm with the music. Unger sat next to him, his instrument between his knees, his stolid, shiny face unruffled by the glorious harmonies of Beethoven.

Then her glance rested on Oliver. He was hanging over the piano whispering in Miss Clendenning's ear, his face breaking into smiles at her playful chidings. If the pathos of the melody had reached him he showed no sign of its effects.

Instantly there welled up in her heart a sudden gush of tenderness—one of those

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quick outbursts that often overwhelm a mother when her eyes rest on a son whose heart is her own—an outburst all the more intensified by the melody that thrilled her. Why was her heart troubled? Here was her strong hope! Here was her chief reliance! Here the hope of the future. How could she doubt or suffer when this promise of the coming day was before her in all the beauty and strength of his young manhood.

With the echoes of Nathan's flute still vibrating in her, she recalled the anxious look on her boy's face as he led Miss Clendenning into the library. A new look—one she had never seen before. Still under the quickening spell of the music she began to exaggerate its cause. What had troubled him? Why had he told Lavinia, and not her? Was there anything serious?—something he had not told her to save her pain?

From this moment the music ceased to interest her. Her mind became absorbed in her boy. With restless, impatient fingers she began thrumming on the arm of her chair. Oliver would tell her, she knew, before many hours, but she could not wait—she wanted to know at once.

With the ending of the first part of the overture and before the two gentlemen had laid down their instruments to grasp Unger's hands, she called to Miss Clendenning who sat at the piano alone. Oliver having slipped away unobserved.

"Lavinia——"

Miss Clendenning raised her eyes in answer. "Come over and sit by me, dear, while the gentlemen rest."

Miss Clendenning picked up her white silk mits and fan lying beside the candles, and moved toward the fireplace. Malachi saw her coming—he was always in the room during the interludes, and with an alacrity common to him when the distinguished little lady was present, drew up a low chair beside his mistress and stood behind it until she should take her seat. Miss Clendenning smoothed out her skirt and settled herself with the movement of a pigeon filling her nest.

"Well, Sallie, what is it? Did you ever hear Nathan play so well?" she asked, as she laid her mits in her lap and fanned herself softly.

"What did Oliver want, my dear?" replied Mrs. Horn, ignoring her question. "Is there anything really worrying him, or is it one of the girls?"

The little woman smiled quizzically. "No, Sallie—not Sue—not this time. That little rattle-brain's affections will only last the week out. Nothing very important—that is, nothing urgent. We were talking about the Tilghman portraits and the new Lely that Cousin John has brought into town from Claymore Manor, and what people should and should not do to earn their living, and what professions were respectable. I thought one thing and Ollie thought another. Now, what profession of all others would you choose for a young man starting out in life?"

"What has he been telling you, Lavinia? Does he want to leave Judge Ellicott's office?" Mrs. Horn asked, quietly. She always went straight to the root of any matter.

"Just answer my question, Sallie."

"I'd rather he'd be a lawyer, of course; why?"

"Suppose he won't, or can't?"

"Is that what he told you, Lavinia, on the sofa?" She was leaning forward, her cheek on her hand, her eyes fixed on the blazing logs.

"He told me a great many things, half of them boy's talk. Now answer my question; suppose he couldn't study law because his heart wasn't in it, what then?"

"I know, Lavinia, what you mean." There was an anxious tone now in the mother's voice. "And Oliver talked to you about this?" As she spoke she settled back in her chair and a slight sigh escaped her.

"Don't ask me, Sallie, for I'm not going to tell you. I want to know for myself what you think, so that I can help the boy."

Mrs. Horn turned her head and looked toward Richard. She had suspected as much from some hints that Judge Ellicott had dropped when she had asked him about Oliver's progress. "He is still holding down his chair, Madam." She thought at the time that it was one of the Judge's witticisms, but she saw now that it had a deeper meaning. After some moments she said, fixing her eyes on Miss Clendenning:

"Well, now, Lavinia, tell me what *you*

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think. I should like your opinion. What would you wish to do with him if he were your son?"

Miss Lavinia smiled and her eyes half closed. For a brief moment there came to her the picture of what such a blessing would have been. Her son! No! It was always somebody else's son or daughter to whom her sympathy must go.

"Well, Sallie," she answered—she was leaning over now, her hands in her lap, apparently with lowered eyelids, but really watching Mrs. Horn's face from the corner of her eye—"I don't think we can make a clergyman out of him, do you?" Mrs. Horn frowned, but she did not interrupt. "No, we cannot make a parson out of him. I meant, my love, something in surplices, not in camp-meetings, of course. Think of those lovely pink cheeks in a high collar and Bishop's sleeves, wouldn't he be too sweet for anything?" and she laughed one of her little cooing laughs. "Nor a doctor," she continued, with a slight interrogation in her tone, "nor a shop-keeper, nor a painter"—and she shot a quick glance from under her arching eyebrows at her companion—but Mrs. Horn's face gave no sign—"nor a musician. Why not a musician, Sallie, he sings like an angel, you know?" She was planting her shafts all about the target, her eyes following the flight of each arrow.

Mrs. Horn raised her head and laid her hand firmly on Miss Clendenning's wrist.

"We won't have him a shopkeeper, Lavinia," she said with some positiveness, "nor a barber, nor a painter, nor a cook, nor a dentist. We'll try and keep him a gentleman, my dear, whatever happens. As for his being a musician, I think you will agree with me, that music is only possible as an accomplishment, never when it is a profession. Look at that dear old man over there"—and she pointed to Nathan, who was bending forward running over on his flute some passages from the score, his white hair covering his coat-collar behind—"so absolutely unfitted for this world as he is, so purposeless, so hopelessly inert. He breathes his whole soul into that flute and yet——"

"And a good deal comes out of it sometimes, my dear—to-night, for instance," laughed Miss Lavinia. "Did you catch those bird-like notes?"

"Yes, and they thrilled me through and through, but sweet as they are they won't help him make a career."

At this moment Richard called to Unger, who had been sitting on the sofa in the library, "cooling off," he said, as he mopped his head with a red handkerchief, one of Malachi's cups in his hand.

Miss Lavinia caught sight of the 'cellist's advancing figure and rose from her seat. "I must go now," she said, "they want to play it again." She moved a step forward, gave a glance at her side-curls in the oval mirror over the mantel, stopped hesitatingly and then bending over Mrs. Horn said, thoughtfully, her hand on her companion's shoulder, "Sallie, don't try to make water run uphill. If Ollie belonged to me I'd let him follow his tastes, whatever they were. You'll spoil the shape of his instep if you keep him wearing Chinese shoes," and she floated over to join the group of musicians.

Mrs. Horn again settled herself in her chair. She understood now the look on Oliver's face. She was right then, something was really worrying him. The talk with Miss Lavinia had greatly disturbed her—so much so that she could not listen to the music. Again her eyes rested on Oliver, who had come in and joined the group at the piano, all out of breath with his second run across the square—this time to tell Sue of Miss Clendenning's promise. He was never happy unless he was sharing what was on his mind with another, and if there was a girl within reach he was sure to pour it into her willing ears.

Mrs. Horn looked at him with a pang about her heart. From which side of the house had come this fickleness, this instability and love of change in Oliver's character? she asked herself—a new interest every day—all the traditions of his forefathers violated. How could she overcome it in him? how make him more practical? Years before, when she had thought him proud, she had sent him to market and had made him carry home the basket on his arm, facing the boys who laughed at him. He had never forgotten the lesson; he was neither proud nor lazy any more. But what could she do in a situation like this?

Harassed by these doubts her eyes wandered over Oliver's slender, well-knit

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muscular body as he stood whispering to Miss Clendenning. She noticed the fine, glossy hair brushed from the face and worn long in the neck, curling behind the ears. She noted every movement of his body: the graceful way in which he talked with his hands, using his fingers to accentuate his words, and the way in which he shrugged his shoulders — the shrug of a Frenchman, although not a drop of their blood could be found in his veins—and in the quick lifting of the hand and the sidelong glance of the eye, all so characteristic of Richard when some new thought or theory reached his brain for the first time. Gradually and unconsciously she began to compare each feature of Oliver's face with that of the father who stood beside him: the alert blue eyes, overhanging brow and soft silkiness of the hair—identically the same, even the way it lay in the neck. And again she looked at Richard, drawing the bow as if in a dream.

Instantly a thought entered her mind that drove the blood from her cheeks. These vacillations of her husband's! This turning from one thing to another—first the law, then these inventions that never lead anywhere, and now Oliver beginning in the same way, almost in the same steps! Could these traits be handed down to the children? Would Oliver be like Richard in——

Instinctively she stopped short before the disloyal thought could form itself in her brain, straightened herself in her chair and closed her lips tight.

The music ceased; Nathan laid his flute on the piano; Unger rose from his seat and Richard turned to talk to Miss Clendenning. But she was unmindful of it all—she still sat in her chair, her eyes searching the blazing logs, her hands in her lap.

Only Malachi with his silver tray recalled her to consciousness.

(To be continued.)

WITH THE COUGAR HOUNDS

By Theodore Roosevelt

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP K. STEWART

WE rode in to the Keystone Ranch late on the evening of the second day after leaving Meeker. We had picked up a couple of bobcats on the way, and had found a cougar's kill (or bait, as Goff called it)—a doe, almost completely eaten. The dogs puzzled for several hours over the cold trail of the cougar; but it was old, and ran hither and thither over bare ground, so that they finally lost it. The ranch was delightfully situated at the foot of high wooded hills broken by cliffs, and it was pleasant to reach the warm, comfortable log buildings, with their clean rooms, and to revel in the abundant, smoking-hot dinner, after the long, cold hours in the saddle. As everywhere else in the cattle country nowadays, a successful effort had been made to store water on the Keystone, and there were great stretches of wire fencing—two improvements entirely unknown in former days. But the foreman, William Wilson, and the two punchers or cow-hands, Sabey and Collins, were of the old familiar type—skilled, fearless, hardy, hard-working, with all the intelligence and self-respect that we like to claim as typical of the American character at its best. All three carried short saddle guns when they went abroad, and killed a good many coyotes, and now and then a gray wolf. The cattle were for the most part grade Herefords, very different from the wild, slab-sided, long-horned creatures which covered the cattle country a score of years ago.

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The next day, January 14th, we got our first cougar. This kind of hunting was totally different from that to which I had been accustomed. In the first place, there was no need of always being on the alert for a shot, as it was the dogs who did the work. In the next place, instead of continually scanning the landscape, what we had to do was to look down so as to be sure not to pass over any tracks; for frequently a cold trail would be indicated so faintly that the dogs themselves might pass it by, if unassisted by Goff's keen eyes and thorough knowledge of the habits of the quarry. Finally, there was no object in making an early start, as what we expected to find was not the cougar, but the cougar's trail; moreover, the horses and dogs, tough though they were, could not stand more than a certain amount, and to ride from sunrise to sunset, day in and day out, for five weeks, just about tested the limits of their endurance.

We made our way slowly up the snow-covered, pinyon-clad side of the mountain back of the house, and found a very old cougar trail which it was useless to try to run, and a couple of fresh bobcat trails which it was difficult to prevent the dogs from following. After criss-crossing over the shoulders of this mountain for two or three hours, and scrambling in and out of the ravines, we finally struck another cougar trail, much more recent, probably made thirty-six hours before. The hounds had been hunting free to one side or the other of our path. They were now summoned by a blast of the horn, and with a wave of Goff's hand away they went on the trail. Had it been fresh they would have run out of hearing at once, for it was fearfully rough country. But they were able to work but slowly along the loops and zigzags of the trail, where it led across bare spaces, and we could keep well in sight and hearing of them. Finally they came to where it descended the sheer side of the mountain and crossed the snow-covered valley beneath. They were still all together, the pace having been so slow, and in the snow of the valley the scent was fresh. It was a fine sight to see them as they rushed across from one side to the other, the cliffs echoing their chiming. Jim and the three bitches were in the lead, while Boxer fell behind, as he always did when the pace was fast.

Leading our horses, we slid and scrambled after the hounds; but when we reached the valley they had passed out of sight and sound, and we did not hear them again until we had toiled up the mountain opposite. They were then evidently scattered, having come upon many bare places; but while we were listening, and working our way over to the other side of the divide, the sudden increase in the baying told Goff that they had struck the fresh trail of the beast they were after; and in two or three minutes we heard Jim's deep voice "barking treed." The three fighters, who had been trotting at our heels, recognized the difference in the sound quite as quickly as we did, and plunged at full speed toward it down the steep hill-side, throwing up the snow like so many snow-ploughs. In a minute or two the chorus told us that all the dogs were around the tree, and we picked our way down toward them.

While we were still some distance off we could see the cougar in a low pinyon moving about as the dogs tried to get up, and finally knocking one clean out of the top. It was the first time I had ever seen dogs with a cougar, and I was immensely interested; but Stewart's whole concern was with his camera. When we were within fifty yards of the tree, and I was preparing to take the rifle out of the scabbard, Stewart suddenly called "halt," with the first symptoms of excitement he had shown, and added, in an eager undertone: "Wait, there is a rabbit right here, and I want to take his picture." Accordingly we waited, the cougar not fifty yards off and the dogs yelling and trying to get up the tree after it, while Stewart crept up to the rabbit and got a kodak some six feet distant. Then we resumed our march toward the tree, and the cougar, not liking the sight of the reinforcements, jumped out. She came down just outside the pack and ran up hill. So quick was she that the dogs failed to seize her, and for the first fifty yards she went a great deal faster than they did. Both in the jump and in the run she held her tail straight out behind her; I found out afterward that sometimes one will throw its tail straight in the air, and when walking

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along, when first roused by the pack, before they are close, will, if angry, lash the tail from side to side, at the same time grinning and snarling.

In a minute the cougar went up another tree, but, as we approached, again jumped down, and on this occasion, after running a couple of hundred yards, the dogs seized it. The worry was terrific; the growling, snarling, and yelling rang among the rocks; and leaving our horses we plunged at full speed through the snow down the rugged ravine in which the fight was going on. It was a small though old female, only a few pounds heavier than either Turk or Jim, and the dogs had the upper hand when we arrived. They would certainly have killed it unassisted, but as it was doing some damage to the pack, and might at any moment kill a dog, I ended the struggle by a knife-thrust behind the shoulder. To shoot would have been quite as dangerous for the dogs as for their quarry. Three of the dogs were badly scratched, and Turk had been bitten through one foreleg, and Boxer through one hind leg.

As will be seen by the measurements given before, this was much the smallest full-grown cougar we got. It was also one of the oldest, as its teeth showed, and it gave me a false idea of the size of cougars; although I knew they varied in size I was not prepared for the wide variation we actually found.

The fighting dogs were the ones that enabled me to use the knife. All three went straight for the head, and when they got hold they kept their jaws shut, worrying and pulling, and completely absorbing the attention of the cougar, so as to give an easy chance for the death-blow. The hounds meanwhile had seized the cougar behind, and Jim, with his alligator jaws, probably did as much damage as Turk. However, neither in this nor in any other instance, did any one of the dogs manage to get its teeth through the thick skin. When cougars fight among themselves their claws and fangs leave great scars, but their hides are too thick for the dogs to get their teeth through. On the other hand, a cougar's jaws have great power, and dogs are frequently killed by a single bite, the fangs being driven through the brain or spine; or they break a dog's leg or cut the big blood-vessels of the throat.

I had been anxious to get a set of measurements and weights of cougars to give to Dr. Hart Merriam. Accordingly I was carrying a tape, while Goff, instead of a rifle, had a steelyard in his gun scabbard. We weighed and measured the cougar, and then took lunch, making as impartial a distribution of it as was possible among ourselves and the different members of the pack; for, of course, we were already growing to have a hearty fellow-feeling for each individual dog.

The next day we were again in luck. After about two hours' ride we came upon an old trail. It led among low hills, covered with pinyon and cedar, and broken by gullies or washouts, in whose sharp sides of clay the water had made holes and caves. Soon the hounds left it to follow a bobcat, and we had a lively gallop through the timber, dodging the sharp snags of the dead branches as best we might. The cat got into a hole in a side washout; Baldy went in after it, and the rest of us, men and dogs, clustered about to look in. After a considerable time he put the cat out of the other end of the hole, nearly a hundred yards off, close to the main washout. The first we knew of it we saw it coming straight toward us, its tail held erect like that of a white-tail deer. Before either we or the dogs quite grasped the situation it bolted into another hole almost at our feet, and this time Baldy could not find it, or else could not get at it. Then we took up the cougar trail again. It criss-crossed in every direction. We finally found an old "bait," a buck. It was interesting to see the way in which the cougar had prowled from point to point, and the efforts it had made to approach the deer which it saw or smelled. Once we came to where it had sat down on the edge of a cliff, sitting on its haunches with its long tail straight behind it and looking out across the valley. After it had killed, according to the invariable custom of its kind, it had dragged the deer from the open, where it had overtaken it, to the shelter of a group of trees.

We finally struck the fresh trail; but it, also, led hither and thither, and we got

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into such a maze of tracks that the dogs were completely puzzled. After a couple of hours of vain travelling to and fro, we gave up the effort, called the dogs off, and started back beside a large washout which led along between two ridges. Goff, as usual, was leading, the dogs following and continually skirting to one side or the other. Suddenly they all began to show great excitement, and then one gave furious tongue at the mouth of a hole in some sunken and broken ground not thirty yards to our right. The whole pack rushed toward the challenge, the fighters leaped into the hole, and in another moment the row inside told us that they had found a cougar at home. We jumped off and ran down to see if we could be of assistance. To get into the hole was impossible, for two or three hounds had jumped down to join the fighters, and we could see nothing but their sterns. Then we saw Turk backing out with a dead kitten in his mouth. I had supposed that a cougar would defend her young to the last, but such was not the case in this instance. For some minutes she kept the dogs at bay, but then gradually gave ground, leaving her three kittens. Of course, the dogs killed them instantly, much to our regret, as we would have given a good deal to have kept them alive. As soon as she had abandoned them, away she went completely through the low cave or hole, leaped out of the other end, which was some thirty or forty yards off, scaled the bank, and galloped into the woods, the pack getting after her at once. She did not run more than a couple of hundred yards, and as we tore up on our horses we saw her standing in the lower branches of a pinyon only six or eight feet from the ground. She was not snarling or grinning, and looked at us as quietly as if nothing had happened. As we leaped out of the saddles she jumped down from the tree and ran off through the pack. They were after her at once, however, and a few yards farther on she started up another tree. Either Tony or Baldy grabbed her by the tip of the tail, she lost her footing for a moment, and the whole pack seized her. She was a powerful female of about the average size, being half as heavy again as the one we first got, and made a tremendous fight; and savage enough she looked, her ears tight back against her head, her yellow eyes flashing, and her great teeth showing as she grinned. For a moment the dogs had her down, but biting and striking she freed her head and forequarters from the fighters, and faced us as we ran up, the hounds still having her from behind. This was another chance for the knife, and I cheered on the fighters. Again they seized her by the head, but though absolutely stanch dogs, their teeth, as I have said, had begun to suffer, and they were no longer always able to make their holds good. Just as I was about to strike her she knocked Turk loose with a blow, bit Baldy, and then, her head being free, turned upon me. Fortunately, Tony caught her free paw on that side, while I jammed the gun-butt into her jaws with my left hand and struck home with the right, the knife going straight to the heart. The deep fang marks she left in the stock, biting the corner of the shoulder clean off, gave an idea of the power of her jaws. If it had been the very big male cougar which I afterward killed, the stock would doubtless have been bitten completely in two.

The dogs were pretty well damaged, and all retired and lay down under the trees, where they licked their wounds, and went to sleep; growling savagely at one another when they waked, but greeting us with demonstrative affection, and trotting eagerly out to share our lunch as soon as we began to eat it. Unaided, they would ultimately have killed the cougar, but the chance of one or two of them being killed or crippled was too great for us to allow this to be done; and in the mix-up of the struggle it was not possible to end it with the rifle. The writhing, yelling tangle offered too shifting a mark; one would have been as apt to hit a dog as the cougar. Goff told me that the pack had often killed cougars unassisted; but in the performance of such feats the best dogs were frequently killed, and this was not a risk to be taken lightly.

In some books the writers speak as if the male and female cougar live together and jointly seek food for the young. We never found a male cougar anywhere near either a female with young or a pregnant female. According to my observation the

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Photograph by J. B. Goff.

Worry of the Cougar.

male only remains with the female for a short time, during the mating season, at which period he travels great distances in search of his temporary mates—for the females far outnumber the males. The cougar is normally a very solitary beast. The young — two to four in number, though more than one or two rarely grow up—follow the mother until over half grown. The mother lives entirely alone with the kittens while they are small. As the males fight so fiercely among themselves, it may be that the old he-cougars kill the young of their own sex; a ranchman whom I knew once found the body of a young male cougar which had evidently been killed by an old one; but I cannot say whether or not this was an exceptional case.

During the next ten days Stewart and Webb each shot a cougar. Webb's was got by as pretty an exhibition of trailing on the part of Goff and his hounds as one could wish to see. We ran across its old tracks while coming home on Wednesday, January 16th. The next day, Thursday, we took up the trail, but the animal had travelled a long distance; and, as cougars so often do, had spent much of its time walking along ledges, or at the foot of the cliffs, where the sun had melted the snow off the ground. In consequence, the dogs were often at fault. Moreover, bobcats were numerous, and twice the pack got after one, running a couple of hours before, in one instance, the cat went into a cave, and, in the other, took to a tree, where it was killed by Webb. At last, when darkness came on, we were forced to leave the cougar trail and ride home; a very attractive ride, too, loping rapidly over the snow-covered flats, while above us the great stars fairly blazed in the splendor of the winter night.

Early next morning we again took up the trail, and after a little while found where it was less than thirty-six hours old. The dogs now ran it well, but were thrown out again on a large bare hillside, until Boxer succeeded in recovering the scent. They went up a high mountain and we toiled after them. Again they lost the trail, and while at fault jumped a big bobcat which they ran up a tree. After shooting him we took lunch, and started to circle for the trail. Most of the dogs kept with Goff, but Jim got off to one side on his own account; and suddenly his baying told us that he had jumped the cougar. The rest of the pack tore toward him and after a quarter of a mile run they had the quarry treed. The ground was too rough for riding, and we had to do some stiff climbing to get to it on foot.

Stewart's cougar was a young-of-the-year, and, according to his custom, he took several photographs of it. Then he tried to poke it so that it would get into a better position for the camera; where-

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upon it jumped out of the tree and ran headlong down hill, the yelling dogs but a few feet behind. Our horses had been left a hundred yards or so below, where they all stood, moping, with their heads drooped and their eyes half shut, in regular cow-pony style. The chase streamed by not a yard from their noses, but evidently failed to arouse even an emotion of interest in their minds, for they barely looked up, and made not a movement of any kind when the cougar treed again just below them.

We killed several bobcats; and we also got another cougar, this time in rather ignominious fashion. We had been running a bobcat, having an excellent gallop, during the course of which Stewart's horse turned a somersault. Without our knowledge the dogs changed to the fresh trail of a cougar, which they ran into its den in another cut bank. When we reached the place they had gone in after it, Baldy dropping into a hole at the top of the bank, while the others crawled into the main entrance, some twenty-five yards off at the bottom. It was evidently a very rough house inside, and above the baying, yelping, and snarling of the dogs we could hear the rumbling overtone of the cougar's growl. On this day we had taken along Queen, the white bull bitch, to "enter" her at cougar. It was certainly a lively experience for a first entry. We reached the place in time to keep Jim and the hound bitches out of the hole. It was evident that the dogs could do nothing with the cougar inside. They could only come at it in front, and under such circumstances its claws and teeth made the odds against them hopeless. Every now and then it would charge, driving them all back, and we would then reach in, seize a dog and haul him out. At intervals there would be an awful yelling and a hound would come out bleeding badly, quite satisfied, and without the slightest desire to go in again. Poor Baldy was evidently killed inside. Queen, Turk, and Tony were badly clawed and bitten, and we finally got them out too; Queen went in three times, and came out on each occasion with a fresh gash or bite; Turk was, at the last, the only one really anxious to go in again. Then we tried to smoke out the cougar, for as one of the dogs had gotten into the cave through an upper entrance, we supposed the cougar could get out by the same route. However, it either could not or would not bolt; coming down close to the entrance where we had built the sage-brush fire, there it stayed until it was smothered. We returned to the ranch carrying its skin, but not over-pleased, and the pack much the worse for wear. Dr. Webb had to sew up the wounds of three of the dogs. One, Tony, was sent back to the home ranch, where he died. In such rough hunting as this, it is of course impossible to prevent occasional injuries to the dogs when they get the cougar in a cave, or overtake him on the ground. All that can be done is to try to end the contest as speedily as possible, which we always did.

Judging from the experience of certain friends of mine in the Argentine, I think it would be safe to crawl into a cave to shoot a cougar under normal circumstances; but in this instance the cave was a long, winding hole, so low that we could not get in on hands and knees, having to work our way on our elbows. It was pitch dark inside, so that the rifle sights could not be seen, and the cougar was evidently very angry and had on two or three occasions charged the dogs, driving them out of the entrance of the hole. In the dark, the chances were strongly against killing it with a single shot; while if only wounded, and if it had happened to charge, the man, in his cramped position, would have been utterly helpless.

The day after the death of the smoked cougar Stewart and Webb started home. Then it snowed for two days, keeping us in the ranch. While the snow was falling, there was no possibility of finding or following tracks; and as a rule wild creatures lie close during a storm. We were glad to have fresh snow, for the multitude of tracks in the old snow had become confusing; and not only the southern hillsides but the larger valleys had begun to grow bare, so that trailing was difficult.

The third day dawned in brilliant splendor, and when the sun arose all the land glittered dazzling white under his rays. The hounds were rested, we had fresh horses, and after an early breakfast we

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"Barking Treed."

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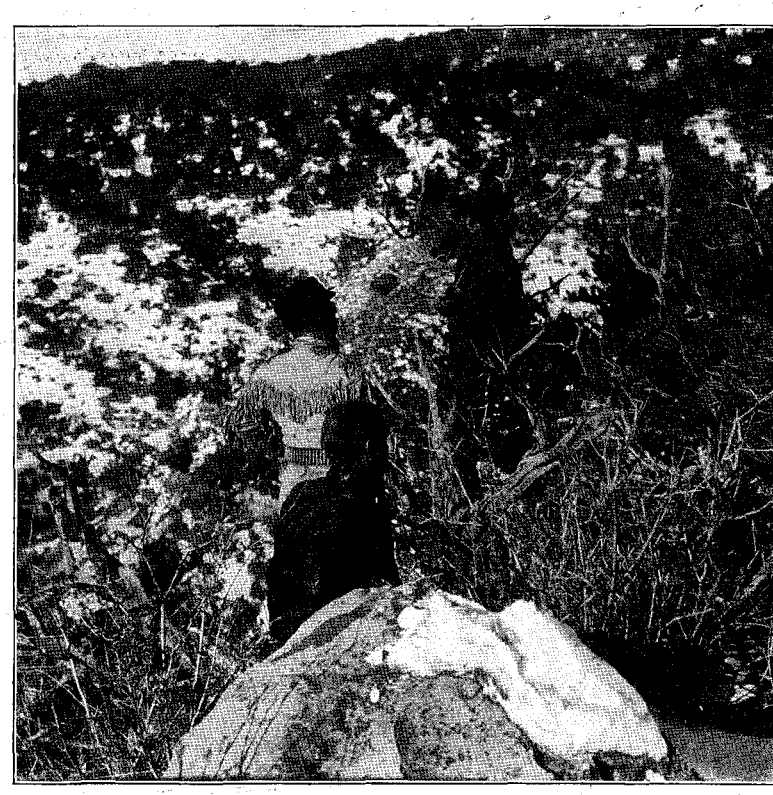
started to make a long circle. All the forenoon and early afternoon we plodded through the snowdrifts, up and down the valleys, and along the ridge crests, without striking a trail. The dogs trotted behind us or circled from one side to the other. It was no small test of their stanchness, eager and fresh as they were, for time after time we aroused bands of deer, to which they paid no heed whatever. At last, in mid-afternoon, we suddenly struck the tracks of two cougars, one a very large one, evidently an old male. They had been playing and frolicking together, for they were evidently mating, and the snow in the tracks showed that they had started abroad before the storm was entirely over. For three hours the pack followed the cold trail, through an exceedingly rugged and difficult country, in which Goff helped them out again and again.

Just at sunset the cougars were jumped, and ran straight into and through a tangle of spurs and foothills, broken by precipices, and riven by long deep ravines. The two at first separated and then came together, with the result that Tree'em, Bruno, and Jimmie got on the back trail and so were left far behind; while old Boxer also fell to the rear, as he always did when the scent was hot, and Jim and the bitches were left to do the running by themselves. In the gathering gloom we galloped along the main divide, my horse once falling on a slippery sidehill, as I followed headlong after Goff—whose riding was like the driving of the son of Nimshi. The last vestige of sunlight disappeared, but the full moon was well up in the heavens when we came to a long spur, leading off to the right for two or three miles, beyond which we did not think the chase could have gone. It had long run out of hearing. Making our way down the rough and broken crest of this spur, we finally heard far off the clamorous baying which told us that the hounds had their quarry at bay. We did not have the fighters with us, as they were still under the weather from the results of their encounter in the cave.

As it afterward appeared, the cougars had run three miles before the dogs over-



Walking Up to a Treed Cougar.

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Cougar in a Tree.

took them, making their way up, down and along such difficult cliffs that the pack had to keep going round. The female then went up a tree, while the pack followed the male. He would not climb a tree and came to bay on the edge of a cliff. A couple of hundred yards from the spot, we left the horses and scrambled along on foot, guided by the furious clamor of the pack. When we reached them, the cougar had gone along the face of the cliff, most of the dogs could not see him, and it was some time before we could make him out ourselves. Then I got up quite close. Although the moonlight was bright I could not see the sights of my rifle, and fired a little too far back. The bullet, however, inflicted a bad wound, and the cougar ran along the edge, disappearing around the cliff shoulder. The conduct of the dogs showed that he had not left the cliff, but it was impossible to see him either from the sides or from below. The cliff was about fifty feet high and the top overhung the bottom, while from above the ground sloped down to the brink at a rather steep angle, so that we had to be cautious about our footing. There was a large projecting rock on the brink; to this I clambered down, and, holding it with one hand, peeped over the edge. After a minute or two I made out first the tail and then the head of the cougar, who was lying on a narrow ledge only some eight feet below me, his body hidden by the overhang of the cliff. Thanks to the steepness of the incline, I could not let go of the rock with my left hand, because I should have rolled over; so I got Goff to come down, brace his feet against the projection, and grasp me by my legs. He then lowered me gently down until my head and shoulders were over the edge and my arms free; and I shot the cougar right between the ears, he being in a straight line underneath me. The dogs were evidently confident that he was going to be shot, for they had all gathered below the cliff to wait for him to fall; and sure enough, down he came with a crash, luckily not hitting any of them. We could hear them seize him, and they all, dead cougar and worrying dogs, rolled at least a hundred yards down the steep slope before they were stopped by a gully. It was a

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very interesting experience, and one which I shall not soon forget. We clambered down to where the dogs were, admired our victim, and made up our minds not to try to skin him until the morning. Then we led down our horses, with some difficulty, into the snow-covered valley, mounted them, and cantered home to the ranch, under the cold and brilliant moon, through a white wonderland of shimmering light and beauty.

Next morning we came back as early as possible, intending first to skin the male and then to hunt up the female. A quarter of a mile before we reached the carcass we struck her fresh trail in the snow of the valley. Calling all the dogs together and hustling them forward, we got them across the trail without their paying any attention to it; for we wanted to finish the job of skinning before taking up the hunt. However, when we got off our horses and pulled the cougar down to a flat place to skin it, Nellie, who evidently remembered that there had been another cougar besides the one we had accounted for, started away on her own account while we were not looking. The first thing we knew we heard her giving tongue on the mountains above us, in such rough country that there was no use in trying to head her off. Accordingly we jumped on the horses again, rode down to where we had crossed the trail and put the whole pack on it. After crossing the valley the cougar had moved along the ledges of a great spur or chain of foothills, and as this prevented the dogs going too fast we were able to canter alongside them up the valley, watching them and listening to their chiming. We finally came to a large hillside bare of snow, much broken with rocks, among which grew patches of brush and scattered pinyons. Here the dogs were at fault for over an hour. It had evidently been a favorite haunt of the cougars; they had moved to and fro across it, and had lain sunning themselves in the dust under the ledges. Owing to the character of the ground we could give the hounds no assistance, but they finally puzzled out the trail for themselves. We were now given a good illustration of the impossibility of jumping a cougar without dogs, even when in a general way its haunt is known. We rode along the hillside, and quartered it to and fro, on the last occasion coming down a spur where we passed within two or three rods of the brush in which the cougar was actually lying; but she never moved and it was impossible to see her. When we finally reached the bottom, the dogs had disentangled the trail; and they passed behind us at a good rate, going up almost where we had come down. Even as we looked we saw the cougar rise from her lair, only fifty yards or so ahead of them, her red hide showing bright in the sun. It was a very pretty run to watch while it lasted. She left them behind at first, but after a quarter of a mile they put her up a pinyon. Approaching cautiously—for the climbing was hard work and I did not wish to frighten her out of the tree if it could be avoided, lest she might make such a run as that of the preceding evening—I was able to shoot her through the heart. She died in the branches, and I climbed the tree to throw her down. The only skill needed in such shooting is in killing the cougar outright so as to save the dogs. Six times on the hunt I shot the cougar through the heart. Twice the animal died in the branches. In the other four cases it sprang out of the tree, head and tail erect, eyes blazing, and the mouth open in a grin of savage hate and anger; but it was practically dead when it touched the ground.

Mounted Head of the Largest Cougar Killed.

Although these cougars were mates, they were not of the same color, the female being reddish, while the male was slate-colored. In weighing this male we had to take off the hide and weigh it sep-

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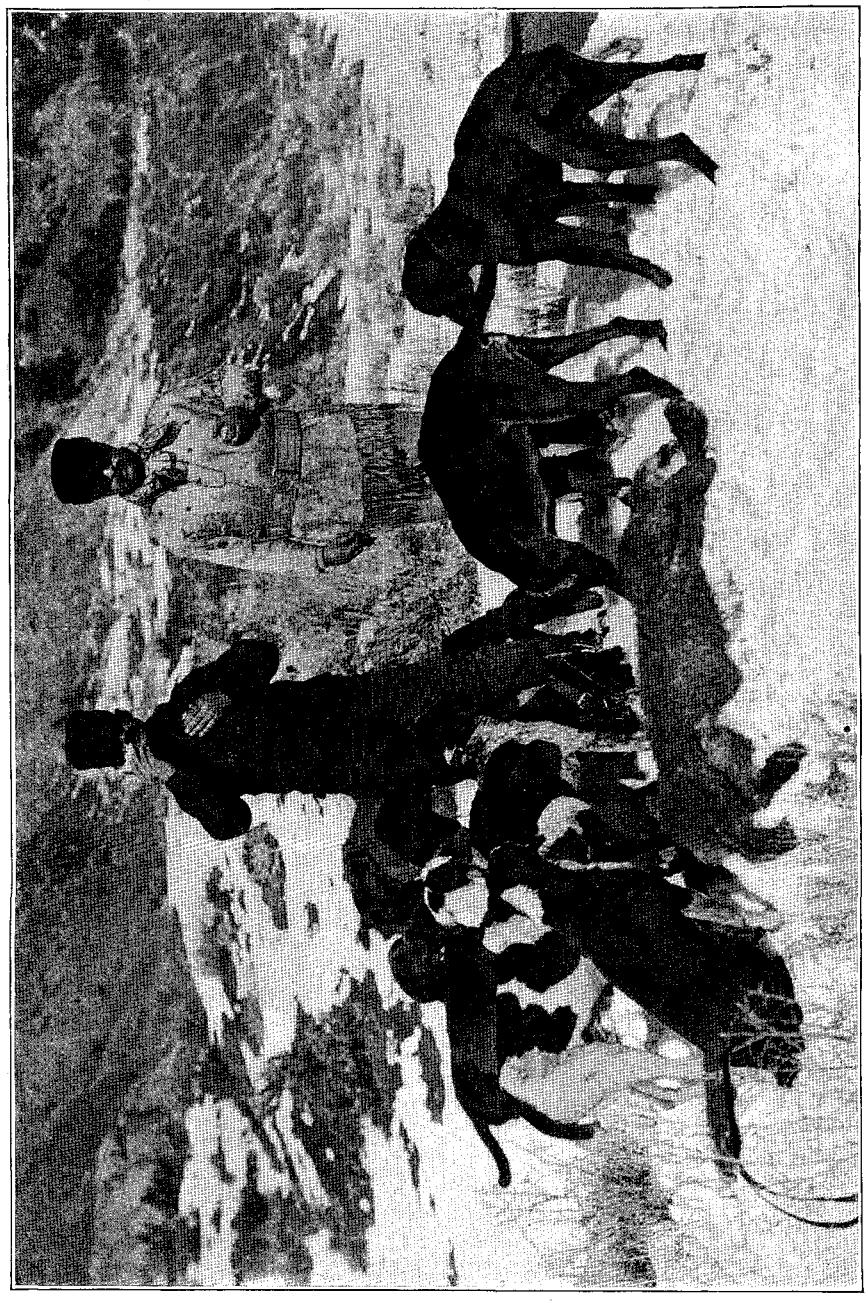

The First Cougar Killed.

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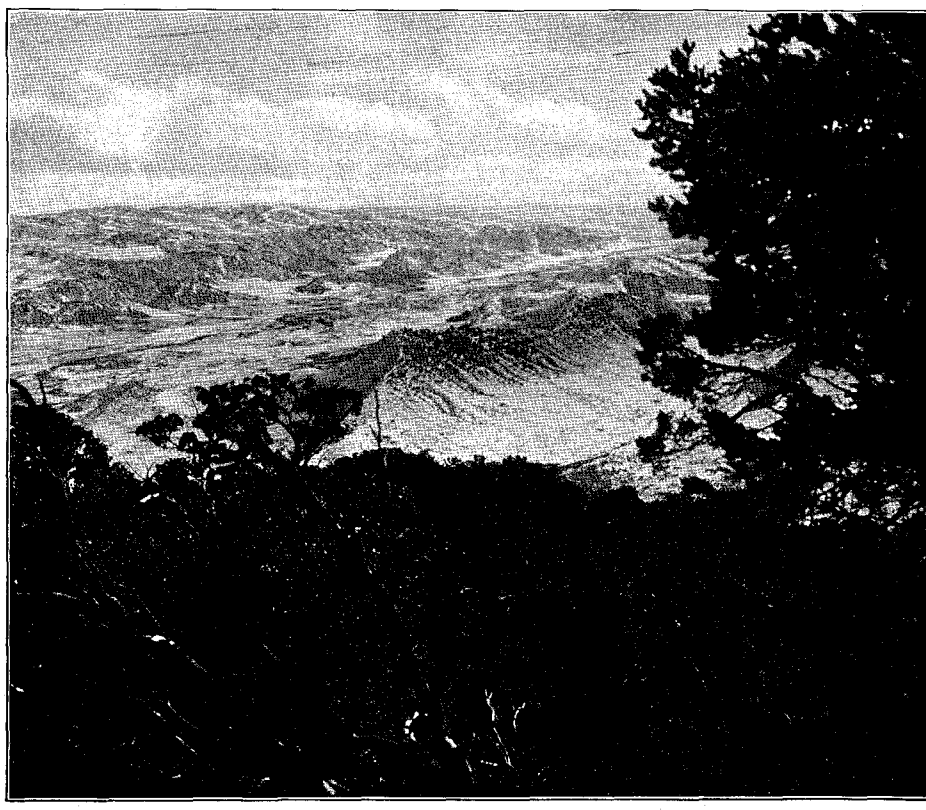

Coyote Basin.

arately (with the head and paws attached), for our steelyard only went up to 150 pounds. When we came to weigh the biggest male we had to take off the quarters as well as the hide.

Thinking that we had probably exhausted the cougars around the Keystone Ranch, we spent the next fortnight off on a trip. We carried only what we could put in the small saddle-pockets—our baggage being as strictly limited as it ought to be with efficient cavalry who are on an active campaign. We worked hard, but, as so often happens, our luck was not in proportion to our labor.

The first day we rode to the Mathes brothers' ranch. On the high divides it was very cold, the thermometer standing at nearly twenty degrees below zero. But we were clad for just such weather, and were not uncomfortable. The three Mathes brothers lived together, with the wives and children of the two married ones. Their ranch was in a very beautiful and wild valley, the pinyon-crowned cliffs rising in walls on either hand. Deer were abundant and often in sight from the ranch doors. At night the gray wolves came down close to the buildings and howled for hours among the precipices, under the light of the full moon. The still cold was intense; but I could not resist going out for half an hour at a time to listen to them. To me their baying, though a very eerie and lonesome sound, full of vaguely sinister associations, has, nevertheless, a certain wild music of its own which is far from being without charm.

We did not hear the cougars calling, for they are certainly nothing like as noisy as wolves; yet the Mathes brothers had heard them several times, and once one of them had crept up and seen the cougar, which remained in the same place for many minutes, repeating its cry continually. The Mathes had killed but two cougars, not having any dogs trained to hunt them. One of these was killed under circumstances which well illustrate the queer nature of the animal. The three

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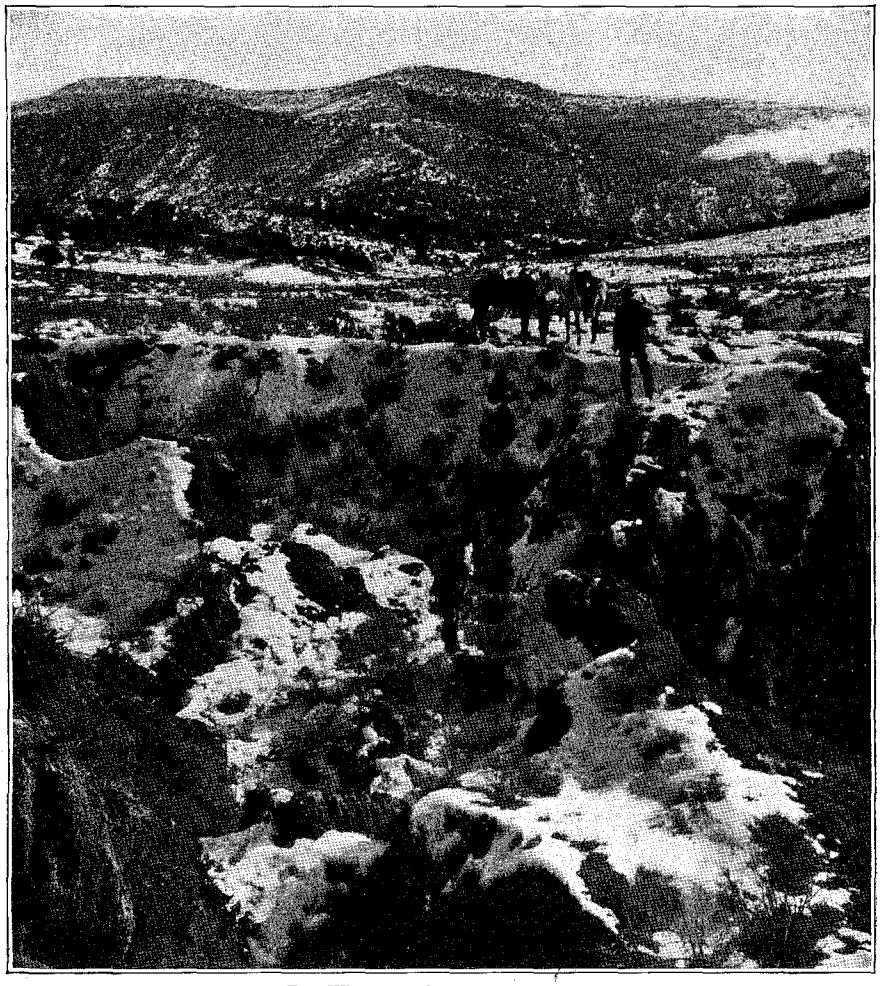
men, with one of their two cattle dogs, were walking up the valley not half a mile above the ranch house, when they saw a cougar crossing in front of them, a couple of hundred yards off. As soon as she saw them she crouched flat down with her head toward them, remaining motionless. Two, though slowly, and was well within a hundred yards when the other brother arrived, out of breath, accompanied by the other dog. At sight of him she jumped up, ran off a couple of hundred yards, went up a tree, and was killed. I do not suppose she would have attacked the men;



Den Where We Got the Young Lions.

with the dog, stayed where they were, while the other ran back to the ranch house for a rifle and for the other dog. No sooner had he gone than the cougar began deliberately to crawl toward the men who were left. She came on slowly but steadily, crouched almost flat to the ground. The two unarmed men were by no means pleased with her approach. They waved their hands and jumped about and shouted; but she kept approaching, although as there was an unpleasant possibility that she might, they both felt distinctly more comfortable when their brother rejoined them with the rifle.

There was a good deal of snowy weather while we were at the Mathes ranch, but we had fair luck, killing two cougars. It was most comfortable, for the ranch was clean and warm, and the cooking delicious. It does not seem to me that I ever tasted better milk and butter, hot biscuits,

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rice, potatoes, pork and bulberry and wild-plum jam; and of course the long days on horseback in the cold weather gave an edge to our appetites. One stormy day we lost the hounds; and we spent most of the next day in finding such of them as did not come straggling in of their own accord. The country was very rough, and it was astounding to see some of the places up and down which we led the horses. Sometimes I found that my horse climbed rather better than I did, for he would come up some awkward-looking slope with such a rush that I literally had to scramble on all fours to get out of his way.

There was no special incident connected with killing either of these two cougars. In one case Goff himself took the lead in working out the trail and preventing the hounds getting off after bobcats. In the other case the trail was fresher and the dogs ran it by themselves, getting into a country where we could not follow; it was very rough, and the cliffs and gorges rang with their baying. In both cases they had the cougar treed for about three hours before we were able to place them and walk up to them. It was hard work, toiling through the snow over the cliffs toward the baying; and on each occasion the cougar leaped from the tree at our approach, and ran a quarter of a mile or so before going up another, where it was shot. As I came up to shoot most of the dogs paid no attention, but Boxer and Nellie always kept looking at me until I actually raised the rifle, when they began to spring about the spot where they thought the cougar would come down. The cougar itself always seemed to recognize the man as the dangerous opponent; and as I strode around to find a place where I could deliver an instantaneously fatal shot, it would follow me steadily with its evil yellow eyes. I came up very close, but the beasts never attempted to jump at me. Judging from what one reads in books about Indian and African game, a leopard under such circumstances would certainly sometimes charge.

Three days of our trip were spent on a ride to Colorow Mountain; we went down to Judge Foreman's ranch on White River to pass the night. We got another cougar on the way. She must really be credited to Jim. The other dogs were following in our footsteps through the snow, after having made various futile excursions of their own. When we found that Jim was missing, we tried in vain to recall him with the horn, and at last started to hunt him up. After an hour's ride we heard him off on the mountain, evidently following a trail, but equally evidently not yet having jumped the animal. The hounds heard him quite as quickly as we did, and started toward him. Soon we heard the music of the whole pack, which grew fainter and fainter, was lost entirely as they disappeared around a spur, and then began to grow loud again, showing that they were coming toward us. Suddenly a change in the note convinced us that they had jumped the quarry. We stood motionless; nearer and nearer they came; and then a sudden burst of clamor proclaimed that they were barking treed. We had to ride only a couple of hundred yards; I shot the cougar from across a little ravine. She was the largest female we got.

The dogs were a source of unceasing amusement, not merely while hunting, but because of their relations to one another when off duty. Queen's temper was of the shortest toward the rest of the pack, although, like Turk, she was fond of literally crawling into my lap, when we sat down to rest after the worry which closed the chase. As soon as I began to eat my lunch, all the dogs clustered close around and I distributed small morsels to each in turn. Once Jimmie, Queen, and Boxer were sitting side by side, tightly wedged together. I treated them with entire impartiality; and soon Queen's feelings overcame her, and she unostentatiously but firmly bit Jimmie in the jaw. Jimmie howled tremendously and Boxer literally turned a back somersault, evidently fearing lest his turn should come next.

On February 11th we rode back to the Keystone Ranch, carrying the three cougar skins behind our saddles. It was again very cold, and the snow on the divides was so deep that our horses wallowed through it up to their saddle-girths. I supposed that my hunt was practically at an end, for I had but three days left; but as it turned out these were the three most lucky days of the whole trip.

The weather was beautiful, the snow lying deep enough to give the dogs easy

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Bobcat in Pinyon.

trailing even on the southern slopes. Under the clear skies the landscape was dazzling, and I had to wear snow-glasses. On the first of the three days, February 12th, we had not ridden half an hour from the ranch before we came across the trail of a very big bobcat. It was so heavy that it had broken through the crust here and there, and we decided that it was worth following. The trail went up a steep mountain to the top, and we followed on foot after the dogs. Among the cliffs on the top they were completely at fault, hunting every which way. After awhile Goff suddenly spied the cat, which had jumped off the top of a cliff into a pinyon. I killed it before any of the dogs saw it, and at the shot they all ran in the wrong direction. When they did find us skinning it, they were evidently not at all satisfied that it was really their bobcat—the one which they had been trailing. Usually as soon as the animal was killed they all lay down and dozed off; but on this occasion they kept hurrying about and then in a body

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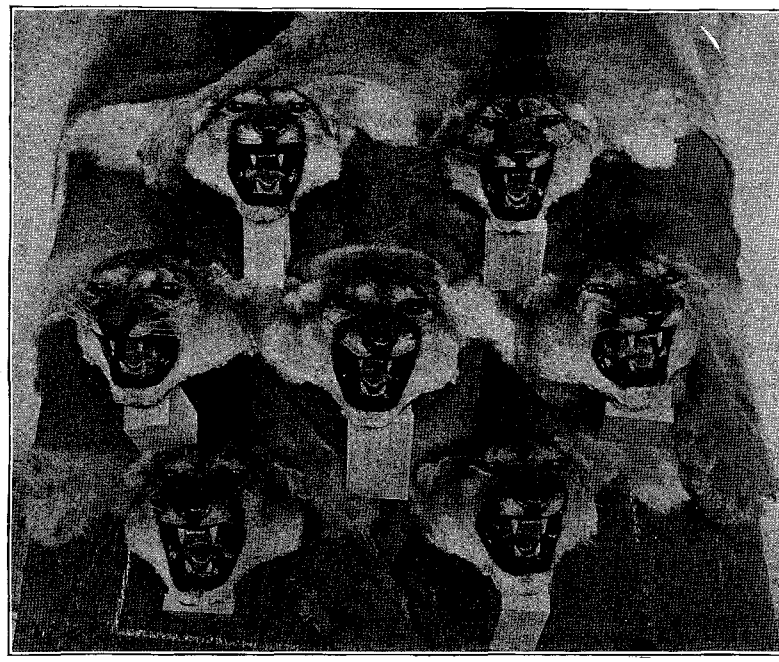

A Trophy of the Hunt.—Mounted Heads and Skins.

started on the back trail. It was some time before we could get them together again.

After we had brought them in we rode across one or two ridges, and up and down the spurs without finding anything, until about noon we struck up a long winding valley where we came across one or two old cougar trails. The pack were following in our footsteps behind the horses, except Jim, who took off to one side by himself. Suddenly he began to show signs that he had come across traces of game; and in another moment he gave tongue and all the hounds started toward him. They quartered around in the neighborhood of a little gulch for a short while, and then streamed off up the mountain-side; and before they had run more than a couple of minutes we heard them barking treed. By making a slight turn we rode almost up to the tree, and saw that their quarry was a young cougar. As we came up it knocked Jimmie right out of the tree. On seeing us it jumped down and started to run, but it was not quite quick enough. Turk seized it and in a minute the dogs had it stretched out. It squawled, hissed, and made such a good fight that I put an end to the struggle with the knife, fearing lest it might maim one of the hounds.

While Goff was skinning it I wandered down to the kill near which it had been lying. This was a deer, almost completely devoured. It had been killed in the valley and dragged up perhaps a hundred yards to some cedar. I soon saw from the tracks around the carcass that there was an older cougar with the younger one—doubtless its mother—and walked back to Goff with the information. Before I got there, however, some of the pack had made the discovery for themselves. Jim, evidently feeling that he had done his duty, had curled up and gone to sleep, with most of the others; but old Boxer and the three bitches (Pete had left her pups and joined us about the time we roused the big bobcat), hunted about until they struck the fresh trail of the old female. They went off at a great rate, and the sleeping dogs heard them and scampered away to the sound. The trail led them across a spur, into a valley, and out of it up the precipitous side of another mountain. When we got to the edge of the valley we could hear them barking treed nearly at the summit of the mountain opposite. It was over an hour's stiff

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climbing before we made our way around to them, although we managed to get the horses up to within a quarter of a mile of the spot. On approaching we found the cougar in a leaning pinyon on a ledge at the foot of a cliff. Jimmie was in the lower branches of the pinyon, and Turk up within a couple of feet of the cougar. Evidently he had been trying to tackle her and had been knocked out of the tree at least once, for he was bleeding a good deal and there was much blood on the snow beneath. Yet he had come back into the tree, and was barking violently not more than three feet beyond her stroke. She kept up a low savage growling, and as soon as I appeared, fixed her yellow eyes on me, glaring and snarling as I worked around into a place from which I could kill her outright. Meanwhile Goff took up his position on the other side, hoping to get a photograph when I shot. My bullet went right through her heart. She bit her paw, stretched up her head and bit a branch, and then died where she was, while Turk leaped forward at the crack of the rifle and seized her in the branches. I had some difficulty in bundling him and Jimmie out of the tree as I climbed up to throw down the cougar.

Next morning we started early, intending to go to Juniper Mountain, where we had heard that cougars were plentiful; but we had only ridden about half an hour from the ranch when we came across a trail which by the size we knew must belong to an old male. It was about thirty-six hours old and led into a tangle of bad lands where there was great difficulty in working it out. Finally, however, we found where it left these bad lands and went straight up a mountain-side, too steep for the horses to follow. From the plains below we watched the hounds working to and fro until they entered a patch of pinyons in which we were certain the cougar had killed a deer, as ravens and magpies were sitting around in the trees. In these pinyons the hounds were again at fault for a little while, but at last evidently found the right trail, and followed it up over the hill-crest and out of sight. We then galloped hard along the plain to the left, going around the end of the ridge and turning to our right on the other side. Here we entered a deep narrow valley or gorge which led up to a high plateau at the farther end. On our right, as we rode up the valley, lay the high and steep ridge over which the hounds had followed the trail. On the left it was still steeper, the slope being broken by ledges and precipices. Near the mouth of the gorge we encountered the hounds, who had worked the trail down and across the gorge, and were now hunting up the steep cliff-shoulder on our left. Evidently the cougar had wandered to and fro over this shoulder, and the dogs were much puzzled and worked in zigzags and circles around it, gradually getting clear to the top. Then old Boxer suddenly gave tongue with renewed zest and started off on a run almost on top of the ridge, the other dogs following. Immediately afterward they jumped the cougar.

We had been waiting below to see which direction the chase would take and now put spurs to our horses and galloped up the ravine, climbing the hillside on our right so as to get a better view of what was happening. A few hundred yards of this galloping and climbing brought us again in sight of the hounds. They were now barking treed and were clustered around a pinyon below the ridge crest on the side hill opposite us. The two fighters, Turk and Queen, who had been following at our horses' heels, appreciated what had happened as soon as we did, and, leaving us, ran down into the valley and began to work their way through the deep snow up the hillside opposite, toward where the hounds were. Ours was an ideal position for seeing the whole chase. In a minute the cougar jumped out of the tree down among the hounds, who made no attempt to seize him, but followed him as soon as he had cleared their circle. He came down hill at a great rate and jumped over a cliff, bringing after him such an avalanche of snow that it was a moment before I caught sight of him again, this time crouched on a narrow ledge of a cliff some fifteen or twenty feet below the brink from which he had jumped, and about as far above the foot of the cliff, where the steep hill-slope again began. The hounds soon found him again and came along the ledge barking loudly, but

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not venturing near where he lay facing them, with his back arched like a great cat. Turk and Queen were meanwhile working their way up hill. Turk got directly under the ledge and could not find a way up. Queen went to the left and in a minute we saw her white form as she made her way through the dark-colored hounds straight for the cougar. "That's the end of Queen," said Goff; "he'll kill her now, sure." In another moment she had made her rush and the cougar, bounding forward, had seized her, and as we afterward discovered had driven his great fangs right through the side of her head, fortunately missing the brain. In the struggle he lost his footing and rolled off the ledge, and when they struck the ground below he let go of the bitch. Turk, who was near where they struck, was not able to spring for the hold he desired, and in another moment the cougar was coming down hill like a quarter horse. We stayed perfectly still, as he was travelling in our direction. Queen was on her feet almost as quick as the cougar, and she and Turk tore after him, the hounds following in a few seconds, being delayed in getting off the ledge. It was astonishing to see the speed of the cougar. He ran considerably more than a quarter of a mile down hill, and at the end of it had left the dogs more than a hundred yards behind. But his bolt was shot, and after going perhaps a hundred yards or so up the hill on our side and below us, he climbed a tree, under which the dogs began to bay frantically, while we scrambled toward them. When I got down I found him standing half upright on a big branch, his forepaws hung over another higher branch, his sides puffing like bellows, and evidently completely winded. In scrambling up the pinyon he must have struck a patch of resin, for it had torn a handful of hair off from behind his right forearm. I shot him through the heart. At the shot he sprang clean into the top of the tree, head and tail up, and his face fairly demoniac with rage; but before he touched the ground he was dead. Turk jumped up, seized him as he fell, and the two rolled over a low ledge, falling about eight feet into the snow, Turk never losing his hold.

No one could have wished to see a prettier chase under better circumstances. It was exceedingly interesting. The only dog hurt was Queen, and very miserable indeed she looked. She stood in the trail, refusing to lie down or to join the other dogs, as, with prodigious snarls at one another, they ate the pieces of the carcass we cut out for them. Dogs hunting every day, as these were doing, and going through such terrific exertion, need enormous quantities of meat, and as old horses and crippled steers were not always easy to get, we usually fed them the cougar carcasses. On this occasion, when they had eaten until they could eat no longer, I gave most of my lunch to Queen—Boxer, who after his feast could hardly move, nevertheless waddling up with his ears forward to beg a share. Queen evidently felt that the lunch was a delicacy, for she ate it, and then trotted home behind us with the rest of the dogs. Rather to my astonishment, next day she was all right, and as eager to go with us as ever. Though one side of her head was much swollen, in her work she showed no signs of her injuries.

Early the following morning, February 14th, the last day of my actual hunting, we again started for Juniper Mountain, following the same course on which we had started the previous day. Before we had gone a mile, that is, only about half way to where we had come across the cougar track the preceding day, we crossed another, and as we deemed a fresher, trail, which Goff pronounced to belong to a cougar even larger than the one we had just killed. The hounds were getting both weary and footsore, but the scent put heart into them and away they streamed. They followed it across a sage-brush flat, and then worked along under the base of a line of cliffs—cougar being particularly apt thus to travel at the foot of cliffs. The pack kept well together, and it was pleasant, as we cantered over the snowy plain beside them, to listen to their baying, echoed back from the cliffs above. Then they worked over the hill and we spurred ahead and turned to the left, up the same gorge or valley in which we had killed the cougar the day before. The hounds followed the trail straight to the cliff-shoulder where the day before the pack had been puzzled until Boxer struck

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the fresh scent. Here they seemed to be completely at fault, circling everywhere, and at one time following their track of yesterday over to the pinyon-tree up which the cougar had first gone.

We made our way up the ravine to the head of the plateau, and then, turning, came back along the ridge until we reached the top of the shoulder where the dogs had been; but when we got there they had disappeared. It did not seem likely that the cougar had crossed the ravine behind us—although as a matter of fact this was exactly what had happened—and we did not know what to make of the affair.

We could barely hear the hounds; they had followed their back trail of the preceding day, toward the place where we had first come across the tracks of the cougar we had already killed. We were utterly puzzled, even Goff being completely at fault, and we finally became afraid that the track which the pack had been running was one which, instead of having been made during the night, had been there the previous morning, and had been made by the dead cougar. This meant, of course, that we had passed it without noticing it, both going and coming, on the previous day, and knowing Goff's eye for a track I could not believe this. He, however, thought we might have confused it with some of the big wolf tracks, of which a number had crossed our path. After some hesitation, he said that at any rate we could find out the truth by getting back into the flat and galloping around to where we had begun our hunt the day before; because if the dogs really had a fresh cougar before them he must have so short a start that they were certain to tree him by the time they got across the ridge-crest. Accordingly we scrambled down the precipitous mountain-side, galloped along the flat around the end of the ridge and drew rein at about the place where we had first come across the cougar trail on the previous day. Not a dog was to be heard anywhere, and Goff's belief that the pack was simply running a back track became a certainty both in his mind and mine, when Jim suddenly joined us, evidently having given up the chase. We came to the conclusion that Jim, being wiser than the other dogs, had discovered his mistake while they had not; "he just naturally quit," said Goff.

After some little work we found where the pack had crossed the broad flat valley into a mass of very rough broken country, the same in which I had shot my first big male by moonlight. Cantering and scrambling through this stretch of cliffs and valleys, we began to hear the dogs, and at first were puzzled because once or twice it seemed as though they were barking treed or had something at bay; always, however, as we came nearer we could again hear them running a trail, and when we finally got up tolerably close we found that they were all scattered out. Boxer was far behind, and Nellie, whose feet had become sore, was soberly accompanying him, no longer giving tongue. The others were separated one from the other, and we finally made out Tree'em all by himself, and not very far away. In vain Goff called and blew his horn; Tree'em disappeared up a high hill-side, and with muttered comments on his stupidity we galloped our horses along the valley around the foot of the hill, hoping to intercept him. No sooner had we come to the other side, however, than we heard Tree'em evidently barking treed. We both looked at one another, wondering whether he had come across a bobcat, or whether it had really been a fresh cougar trail after all.

Leaving our horses we scrambled up the cañon until we got in sight of a large pinyon on the hillside, underneath which Tree'em was standing, with his preposterous tail arched like a pump-handle, as he gazed solemnly up in the tree, now and then uttering a bark at a huge cougar, which by this time we could distinctly make out standing in the branches. Turk and Queen had already left us and were running hard to join Tree'em, and in another minute or two all of the hounds, except the belated Boxer and Nellie, had also come up. The cougar having now recovered his wind, jumped down and cantered off. He had been running for three hours before the dogs and evidently had been overtaken again and again, but had either refused to tree, or if he did tree had soon come down and continued his flight, the hounds not venturing to meddle with him, and he paying little heed to them. It was a different matter, however, with Turk

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and Queen along. He went up the hill and came to bay on the top of the cliffs, where we could see him against the sky-line. The hounds surrounded him, but neither they nor Turk came to close quarters. Queen, however, as soon as she arrived rushed straight in, and the cougar knocked her a dozen feet off. Turk tried to seize him as soon as Queen had made her rush; the cougar broke bay, and they all disappeared over the hilltop, while we hurried after them. A quarter of a mile beyond, on the steep hill-side, they again had him up a pinyon-tree. I approached as cautiously as possible so as not to alarm him. He stood in such an awkward position that I could not get a fair shot at the heart, but the bullet broke his back well forward, and the dogs seized him as he struck the ground. There was still any amount of fight in him, and I ran in as fast as possible, jumping and slipping over the rocks and the bushes as the cougar and dogs rolled and slid down the steep mountain-side—for, of course, every minute's delay meant the chance of a dog being killed or crippled. It was a day of misfortunes for Jim, who was knocked completely out of the fight by a single blow. The cougar was too big for the dogs to master, even crippled as he was; but when I came up close Turk ran in and got the great beast by one ear, stretching out the cougar's head, while he kept his own forelegs tucked way back so that the cougar could not get hold of them. This gave me my chance and I drove the knife home, leaping back before the creature could get round at me. Boxer did not come up for half an hour, working out every inch of the trail for himself, and croaking away at short intervals, while Nellie trotted calmly beside him. Even when he saw us skinning the cougar he would not hurry nor take a short cut, but followed the scent to where the cougar had gone up the tree, and from the tree down to where we were; then he meditatively bit the carcass, strolled off, and lay down, satisfied.

It was a very large cougar, fat and heavy, and the men at the ranch believed it was the same one which had at intervals haunted the place for two or three years, killing on one occasion a milch cow, on another a steer, and on yet another a big work horse. Goff stated that he had on two or three occasions killed cougars that were quite as long, and he believed even an inch or two longer, but that he had never seen one as large or as heavy. Its weight was 227 pounds, and as it lay stretched out it looked like a small African lioness. It would be impossible to wish a better ending to a hunt.

The next day Goff and I cantered thirty miles into Meeker, and my holiday was over.

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MOTHERHOOD

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

THE night throbs on: but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise thee; all his lips had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life: his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at thy throne,
To threat and pray thee that thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!

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WITHOUT LAW OR LICENSE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

OF the many events in the somewhat tumultuous career of my friend, Major Pemberton Jones, there are two which belong together. Both have to do with high finance. There are, you know, high finance, plain, every-day finance, and highway robbery.

The Major's specialty was high finance. Not always did it pay, but to this he stuck through many reverses, ever building new argosies from the wrecks of stranded hopes. A scheme whose probable profits he could not write with six figures before the decimal was too paltry for his consideration.

It was an experiment in high finance which took the Major so far away as the republic of—well, there are a lot of little federations down in South and Central America. This particular one we will call Guanica. The enterprise was nothing short of bribing a few receptive government officials in relation to a grant of rubber forest.

Now, an all-wise providence probably intended the Major's varied talents for other things, but the fact remains that he seemed especially designed for business of this sort. Nature had furnished him with impressive bulk. It had endowed him with such dignity as is instinct in negro porters and acquired by statesmen. It had gifted him with persuasive speech. The Major had done the rest. He had held himself aloof from work of head or hand. Toil he viewed as some lamentable misfortune that might happen to others but could never happen to him.

Because of his gift in the matter of persuasive speech a discerning and not wholly reverent circle of friends were pleased to speak of the Major as "Lubricator" Jones, a nickname of which he did not wholly approve, but which he never took pains to resent.

By the time the Major had found just whose palms to cross in Guanica and had properly "crossed" them he had distributed some four thousand dollars gold. Then to the trusting speculators who had supplied the funds he jubilantly cabled: "Have greased the ways; launching soon."

The Major was confidently awaiting the promised signatures to certain documents of state when something happened which was not on his programme. A lot of ridiculously uniformed soldiers marched from somewhere into the plaza, fired a few rifle shots, dragged some cannon about and waved some flags. They were joyously received by every Guanican in sight.

"What's it all about?" demanded the Major.

"Why, it's a revolution. Long live Mendez, the Liberator!" said his landlord in the one breath.

And so it was. The Major learned that the men who but the day before had guided the destinies of Guanica were now either in jail or in breathless flight therefrom, while an entirely new set of destiny shapers held forth within the walls of the jimcracky government palace.

Having meditated on these things Major Pemberton Jones went, with no indecent haste, to make inquiry of Mendez, the Liberator, as to the status of his concession. A very small, very dark man with bristling mustaches and unquiet eyes received him with scant courtesy. In his most persuasive tones, and in very faulty Spanish, the Major said some nice things to Mendez, the Liberator, and suggested that he would like his concession signed right away. Incidentally he mentioned that no further attempt at extortion would be successful. In very good Spanish, but in rather explosive tones, Mendez, the Liberator, suggested that Major Pemberton Jones should go to the devil.

Thereupon the Major played his trump. He, the Major, knew his rights. He should stand for them. He asserted that

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he was an American citizen with a watchful state department, a great army, and a first-class navy at his back.

This should have wilted the liberator. But it didn't. His unquiet eyes grew still more unquiet, and he gave some sharp, snapping orders. In a remarkably short time Major Jones was hustled before a very impromptu court, and there charged with many grave felonies whose nature he understood but vaguely. From court he was taken to an ill-ventilated but very secure stone prison. It was all quite abrupt.

For twenty-seven unpleasant days the Major was badly treated. Then he was removed to a hospital where they found he had a well-developed case of yellow fever. The nurses were chiefly remarkable for greed, incompetency, and laziness, but the physicians knew how to handle yellow jack. So the Major survived.

Six weeks later an emaciated individual, wearing a faded suit of blue ticking, walked uncertainly up the steps of the government palace and demanded an interview with the dictator of Guanica. The man was what was left of Major Pemberton Jones, whose weight had dropped from 225 pounds to a bare 150. As was quite natural, he looked as if his skin did not fit him.

Through some mistake he was admitted into the august presence of the dictator. Before he could be stopped he had told about one-third the story of his wrongs. When the small, dark man with the unquiet eyes caught his drift he laughed mirthlessly. Next he banged a bell and there came in a dozen or more energetic guards.

"Take this Yankee pig outside and kick him off the grounds," he said. The order was obeyed with promptness and to the letter.

Mental poise had always been one of the Major's strong points, but years of self-control could not fit a person for such unusual emergency. Picking himself up out of the white dust of the roadway the Major then and there, to the intense enjoyment of some score of interested loungers, cursed the republic of Guanica in all its several departments, executive, judicial, civil, and military, from top to bottom and back again. Also did he declare the future business of his life to be the pursuit of vengeance.

On the very face of it this declaration was vain, for there were left to the Major, after contact with Guanicans of high and low degree, neither coin, credit, nor proper raiment. The immediate future contained only dire necessity, but from it was born quick resource.

Walking as one whose way was clear the Major limped to the water-front. There he found a Norwegian tramp steamer which happened to be full of salt hides and short handed below decks. The Major impetuously shipped as stoker.

It is only just to state that the Major had but the most vague conception of a stoker's duties. They are not contemplative. Neither is the stoke-hold of a steamer an attractive place, particularly in tropic seas. During a nightmare existence of unguessed length did Major Pemberton Jones, disciple of high finance, feed mountains of pea-coal into the insatiate maw of a red-mouthed demon.

No clear recollections has he of that period save that with every shovelful he made a new vow, or repeated an old one, concerning his purpose and attitude toward the republic of Guanica. That the hard work and high temperature did not end his existence was a marvel. But it did not. While awake he worked like a fiend, ate what was given him and drank oatmeal water by the gallon. When it was permitted he dropped on the baled hides in the evil-smelling hold to sleep as one in a trance.

Some strange sights may be seen in the neighborhood of Pier 1, North River, but probably no one ever saw, before or since, a soot-grimed stoker jump ashore, run into the middle of Battery Place and kiss the unresponsive and not always immaculate Belgian blocks. Yet that is what Major Pemberton Jones did. Whether there is any potency for sanity in New York's paving-stones I do not know, but from that moment the Major regained his mental poise.

There ensued for the Major some bitter months. To the men who had coveted Guanica's rubber forests he made brief report of failure unadorned with the story of his personal sufferings. Then he dropped out of sight.

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Just what vineyards of endeavor shadowed his paths during that period of disappearance are unknown to me. Into it was packed, I suppose, all the real toil of which Major Pemberton Jones was ever guilty, barring that in the stoke-hold, and there is no doubt that he still feels it the deepest blot on his record as a gentleman and a financier.

One spur there is more effective than ambition. This was supplied to my friend, the Major, when the minions of Guanica's dictator did hurt to his person and violence to his feelings. Now to undertake at forty-eight a climb, from the depths represented by a lodging which you buy at so much per night, to the comfortable heights associated with hotel apartments paid for by the quarter, this is indeed a task. Add to it the wreaking of a private revenge on the executive head of a sovereign republic and you have set a goal for nothing short of genius.

Of those desperate beginnings the Major will say no word. I have guessed at feverish days spent in haunting certain obscure brokers' offices where clerks and messenger-boys may risk the price of a week's luncheons on the rise and fall of stocks. Pony bucket-shops they are called in the metaphor of "the Street," and they serve both as kindergartens and asylums for those who follow the game.

In the end luck must have come to the Major. At any rate, he was seen, on that notable day when X, Y & Z (preferred) shook off the lethargy of months and rose from something like fifty-seven to four points beyond par, to sit, from opening to closing, breaking toothpicks into bits as he watched his little hoard grow like the magic flowers under the wand of the sleight-of-hand performer. Sometimes, but not frequently, this happens.

Next day Major Pemberton Jones reappeared. He took his old rooms at the hotel where he had been for years a fixture, was reinstated at his club, and leased two tiny offices on the eighteenth floor of a new skyscraper.

By many outward signs he was the same "Lubricator" Jones as before. Yet he was much changed. For one thing his dark-brown hair had become almost white. He was stouter than ever and week by week his weight increased. Even the expression of his eyes was new. There was another thing, though trivial. On one of his stubby fingers blazed balefully, from a heavy chased setting, a green diamond of quite three carats weight.

"It's an investment, not an ornament," explained the Major. "Queer stone? Well, yes. I'll tell you the story some day. The dealers call it El Vengador. That's Spanish, you know, for—well—" The Major thrust a well-kept hand out into the sunlight and allowed the rays to dance among the facets for a moment. "When you see me without it you will understand."

"Doubted," said I. "But it is of great price, this El Vengador?"

"No—and yes. I can get five hundred on it at an hour's notice, but while I wear it the stone stands for something I owe to seven hundred thousand dear friends."

Not knowing the Major's point of view I set this down as mere imagery.

As president of the Montezuma Mining Company (Limited) the Major enjoyed a season of moderate prosperity, during which it was to be noted that he was somewhat uniquely busied in keeping track of South American affairs. I judged this from the journals and government reports with which his desk was burdened.

"When one wears El Vengador what else can you expect?" he would say; which reply, you see, was no reply at all.

Gradually there approached evil days. A suspicious public began to doubt the wonderfully convincing truths elaborately printed in the pamphlets of the Montezuma Mining Company and—here was the rub—to withhold its dollars. Even the curb brokers refused to traffic in such discredited stock. There were base rumors that the Montezuma mine was an unproductive hole in the ground, and that the early dividends had been purely fictitious declarations.

Vainly did Major Jones angle for men with money to invest and confidence in his ability to do the investing. The partial story of his failure in the matter of the Guanican rubber concession was widely spread, and where it went there fell a blight upon all budding assurance as to the financial wisdom of "Lubricator" Jones.

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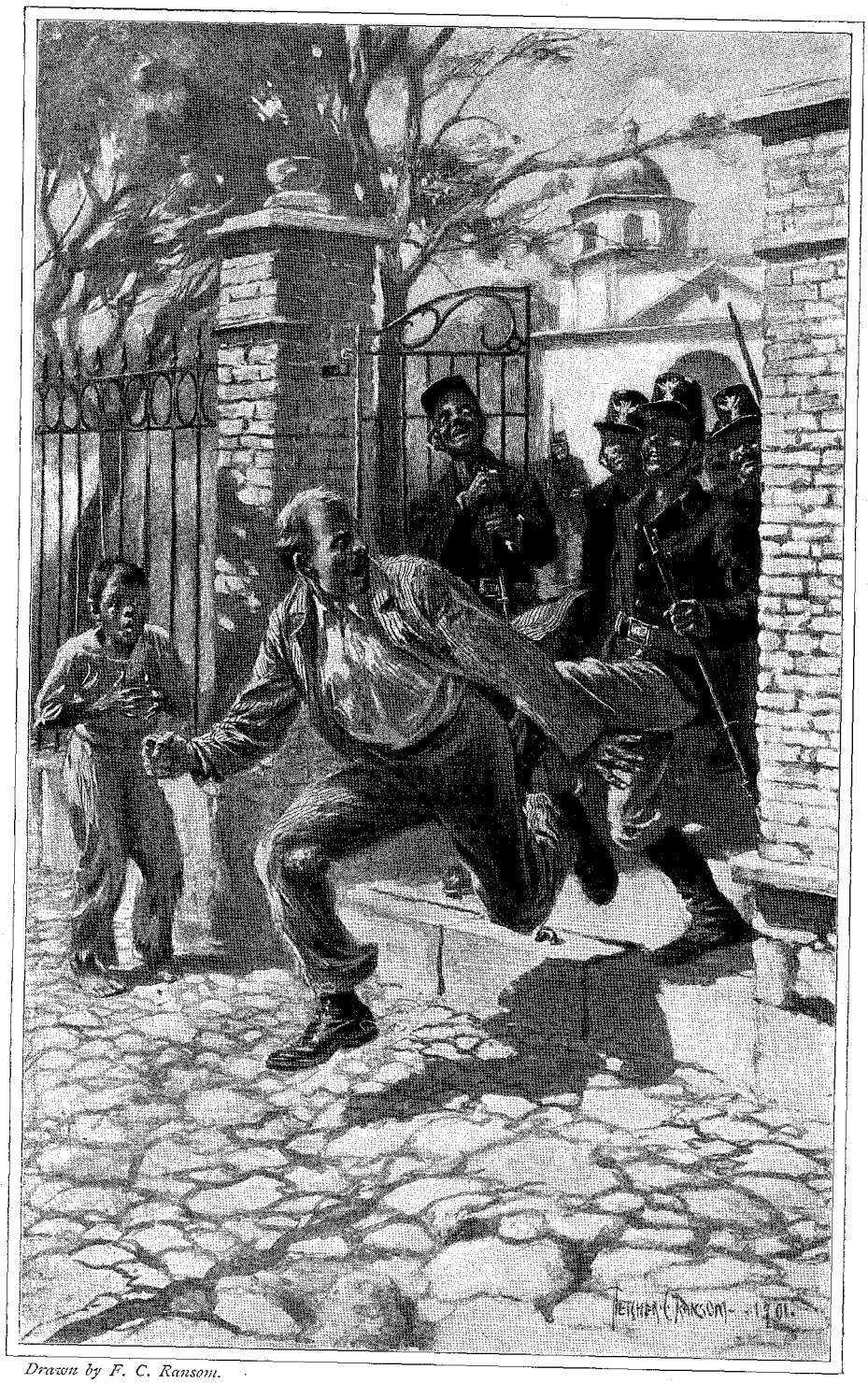

Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

The order was obeyed with promptness and to the letter.—Page 567.

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So once more the Major was posted at his club, once more he gave up his hotel apartments, and in time his raiment became unfitting for one who practised high finance. Still, on a stubby finger of his right hand gleamed El Vengador, although many a time it would have brought to the Major not only the comforts of life but might have enabled him to grip fast golden and speculative chance.

Still another notable feature of the Major's conduct during these dark days was his habit of dining nightly at the Hôtel d'Espagne, an uptown hostelry where the charges are certainly not moderate and where gather well-dressed foreigners of the Latin races. Although his lodgings were so humble that their location was a matter of secrecy, although his breakfasts and luncheons must have been slight indeed, every evening found the Major at a little corner table in the bizarrely decorated dining-room of the Hôtel d'Espagne ignoring the slights of untipped waiters and narrowly watching, between the garlic-tainted courses of the table d'hôte, the crowd of swarthy, gesticulating señors.

This sort of thing continued until one night, after a day when the ultimate end became most obvious, the Major decided, and clenched his fat hands in unfruitful rage that it must be, to sacrifice El Vengador. An unsatisfied landlady had locked the door between him and the poor relics of his personal belongings, while a chattel-mortgage shark had stripped bare his tiny offices. There remained in his pockets only the price of bed and breakfast, or a dinner at the Hôtel d'Espagne. Which should it be? From five until six P.M. the owner of El Vengador sat on a bench in Union Square park and wrestled with this problem.

In the end the Major flipped a coin. Soon after he was sitting at his table in the corner wondering, and for the last time, what might be the true name of the pallid meat which at the Hôtel d'Espagne appears on the menu as filet de bœuf.

Some words, spoken in a tense whisper meant to carry only across the cloth, impinged on the Major's left ear. They roused him to a state of mental acuteness to be attained only in rare moments. With elaborate caution the Major turned his head for one swift, inquiring glance. He saw a small, dark man with bristling mustaches and unquiet eyes.

The next half hour every nerve in the Major's big body, save that important one connecting the ear with the brain, was willed into stillness. That to which he listened was a confidence, imparted by the small, dark man, to another, even darker. It was a guarded confidence, spoken in hints and innuendo. Possibly not two other persons in the room would have understood. But the Major did. Not for nothing had he read *La Patria*. Eagerly he absorbed knowledge of affairs affecting the immediate future of the sovereign republic of Guanica.

In the first place he learned that Señor José Mendez del Norte, he of the unquiet eyes, was no longer dictator, but a hunted exile. More important still was the revelation that the señor was the leading spirit of an anticipated revolt, and that he had come to New York laden with much contributed gold, the filchings of his fellow-conspirators and some of his own. His errand was to buy some kind of armed and armored steamer, to buy it with all possible despatch, and to hurry back to Guanica in the same.

What even a third-rate war-ship could accomplish in the harbor of Guanica's capital Major Pemberton Jones well knew. With a few broadsides it could knock into a heap of junk the absurd fort which pretends to command the bay; with another it could riddle the antiquated wooden frigate that represents the whole of Guanica's naval strength, and then—why, then the dictatorship of Señor Mendez would be re-established so firmly that nothing short of a miracle could shake it.

Where the Major's feet took him that night he never knew. He had cloudy remembrance of passing through streets, of sitting on benches, of staring unseeingly into shuttered show-windows, and of being "moved on" by men in blue. He knew only that somehow the shifting destinies had once more jostled together himself and this arch rogue of his personal drama. He saw only wide-handed opportunity beckoning him to lay hold. But how? Where?

At last it came, this plan of vengeance for which he had waited with patience

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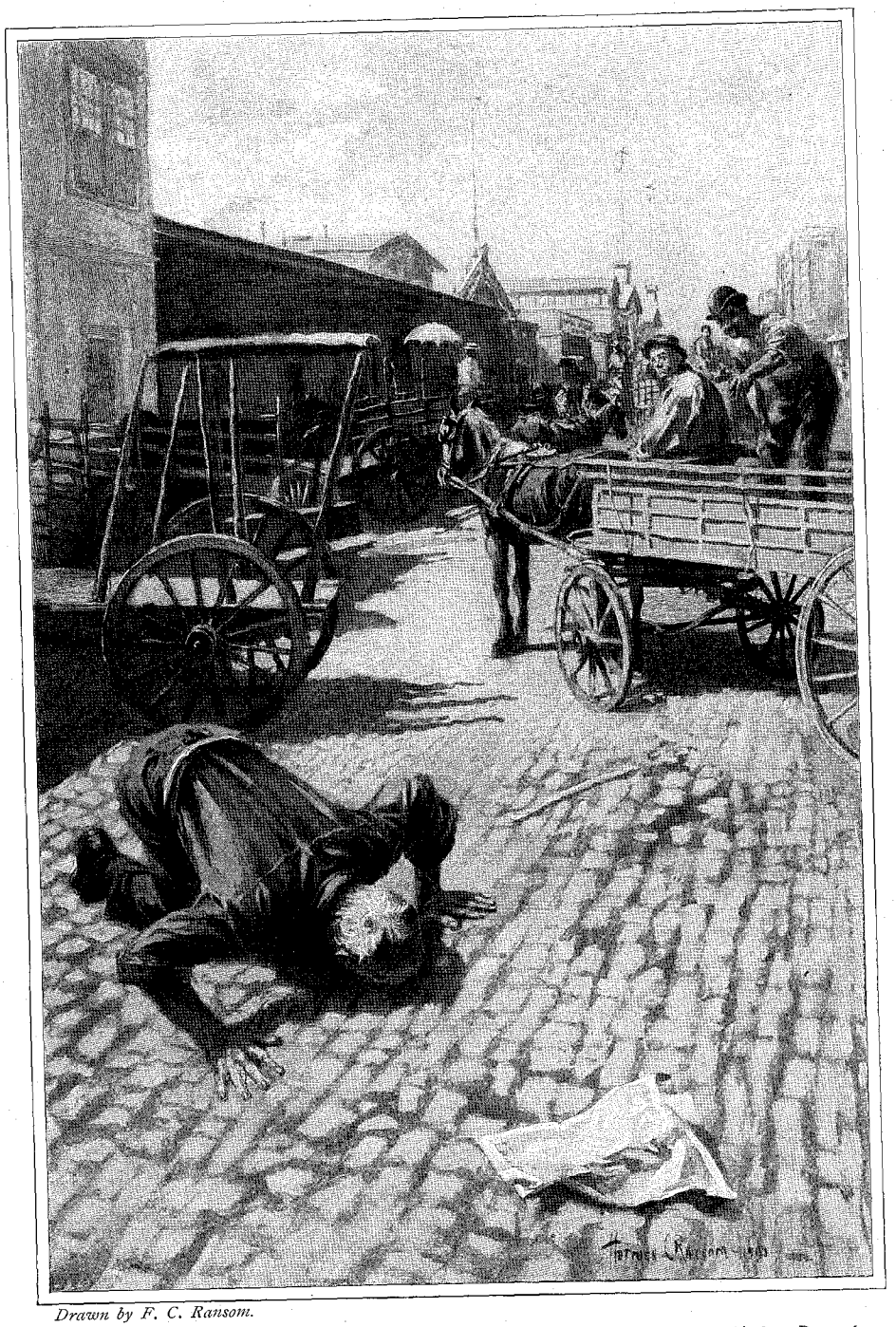

Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

A soot-grimed stoker . . . kiss the unresponsive and not always immaculate Belgian blocks.—Page 567.

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deserving better motive. It was elaborate, brilliant, daring. Yet he knew it must succeed. It should succeed. It began with the exchange of El Vengador for a yellow ticket and a neat packet of yellow-backed bank-notes. Then followed the busiest day in the Major's life and the one most productive of results.

One of these results was the receipt of a cablegram, some twenty-four hours later, by Señor Mendez del Norte. No detail was there about the envelope or contents to excite suspicion as to its genuineness. The message bore even the wrinkles left by the copying-press. It advised Señor Mendez to apply at once to the International Maritime Company, street number given. It was dated at Guanica's capital and signed by a discreet person who had once held office under the ex-dictator and who still had his confidence. Nothing could be more convincing.

So the Señor put on a fresh linen suit, pointed the ends of his bristling mustaches, set firmly on his head a high-crowned Panama hat and called a cab. If the Señor held himself very straight and looked very important as he rode downtown it should be passed by. One does not ride out every day, backed by a $200,000 bank deposit, to buy a war-ship.

The piled-up mass of the building occupied solely, as he decided, by the International Maritime Company, had a somewhat sobering effect on the Señor. As he was jerked skyward in a grilled, cage-like express elevator he half expected to see prows of war-ships, stacked like goods on a shelf, jutting out here and there. But he caught only glimpses of marble tiled halls falling away with dizzying suddenness. So confused was he that when he was shoved out into a top corridor he paused a little before knocking on a lavishly lettered door that was, as near as he could judge, the entrance to the main offices of the great company with which he was to do business.

But if Señor Mendez expected to break in upon the routine of such a concern as the International Maritime Company and buy a war-ship offhand, as he might a package of cheroots, he was mistaken. There appeared to be a certain amount of ceremony preliminary to getting speech with the president-manager. Señor Mendez del Norte, ex-dictator of the republic of Guanica, was allowed to sit for a long quarter of an hour contemplating a framed lithograph of the late U. S. S. Maine, listening to the nervous click of typewriting machines and waiting for the reappearance of the serious-looking young man who had taken his card.

"The president-manager regrets very much," said the serious-looking young man when he finally returned, "but he is compelled to ask you to call again at one o'clock to-morrow, as he will be engaged for the rest of the day with the Secretary of the Navy."

There was no doubt that Señor Mendez was impressed. He had once seen a United States squadron of evolution at target practice. Involuntarily he glanced at the closed door which separated him from the head of the United States navy and the president of the International Maritime Company. Oh, yes, he would come again. This was the right place for his purpose.

And he did come, on the stroke of the hour. At a massive roller-top desk brave with nickel-plated telephone, push buttons, speaking tubes and electric light fittings, sat the president-manager. He looked the part, for he was a large man. So big he was that the whole corner of the room seemed full of him. The bulk of him bulged through the chair-arms, ponderously he bulged at the waist-line, his ruddy, clean-shaven jaws bulged over his low collar and his big eyes bulged from a big face that, with its frame of white hair, seemed to bear the stamp of responsible authority. Small wonder then, that Señor Mendez failed to see, in this personage of obvious importance, the man whom he had ordered kicked from his palace steps.

One moment Major Pemberton Jones allowed for possible recognition and then, as it came not, plunged briskly into the business. "Cruiser, eh?" said the Major, just as a shoe-store clerk might say: "Oh, it's a pair of rubbers you want, is it?" "An auxiliary cruiser? Let's see, what government do I understand you represent?"

Quite unblushingly Señor Mendez announced himself as the authorized purchasing agent of the Republic of Guanica.

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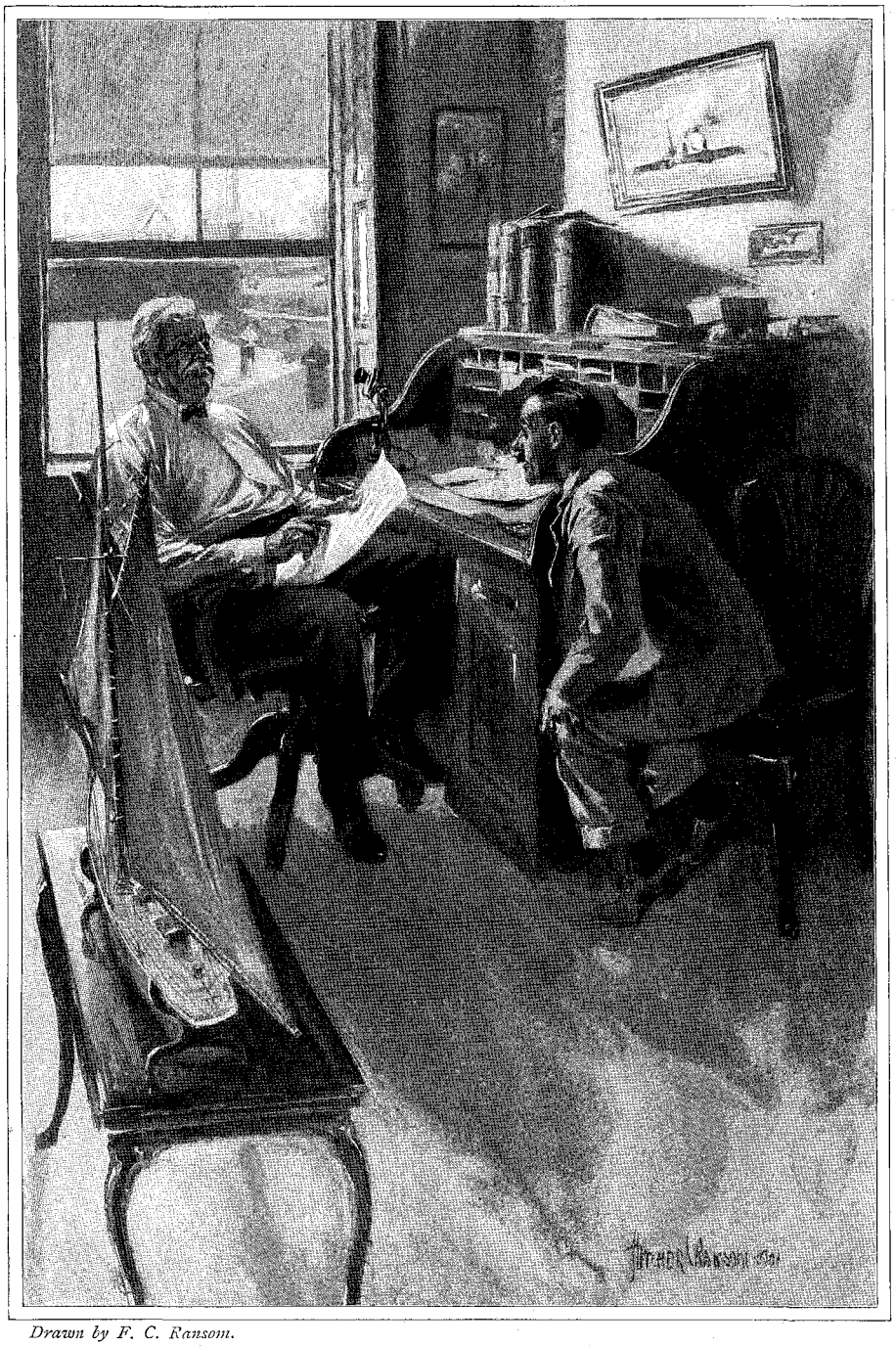

Drawn by F. C. Ransom.

The unquiet eyes of Señor Mendez scintillated with interest.—Page 574.

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"Ah, Guanica! Yes, we've had dealings with you; sold you some torpedo boats three years ago, didn't we? No, it must have been Brazil. Well, we will see what we have in the way of auxiliary cruisers. I beg pardon." Here the Major pushed a button. A bell buzzed in the next room and the serious young man reappeared. "Mr. Brown, get me our list of war-ships. Ah, that's all. Um-m-m-m." The Major was running a fat forefinger down a column. "Albatross, Carlos V. —built for Spain, you know—Alliance, Le Presidente, Sequoia—now there's one that might do, the Sequoia!"

The unquiet eyes of Señor Mendez scintillated with interest.

"The Sequoia," continued the Major, "is one of that lot our Government sold at auction just after the war with Spain. We picked up quite a number at bargain prices. She's the only one left. Used to be a White Moon freighter, but they made an auxiliary cruiser out of her, finished her just in time to be too late. She's just as the navy turned her over to us, wardroom fittings, drab top-sides and all. Let's see, the Sequoia's a 3,500-ton boat and can make eighteen knots on a pinch. She carries eight four-inch Armstrongs, two six pounders and five machine guns, one pounders. No torpedo tubes, though. Were you particular about torpedo tubes?"

The Señor said he was not.

"Good! Her length is 225 feet, beam 35, mean draught 14, coal capacity 700 tons and indicated horse-power 4,000. She has a 1.5 armor belt, a steel deck and her coal-bunkers have been shifted to cover her vitals. But here, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll just take a run over to the navy yard and have a look at her. We're still paying Uncle Sam dock charges, you see. Beg pardon." Here the Major once more pushed a button. "Mr. Brown, will you send for a hansom. If anyone from Cramps calls tell 'em to come to-morrow."

It was really quite simple. By applying at the proper time and place any citizen, or alien for that matter, may secure passes giving him limited freedom of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. When one has an acquaintance on the Commandant's staff, as Major Jones had, special privileges are also easy to get. But for all that, this offering for sale, under the very eyes of the Government and on its own ground, a United States war-ship to the organizer of a filibustering enterprise, was a splendid piece of impudence. Even the Major admits this.

Having admired the officers' quarters, squinted knowingly about the engine-room and patted the breechlocks of the big guns, Señor Mendez declared his thorough approval of the Sequoia. The rest was mere business detail. It involved the signing of a thoroughly correct appearing bill of sale and the delivery of a certified check for $100,000 as half payment, the remainder to be paid when the Señor took possession. The Major tossed the scribbled slip of paper negligently into a desk basket. The Señor smilingly bowed himself out. There had been neither hitch nor quibble.

That same afternoon the International Maritime Company, having existed for three consecutive days, ceased to be a factor in the business world. The serious-looking Mr. Brown chuckled as he watched a sign-painter scraping the recently painted names from the door in preparation for a new tenant. Three bewildered young women who had industriously copied many pages of the naval register went away with two weeks' salaries in their respective purses. A hustling dealer in second-hand office furniture carted away the desks and other things.

While making ready for dinner, a few hours after buying his war-ship, Señor Mendez was interrupted by a caller.

"I came up," said Major Jones, "to tell you that you have a very poor memory."

Señor Mendez checked his affable greeting and looked perplexed.

"Sit down," commanded the Major, pulling a chair before the closed door and taking a comfortable position. His tones were not the soothing ones peculiar to "Lubricator" Jones, for somewhere far below the Major's placid exterior there existed unsatisfied wrath of long standing. Your Cassius, who treasures up an injury and bides his time, need not always be lean. He may be fat and still love as well to pay off a score. Even the best of us carry one or two well-defined hates. The Major had his. This disturbed looking man with the unquiet eyes who stood there

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fidgeting with a half-buttoned collar was its object.

"But, Señor, I—" began the ex-dictator.

"Excuse *me*," broke in the Major firmly, "you've had your turn. Now it's mine."

Well, he had it. Before he finished there was established thoroughly in the mind of Señor Mendez the identical relation between the man whom he had so abruptly caused to be kicked down his palace steps and the personage whom he now knew as the president-manager of the International Maritime Company.

"But the Sequoia, Señor—the bill of sale—my check?" There were in these queries every shade of anxiety and alarm.

"The Sequoia is still the property of the United States Government, just as she has been for several years past. Your check—that has been deposited to my account. The bill of sale—you may keep that as a souvenir of our last meeting." This was "Lubricator" Jones at his best.

Violent emotion, expressed by a certain contraction of the eyelids and a swelling of forehead veins, was visible on the swarthy face of Señor Mendez.

"I will bring suit! I will appeal to your Government! I will——"

"No," interjected the Major, speaking with much calm deliberation, "oh, no. You will not do any of these things. Neither you nor I, Señor, can afford to have the United States courts prying into our private business affairs. You especially cannot. There was a time, Señor, when you could send people you didn't like off to fever-reeking prisons. Then you might have brought suit and appealed to some purpose. It's different now. You are in a highly civilized country. So long as you are moderately quiet you are safe, but the moment you go about shouting that you've come to buy a war-ship you spoil the illusion. You become a filibuster, a disturber of the sacred peace between nations, and a character of interest to United States marshals.

"On the other hand"—here Major Pemberton Jones paused for purely rhetorical reasons—"down in Guanica there are a lot of inconsiderate people who accuse you of juggling with the public funds. They are politically prejudiced, perhaps, but they've declared you to be a felon and an outlaw."

Just at this point Señor Mendez squirmed and suddenly appeared to be hunting for something which he had lost.

"Tut, tut, now!" said the Major, sternly. "Never mind about that knife. I haven't struck a man for thirty years and I shouldn't like to begin with you. That's right. Sit down. Yes, a felon and an outlaw. Ugly words, are they not? And we have an extradition treaty with your country; don't forget that. You once did me the honor, Señor, to call me a Yankee pig. Spanish is so very expressive! A pig is a stupid, a very stupid animal. Just remember, Señor, when you are trying to explain to your fellow-revolutionists about your failure to get a war-ship, that a Yankee doesn't like to be called a pig. Adios, Señor."

In a highly dramatic manner Señor José Mendez del Norte paced the length of his hotel apartments, tore at his collar, and shook his clenched fists at the richly decorated ceilings. But that was all.

"Of course," says the Major, and you will note his fine regard for the ethics of statute breaking, "it was technically an illegal procedure. But it was morally just. I got about what I should have divided among my lawyers had I taken the case to the high courts. Yes, the señor was greatly displeased. He was game, though. When he found himself beaten he concluded to let the Guanican revolt shift for itself. The last I heard of him he was living very comfortably in Paris, on the rest of that war-ship money, I suppose. As for me, I have quit high finance."

Very often I see, riding up or down Fifth Avenue in a smart hansom cab, a big, very big man. On a finger of his right hand he wears a large green diamond set in a heavy chased ring. The big, very big man is Major Pemberton Jones, with whom riding in hansom cabs is almost a passion. The large diamond is called El Vengador, Spanish words whose meaning it is not hard to guess.

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THE WINGED VICTORY

By Julia Larned

From what far, heavenly height of hope
Didst thou descend to light our way,
Cleaving with flash of snowy robe
Time's dusky veil of twilight gray?

Not of the earth that buoyant strength
Forthreaching to a goal unseen;
Thou hast beheld life's end divine,
Its light is in thy conquering mien.

Spread o'er our faint and faltering hearts
Thy joyous pinions evermore,
Bright vision of a triumph vast
When the long strife of earth is o'er!

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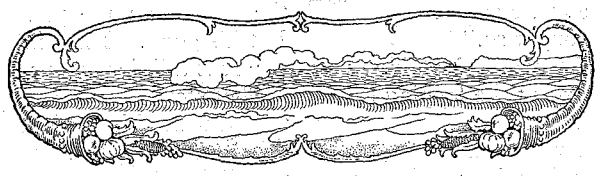

THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

XIII—THE HORN OF PLENTY

HEAVY showers escorted the travellers during the last afternoon of their homeward march. Of the trio Solomon was the wettest, for his two friends were enfolded in a rubber blanket, drawn over their heads and shoulders and held together in front. Thus, by walking arm in arm and keeping close together, they escaped a soaking. But Elinor was tired, with a tendency to sadness. This was excusable, as the failure of the expedition left the choice of a perilous experiment on the raft or of starvation at the cottage. Even the saturated Solomon, as he preceded them with drooping head, seemed to have lost his buoyancy.

But Pats, whatever his inward state, continued an unfailing well-spring of cheerfulness and courage. Not a disheartening word escaped him, not a sign of weakening. And his efforts to enliven his companion were persistent—and successful. Being of a hopeful and self-reliant nature this task was not so very difficult.

At last, toward the middle of the afternoon, in rain and mist, they came to the eastern end of their own beach. But all view was shut out. Both the cottage and the point of land on which it stood were hidden in the fog. As they tramped along this beach, on the hard wet sand, the wind and rain from the open sea came strong against their faces.

"It will be good to get back," said Elinor.

"Yes, but I like this better," and Pats drew the rubber blanket a little closer still. "Our life at the cottage is too confined; too cut and dried, too conventional and ceremonious."

"Too much company?"

"No, just enough. But too much routine and sameness. Above all, it is too laborious. The charm of this life is having no chores to be done. No shaving; no floors to scrub or windows to clean."

"Poor boy! And you must work doubly hard when we first get back. To begin with, you will have to eat your half of all the eggs that have been laid."

"Not an egg! I swear it!"

"Let's see—four days. That will make about thirty-six eggs. You must eat eighteen this afternoon."

Their heads were of necessity very close together, and as Pats with a frown turned his face to look at her, she continued: "And to-morrow being your birthday, you shall have a double allowance. Just think of being thirty-one years old! Why, Patsey, it takes one's breath away."

"Yes, it is a stupendous thought."

"How does it feel?"

"Well, I can still see and hear a little; and I am holding on to my teeth. Of course, the lungs, liver, brain, and all the more perishable organs have long since gone."

"Naturally."

"But the heart is still there, and thumping hard and strong for the finest woman in the world."

"Well, the heart is everything, and you are a good boy—I mean a good old man."

"Thanks."

"And as soon as we get to the cottage I shall—" She pressed his arm, stopped suddenly, and listened. "Why, what was that?"

"What was what?"

"Out on the water, off the point there. I heard a noise like a steamboat."

Both listened.

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"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I certainly thought so."

Again they listened. Nothing was heard, however, except the lapping of the waves along the beach.

At last, in a low tone, Pats muttered: "A whole fleet might be within a mile on a day like this and nobody know it. Are you sure it wasn't Solomon? He is a heavy breather sometimes."

She sighed. "Very likely. With this blanket about one's ears anything was possible."

They started on again. A few moments later the final shower had ceased. Swiftly the clouds dispersed, but the mist, although illumined by the sun, still lingered over land and sea. Solomon, followed by his friends, climbed the gentle ascent at the end of the beach, and as they hastened on among the pines all felt a mild excitement on approaching the cottage.

Gathered about the doorway, as if to welcome the returning travellers, stood a few white hens and the pompous rooster. To this impressive bird Pats took off his hat with a deferential bow.

"Glad to see you again, Senator."

"Why 'Senator'? Because nobody listens when he talks?" Elinor had been to Washington.

"Yes; and he knows so little and feels so good over it."

From its hiding-place behind the vines, Pats took the key and opened the door. With a military salute he stood aside, and the lady entered. He followed; and as he unslung his knapsack Elinor looked about her with a pleased expression.

"How rich it all is!" she exclaimed. "I had forgotten what a splendid collection we had."

Pats drew a long breath, as if to inhale the magnificence.

"Are you familiar with bric-à-brac shops?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And with the rooms of old palaces and châteaux that are opened only when visitors arrive?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is that smell."

She also inhaled, and closed her eyes. "So it is."

"It's the tapestries and old wood, and the bloom on the paintings, I suppose. But it's good. I like it."

"It is a little musty, perhaps, but——"

She stopped so suddenly that Pats turned toward her. With a look of surprise she was pointing to the centre of the dining-table, close beside them. In the centre of this table, and very white against the dark oak, lay an envelope. Upon it had been placed a silver spoon to prevent disturbance from any possible gust of air through the open door.

"Someone has been here!" And she regarded Pats with startled eyes.

Before touching the letter he instinctively cast a look about the room for other evidence. While he was doing it, Elinor pointed toward the farther end of the cottage, to the kitchen table, and whispered,

"Look!"

Upon that table rested a pile of cans, boxes, and sundry packages. For a short moment both regarded in silence this almost incredible display. Then Pats took up the letter. On the envelope was no address—no name nor writing whatsoever. He turned it over in his fingers. "I suppose it is intended for the old gentleman, the owner of the place."

"And how careful they are that nobody shall know his name."

"There must have been several men here to bring up all these provisions, and whoever left the letter had no intention of giving the old gentleman away," and Pats tossed the letter upon the table.

Elinor in turn picked it up and looked it over. "I *would* like to know what it says."

"So would I," said Pats. "Let's open it."

"Open another man's letter!" And she frowned.

"It may not be a letter. It may be some information as to when they are coming again, or what he is to do about provisions or something important for us to know. Our getting away from here may depend on what is inside that envelope."

"Yes, that is possible."

"Well, open it."

But she handed it back to him. "No, *you* must do it."

Pats tore open the envelope. Elinor

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stepped nearer and stood beside him, that she also might read.

"It is in French." Then he began:

"*Monsieur le Duc*——"

"Why, the old gentleman was a duke!" exclaimed Elinor.

"I am not surprised. You know we always suspected him of being a howling swell. But this writing and the language are too much for me. You really must read it." And he put the paper in her hands.

Elinor's French was perfect, but after the first sentence Pats interrupted.

"Translate as you go along. It is too important to take chances with, and I never was at home in that deceitful tongue."

Elinor dropped into the chair that stood beside her. Pats sat upon the edge of the table.

Monsieur le Duc:

It is with a grand regret that I find myself unable to pay my respects in person to your Grace, but a broken ankle keeps me a prisoner in the cabin. If there is anything of importance your Grace wishes to communicate have the extreme goodness to send me a note by the bearer. He can be trusted.

I leave the stores following last instructions. Enclosed is the list. The bearer, an honest man, will bring to me your new list from behind the door, if by chance you are not at home.

Your Grace's devoted servitor,
Jacques Lafenestre.

She laid the letter on the table. "What a shame! It really tells us nothing."

"Not a thing. Lafenestre might at least have mentioned the date of the next visit."

"They all seem dreadfully afraid we may learn something." She took up the other paper and unfolded it. "This is the list."

Then she read:

Four sacs corn meal,
Two sacs Graham flour,
Four boxes crackers,
Two barrels potatoes.

"Those must be down-stairs," said Pats. "I see the cellar-door is open."

Elinor continued:

One box lemons,
Four dozen candles,
Four dozen Pontet Canet,
Six pounds tobacco——

"Good!" said Pats. "Just what we need."

She went on:

Four pounds coffee,
Four boxes matches,
One pocket-knife,
Six pairs woollen socks,
Six old maids——

"Six *what?*"

"Six old maids: *vielles filles*—that is certainly old maids."

"Yes, but, Heavens! What does he want so many for? And where are they? In the cellar?"

She smiled, still regarding the paper. "But you needn't worry. They are something to wear. It says six old maids, extra thick and double length."

"Double length! Well, each man to his taste. Go on."

"That is all," and she dropped the paper on the table and looked up into his face. Thoughtfully he stroked the three days' beard upon his chin. He was watching through the open door the last clouds of mist as they floated by, driven before the wind.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Then you were right about the boat! You *did* hear one. And it was here an hour ago!"

Quickly he snatched a shotgun from the wall, rushed out of the house, down to the edge of the point and discharged one of the barrels. He shouted at the top of his voice, fired the second barrel and shouted again. For a few moments he stood looking off into the slowly dissolving fog, listening vainly for an answering sound.

Elinor joined him.

"I know it's of no use," he said, "for the wind is in the wrong direction. But I thought I would try it."

A moment later the final cloud of mist in which they stood was swept away, giving a clear view over all the waters to the south. And they saw, disappearing toward the west, around a promontory, a speck upon the blue horizon, and behind it a line of smoke.

In a melancholy silence both watched this far-away handful of vapor until it faded into space. When no trace remained of the vanished craft, Pats dropped the empty gun, slowly turned his head and regarded his companion. In Elinor's eyes, as they met his own, he recognized a gal-

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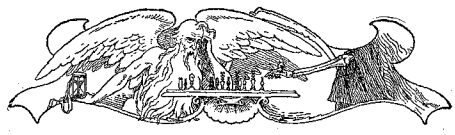
lant effort at suppressing tears. Remembering her resolve of yesterday, he smiled —a smile of admiration, of gratitude, and encouragement.

She also smiled, for she read his thoughts. And something more was plainly written in his face: that self-effacing, immortal thing that lovers live on; and it shone clear and honest from this lover's eyes. Whereupon she stepped forward: he gathered her in his arms, and an ancient ceremony was observed; very ancient, indeed; primitive and easily executed.

Solomon, weary of this oft-repeated scene, looked away with something like a sigh, then closed his eyes in patience.



XIV—PILGRIMS

ANOTHER June.

Along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence Gulf, through the cold, gray light of early dawn, a yacht was steaming eastward.

Leaning against the rail, near the bow, a woman with eager eyes watched the elusive coast. But this coast, in the spreading light, was rapidly revealing itself, becoming less ethereal; more savage and majestic. The woman was daintily attired. Every detail of her apparel, from the Parisian hat to the perfect-fitting shoes, while simple and designed expressly *pour le voyage*, was sumptuous in its simplicity. Although about thirty-five years of age, her round, rather wide face, graceful figure and vivacious expression would have made deception easy if she had cared to practise it. In feelings, in manner, and in appearance, she was eighteen. And she would never be older. A peculiar droop at the outer corners of two large and very dark eyes, and a mouth—too small for the face—with a slight and rather infantile projection of the upper lip gave a plaintive, half-melancholy expression to an otherwise merry and youthful face.

Behind her, pacing to and fro, a strongly built, elderly man with heavy face and heavy hands, also watched the coast.

"*Voila, Jacques!*" and the lady pointed to a promontory in front, just revealed by the vanishing mist. "*Le voila, n'est ce pas?*"

The man stepped forward and stood beside her. After a careful scrutiny he replied, also in French:

"Truly, I think it is"

"*Ah, le bonheur!* At last! And how soon shall we land?"

He hesitated, stroking the end of his nose with a stubby finger. "In less than two hours."

"In less than two hours! Absurd! You mean to say in less than twenty minutes, is it not?"

He shrugged his shoulders in respectful protestation. "But, Princess, deign to remember that we are still some miles from this headland, and that Monsieur, your father, is yet farther away; some fifteen miles, at the very end of the bay which lies beyond."

She frowned and turned away. "Are we going as fast as possible?"

"I think so."

"Well, if you are not sure of it, Jacques, go down and tell that engineer to enliven his exasperating machinery. Make everything turn faster, or I shall jump into the sea and swim ahead. It is of a slowness to rend the nerves."

Jacques Lafenestre moved away to carry out this order. From his youth up he had served this lady and her parents. And when the father, for excellent reasons, left France in haste and came into the wilderness the old servant followed. Later on he settled in Quebec as keeper of an inn. And ever since that day he had maintained communication with his master.

As the Princess walked impatiently up and down the deck, erect and with elastic tread, often looking at her watch and frowning, she gave the impression of a commanding little person, much accustomed to having her own way—and with no talent for resignation. And when, a few moments later, another individual appeared upon the deck, a tall, thin, dark-robed ecclesiastic, evidently of high degree, with fine features and a stately bearing, she hastened to express her an-

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noyance. To his polite greeting she replied rapidly :

" Good-morning, your Grace ; but tell me, did you ever see anything like this boat? Did you ever imagine a thing could crawl with such a slowness—such a slowness? I shall die of it ! I believe the screw is working backwards."

The Archbishop smiled—that is, his mouth lengthened, for mirth and he were strangers—" But it seems to me we move, Princess, and quite rapidly."

" Rapidly ! Well, never mind. Time and the wind will get us there. But why are you up so early? This is an hour when gentlemen are abed."

" I could not sleep."

" Ah, the misfortune ! For you may have a hard day. Remember, you are to do your best : and use your strongest arguments. You will need them. My father is wilful."

" Have no fears, Princess, I shall do all in my power, for the cause seems righteous. The Duc de Fontrévault is, as you say, too old a man to be left alone under such conditions."

" Surely ! And you are the one of all others to convince him. He will not listen to the rest of us. And don't fail to impress upon him his duty to his family. That is your strongest point, is it not? "

" Yes, and that now he can return with safety."

She shook her head. " No, do not rely too much on that, for he loves his wilderness. And he has known for a long time all danger was past. Better attack his conscience, and his sense of duty."

" As you say, Princess. And I shall spare no effort."

" Then you will succeed." And looking up with a smile, " You could convince anybody of anything, dear Archbishop. A few words from you, if you could only get him alone, and the devil himself would turn over a new leaf—perhaps join the Church. Who knows? "

For these sentiments his Grace had no responsive smile. This lady from Paris, while a good Catholic, seemed to have so little reverence for certain sanctities that he was always on his guard. Her nature was not of the sort he preferred to deal with. There were too many conflicting elements. No one could tell with precision just when she was serious or when she was having a little fun. And, moreover, the dignity of an archbishop was not a thing to be compromised. But she was a *grande dame*, a person of great influence —also of great wealth and a free giver. And the Archbishop was no fool.

As they rounded the promontory and came in sight of the bay the emotion of the Princess was apparent. Impatiently she walked the deck. With the sun once fairly above the water, the little point of land at the farther end of the bay showed clearly in the morning light.

She beckoned the old servant to her side. " There it is, Jacques ! I see distinctly the cottage, a little mass of green against the shadow of the pines. And surely there is smoke from the chimney ! My father is an early riser ; already up and cooking his breakfast. Is it not so, Jacques? "

" Yes, I do not doubt Monsieur le Duc cooks his breakfast at this moment."

" What enormous trees ! " she went on. " Beautiful, beautiful ! And they stretch away forever. An ocean of pines ! I had forgotten they were so tall—so gigantic. How many minutes now, Jacques, before we arrive? "

Jacques frowned and shrugged his heavy shoulders. " I shall not tell you."

" Wicked old man ! "

And again, through her glass, she studied the coast.

He had carried this lady in his arms before she could walk ; he had superintended, in a way, her childhood ; and so, like many old servants in France, he was not expected to bear in mind, at all times, certain differences in birth.

With a fresh enthusiasm she exclaimed : " And there, down below, to the right, is the little beach—the ravishing little beach ! How I loved it ! Here, take the glasses, Jacques, and regard it."

Jacques regarded. " Yes, it is a good beach."

She dropped the glasses in their case, folded the daintily gloved hands upon the rail, and for several moments gazed in silence at the coast in front. Her face, in repose, became somewhat sadder, and now there was a moisture in the eyes.

" Tell me again, Jacques, just how long it is since you were here ? "

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"Eight months."

"Much can happen in eight months."

"Yes, without doubt, but then it is to be remembered that when I was here last, in the month of September—all went well."

"You did not see him yourself, however."

"No, my broken ankle kept me aboard, but those who went ashore with the provisions brought a good report."

"But they did not *see* him."

"No, for he was away, probably on one of his hunting trips. But why disquiet yourself, Princess? We see the smoke rising from the chimney."

"Yes, it is true. You have reason."

When, at last, they arrived, the Princess was one of the first to land, and she hastened up the narrow path to the grove above. Although in haste to greet her father, she paused among the big trees to inhale the piney fragrance. With a smile of rapture she gazed upward and about. These old friends! How unchanged! And how many years they carried her back! As a very little girl her imagination had revelled without restraint and, to her heart's desire, in this enchanted grove. And now she was listening to the old-time murmurings, high above—the same plaintive whispering—the familiar voices, never to be forgotten—that told her everything a little girl could wish to hear, and whenever she cared to hear it.

But she lingered for a moment only. With eager steps she hurried toward the cottage—picturing to herself an old gentleman's amazement when he recognized his visitor.

The door was open. She stood upon the threshold and looked in—and listened. No sound came to her ears except from the old clock behind the door. How familiar this solemn warning of the passing time! It seemed a part of her youth, left behind and suddenly found again. But her heart was beating many times faster than the stately ticking of this passionless machine. Silently she entered and stood beside the table. She saw the hangings, the pictures, the busts, the furniture, precisely as she had known them, years ago.

From behind the tapestry came a sound, faintly, as of someone moving. She smiled and there was a quivering of the lips. Then, in a low but clear voice, she said:

"*Petit père.*"

XV—REVELATIONS

THE rustle of a sudden movement—and an exclamation half suppressed—came from within the chamber. Then the tapestry was pushed aside.

The Princess, at sight of the figure that emerged, took a backward step, her smile of welcome supplanted by a look of wonder. Another woman stood before her, also pausing in surprise, a hand still holding the tapestry. This woman was young and slight of figure, erect, dark-haired and sunburned. In a single glance the quick eye of the Princess took in a number of details. She noticed that the stranger wore a jacket so faded that no trace of its original color remained; that the skirt, equally faded, was also stained and patched. But to the critical Parisian it was obvious that these garments, although threadbare, frayed, and weather-beaten, fitted extremely well.

Now, while the Princess was the more surprised of the two, the girl in the faded garments experienced a greater bewilderment. For this visitor bore a startling resemblance to the miniature—the wife whose grave was among the pines. And Elinor stared, as if half awake, at the round face, the drooping eyes and the very familiar features of this sudden guest. Even the arrangement of the hair was unchanged, and the infantile mouth appeared exactly as depicted in the little portrait that hung beside her. Had this portrait come to life and stood near its own chair, the effect would have been the same.

But the lady from Paris was the first to find her voice. In French, with somewhat frigid politeness, she said:

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle; I expected to find another person here."

Also in French the girl replied:

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"Madame is the daughter, perhaps, of the gentleman who lived here?"

The Princess, with her head, made a slight affirmative movement. And she frowned more from anxiety than from resentment as she asked: "You say *lived* here. Does he not live here now?"

And she read in the face before her, from its sympathy and sadness, the answer she dreaded.

Elinor, before replying, came nearer to the table. "Do you speak English?"

The Princess nodded and seated herself in the chair of the miniature, and with clasped hands and a pale face, whispered:

"He is—dead?"

Elinor took the opposite chair. "May I tell you about it in English? I can do it more easily and better than in French."

"Certainly, certainly. And tell me all—everything."

Bravely the Princess listened. The tears flowed as she heard the story, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes and even trying to smile at times in grateful sympathy for the narrator's efforts at consolation.

"Tell me how he looked the day you found him. Did he seem to have been—ill—to have suffered?"

"We thought him asleep. There was no trace of suffering. The color of his face surprised us."

When the story of his burial was finished the Princess rose from her seat, came around and stood by Elinor and took her hand. "I owe you so much. You were very good and considerate. I am grateful, very grateful. He was unfortunate in his life. It is a consolation to know his death was happy—and that he was reverently buried."

Then Elinor, after hesitating, decided to ask a question.

"If it is no secret, and if you care to do it, would you mind telling me why he came across the water, out here in the forest, and lived in such a way?"

"Assuredly! And even if it were a secret I should tell you. In the first place he was the Duc de Fontrévault, a very good name in France, as perhaps you know. He fell in love—Oh! so fiercely in love!—with a lady who was to marry—well, who was betrothed to a king. It sounds like a fairy tale, *n'est ce pas?*"

"It does, indeed!"

The Princess was now sitting on the arm of Elinor's chair, looking down into her face, in a motherly—or elder sisterly—sort of way.

"Well, you would know all about the king if I told you. He died only the other day, so you will soon guess him. *C'était un vaurien, un imbécile.* My father not only loved this——"

She stopped, abruptly, leaning forward with one hand upon the table. "*Mais, Mon Dieu!* there is my portrait! My old miniature of twenty years ago! How came it there?" And she pointed to the opposite chair.

"We found it hanging there when we came, and have never disturbed it."

"You found it hanging there, on the back of that chair?"

"Yes."

"My own chair—where I used to sit! So, then, I was always before him!"

Elinor nodded. In the eyes of the Princess came fresh tears. She undertook to say more, but failed; and getting up she walked around the table and dropped into Pat's chair, gurgling something in French about the *petit père.* Then she broke down completely, buried her face in her hands, and made no effort to control her grief.

When she recovered composure, her self-reproaches were bitter for allowing so many years to go by without a visit to this devoted parent. Smiling as she dried her eyes—the eyes with the drooping corners, old friends to Elinor—she said: "You, also, have had me for a guest all this time."

"No, for a hostess. It is your house."

"And where do *you* sit?"

"Here, where I am."

"Then I have been your *vis-à-vis?*"

"Yes."

The Princess smiled. "Well, my face must be terribly familiar to you. Perhaps you recognized me at first?"

"Yes; I supposed you must be his daughter. But we believed the portrait to be your mother."

"How amusing! But poor mamma! there is no portrait of her here. She came away in too much of a hurry to stop for trifles."

She studied the miniature in silence; then, leaning back in her chair:

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"*Mais voyons!* I was telling something."

"About your father—why he came here."

"Ah, yes! Well, for a man to marry, or try to marry—or to dream of marrying—a princess formally betrothed to a king was *quelque chose d'inouie.* But he was badly brought up, this little father of mine: always having his own way—*un enfant gaté*—you know, a child made worse—a child damaged—hurt—what am I trying to say?"

"A spoiled child."

"Of course! But the King also was a spoiled child, which is to be expected in a king. However, that did not smooth things for my little father, as the King was beside himself with rage—furious, wild!"

"He was jealous?"

The Princess laughed—more of a triumphant chuckle than a laugh. "And well he had reason!"

"Then the lady preferred your father to the King?"

"*Mon Dieu!* She had eyes." Then, with a slight motion of a hand: "And she had sense."

Elinor smiled. "But a king is a great catch."

The little lady shrugged her shoulders. "That made nothing to her. She was as good as the King. She was a *grande* Princess. Not an every-day Princess, like me."

"Are *you* a princess?" Elinor asked in surprise.

"Yes, an ordinary princess—the common, every-day kind. But *she* was a *princesse royale.* And so he did this." With a comprehensive gesture of both her hands she indicated the tapestries, paintings, busts, furniture, and the entire contents of the house.

"You mean he brought his own possessions off here, across the water?"

"Precisely."

"And did he bring the Princess with him?"

"What a question! It is evident, Mademoiselle, that you were not acquainted with my father, the Duc de Fontrévault."

"Then this princess was your mother?"

"Yes."

"And that is her grave out there, beneath the pines, next to his?"

The Princess nodded, and blinked, but smiled: "Poor mamma! She only lived a few years after that; I was nine when she died."

"Were you born here?"

"In there." And she glanced toward Elinor's chamber.

"You must have had a lonely childhood."

"No. In those days we had a servant—and a cow."

"But why should your father and mother escape to this wilderness? Surely a woman may marry whom she pleases in these days."

"Certainly. But an agent was sent to arrest my father—on a legal pretext—and in the quarrel this agent—also a gentleman of high rank—was killed. So that was murder. Just what his Majesty wished, perhaps. And my father, in haste, packed a few things on a ship and disappeared."

"A few things!"

"The King never knew where he went. Nor did anyone else. But enough of myself and family. Tell me of your coming here. And of your friend. Is she still here?"

"My friend was a man."

"Ah!"

The Princess raised her eyebrows, involuntarily. "Pardon me if I am indiscreet, but you are not married?"

"No."

Now this Parisian, with other Europeans, had heard startling tales about American girls; of their independence and of their amazing freedom. She leaned forward, a lively curiosity in her face. To her shame be it said that she was always entertained by a sprightly scandal; and seldom shocked.

"How interesting! And this gentleman, was he young?"

But the American girl did not reply at once. She had divined her companion's thoughts and was distressed, and provoked. This feeling of resentment, however, she repressed as she could not, in justice, blame the Princess—nor anybody else—for being reasonably surprised. So, she began at the beginning and told the tale: of the stupid error by which she was left with a man she hardly knew on this point of land; of their desperate effort to escape in September, by taking to a raft and floating down the river; how they

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failed to land and were carried out to sea, nearly perishing from exposure. She described their reaching shore at last, several miles to the east. And when she spoke of the early snow, in October, of the violent storms and the long winter, the Princess nodded.

"Yes, I remember those winters well. But we were happy, my father and I."

"And so were we," said Elinor.

"Then this stranger turned out well? A gentleman, a man of honor?"

"Yes, oh, yes! And more than that. He gave his life for mine."

From the look which came into Elinor's face, and from a quiver in the voice, the sympathetic visitor knew there was a deeper feeling than had been expressed. She said, gently: "You are tired now. Tell me the rest of the story later."

"No, no. I will tell you now. One morning, about a month ago, the first pleasant day after a week of rain, we started off along the bank of the river to see if the flood had carried away our raft —the new one. Just out there, in the woods, not far from here, I stepped to the edge of the bank and looked down at the water. The river was higher than we had ever seen it; fuller, swifter, with logs and bushes in it. Even big trees came along, all rushing to the sea at an awful speed."

"Yes, I know that big river in spring. The water is yellow, and with a frightful current: fascinating to watch, but it terrifies."

Elinor nodded. "Fascinating to watch, yes. But Pats told me——"

"Pats?"

"My friend. His name was Patrick."

"And Pats is the little name—the familiar—for Patrick?"

"Sometimes."

"Ah, I never knew that! But pardon me. Please go on."

"He told me to come back—that the bank was undermined by the river and might give way. He said: 'Whoever enters that river to-day leaves hope behind.' At the very instant I started back the earth under me gave way, and—and, well, I went down to the river and under the water—an awful distance. I thought I should never come up again. But I did come up at last, gasping, half dead, several yards from the shore. The current was carrying me down the river, but I saw Pats on the bank above, watching me. His face was pale and he was hurrying along to keep near. Oh! how I envied him, up there, alive and safe!"

"Poor child! I can well believe it!"

"He cried out, 'Try and swim toward the shore! Try hard!' And I tried, but was carried along so fast that I seemed to make no headway. Then I saw him run on ahead, pull off his shoes and outer clothes, slide down the bank and shoot out into the water toward me."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the listener. "Bravo! That was splendid!" And in her enthusiasm she arose, and sat down again.

Elinor sank back in her chair. But the Princess was leaning forward with wide open eyes and parted lips.

"Then what happened?"

"He reached me, caught me with one hand by my dress between the shoulders, and told me again to swim hard for the shore. It seemed hopeless, at first, for the current was frightful—Oh, frightful! It washed us under and tried to carry us out again. But Pats pushed hard, and after an awful struggle—it seemed a lifetime—we reached the shore."

"Ah, good!"

But in the speaker's face there came no enthusiasm. She closed her eyes, leaning back in her chair as if from physical weakness. The Princess got up, and once more came and stood by the girl's chair, and gently patted a shoulder.

"Tell me the rest later. There is no haste."

"I shall feel better for telling it now. I started to climb up the bank. It was steep, all stones and gravel, and a few little bushes. The stones gave way and kept letting me down—slipping backward. He was still in the water. I heard him tell me to go slow and not hurry. He was very calm, and his voice came up from beneath me, for—" and here she laughed, a little hysterical laugh—more of a sob than a laugh, as if from overtaxed nerves—"for I seemed to be sitting on his head."

The Princess also laughed, responsively.

"I shall never know just how it hap-

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pened, but in one of my struggles the whole bank seemed to slide from under me into the river. I clung to a bush and called to him, and tried to look down, but—he was gone."

A silence followed. The Princess rested her cheek against Elinor's hair, and murmured words of comfort. "How long ago did this happen?"

"A month ago."

More from sympathy than from conviction the Princess said:

"He may return. Stranger things have happened. Perhaps he was carried out to sea—and rescued."

Elinor shook her head. "He was buried beneath the rocks and gravel. If he had risen to the surface, I should have seen him, for the day was clear. No, I know where he is. I see him, all night long, in my sleep, lying at the bottom of the river, his face looking up."

"My child," said the Princess, "listen. With your sorrow you have precious memories. From what you have *not* told me of your Pats, I know him well. He loved you. That is clear. You loved him. That is also clear. Alone with him in this cottage through an endless winter, and perfectly happy! *Voyons,* you confessed all when you said 'We were happy!' He was the man of a woman's heart! With no hesitation, he gave his life for yours: to save you or die with you. Tell me, what can Heaven offer that is better than a love like that?"

She closed her eyes and drew a long breath. "Ah! these Americans! These extraordinary husbands! I have done nothing but hear of them!"

"He was not my husband."

"But he was to be?"

"Oh, yes!"

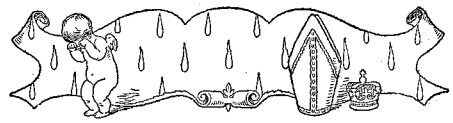
The Princess rose, walked around the table and stood beside the chair that held her portrait.

"My child, I respect your grief. My heart bleeds for you, but you are to be envied." With uplifted eyebrows, and her head slightly to one side, she went on: "My husband, the Prince de Champvalliers is good. We adore one another. As a husband he is satisfactory; better than most. But if, by chance, I should fall into a river, with death in its current, and he were safe and dry upon the bank——"

Sadly she smiled, and with a shrug of the shoulders turned about and moved away.

Erect, and with a jaunty step, she walked about the room, renewing acquaintance with old friends of her youth; with the little tapestried fables on the chairs and sofa; with certain portraits and smaller articles. But it was evident that the story she had heard still occupied her mind, for presently she came back to the table and stood in front of Elinor. With a slight movement of the head, as if to emphasize her words, she said, impressively, yet with the suggestion of a smile in her half-closed eyes:

"Were I in your place, my child, I should grieve and weep. Yes, I should grieve and weep; but I should enjoy my sorrow. You are still young. You take too much for granted. You are too young to realize the number of women in the world who would gladly exchange their living husbands for such a memory." She raised her eyebrows, closed her eyes, and murmured, with a long, luxurious sigh: "The heroism! the splendid sacrifice! I tell you, Mademoiselle, no woman lives in vain who inspires in an earthly lover a devotion such as that!"



XVI—NEWS FROM THE WORLD

JACQUES soon appeared. As his knowledge of English was scant the Princess gave him the story she herself had heard. Great was his horror on learning that when last he came—in September—and left the usual provisions, the Duc de Fontrévault had been in his grave since the previous June.

He asked many questions. Elinor told him everything that could be of interest, and the Princess listened eagerly to these replies. The old servant seemed pleased when Elinor turned to him with a smile and said, in his own language: "So you are the French Fairy. That is what we always called you after finding your letter.

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Our lives were saved by that unexpected supply of food."

Then they talked of other matters; of what things should be carried back to France. And as the strength and energy of the American girl seemed to have gone —owing, perhaps, to a too meagre diet— the Princess insisted upon having her own maid sent up to pack the trunks. Jacques departed on this errand, and to get one or two men. He soon returned with them, and accompanied by the Archbishop. With a half-suspicious interest His Grace studied this young woman, still seated in her usual place by the table, her eyes, with a listless gaze, following the daughter of the house as she opened drawers and cabinets.

His Grace was standing by the big tapestry, between the two busts, his hands behind him.

"Pardon me, my child," he said with a deep-toned benevolence, calculated to impress the guiltless and to awe the guilty, "but what I find it difficult to understand is why your friends did not look for you. They certainly must have guessed the situation."

Elinor shook her head gently, as if she also recognized the mystery.

"To what do you attribute this singular indifference to your fate on the part of your family and friends?"

"I cannot guess. I have no idea."

"It was purely accidental your—your arrival here?"

"Naturally."

In this brief reply there was something that smote the Archbishop's dignity. It seemed verging upon impertinence. Again he scrutinized the faded garments, the sunburned face, the hands somewhat roughened by toil, now folded on the table before her. His perceptions in feminine matters were less acute than those of the Princess. He remembered a young man had been a companion to this girl in this cottage, and during a whole year. It was only natural that the Princess, in treating this person with so much consideration, should be misled by a very tender, romantic heart, and by a Parisian standard of morality too elastic and too easy-going for more orthodox Christians. Into his manner came a suggestion of these thoughts, his tone was less gracious, a trifle more patronizing. But as the victim supposed this to be his usual bearing she felt no resentment.

"It was certainly a most unprecedented — one might almost say incredible — blunder. And in daylight, too."

She nodded.

"Do I understand that you came here in a steamboat?"

"Yes."

"And the steamboat, after leaving you and the young man, kept on her course toward Quebec?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the name of the boat?"

"The *Maid of the North*."

"The *Maid of the North!*"

Elinor took no notice of this exclamation of surprise. In a purely amiable manner she was becoming tired.

"The *Maid of the North*, did you say?"

"Yes."

"But, my child, when was that? When were you left here?"

With a sigh of weariness she replied: "A year ago this month; on the ninth of June."

"The ninth of June," he repeated, in a lower tone, more to himself than to her. "Why—then, she was lost between this point and Quebec."

"Lost?"

And Elinor looked up at him with startled eyes.

"Yes." Then he added, "But I see that you could not have known it."

"Do you mean the *Maid of the North* never reached Quebec?"

"Nothing has been heard of her since the eighth of last June. On that day she was spoken by another steamer near the Magdalen Islands."

Elinor had risen from her chair and stood leaning against the table. "That is horrible! horrible. It does not seem possible! What do they think became of her?"

"Nobody knows. There are several theories, but nothing is certain. You are probably the only survivor."

"But were there no traces of her? no wreckage, nothing to give a clew?"

"Nothing."

With drooping head and a hand across

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her eyes she murmured: "Poor Louise! And my uncle—and Father Burke!" And she sank back into her chair.

The Archbishop took a step nearer. "Did you know Father Burke?"

"He was a dear friend."

At this reply the eyebrows of the holy man were elevated. A light broke in upon him. With a manner more sympathetic than heretofore—and less patronizing—he said, gently:

"Father Burke was a dear friend of mine, also; and an irreparable loss to the Church and to all who knew him. Is it possible you are the young lady whom he held in such high esteem and affection, and of whom he wrote to me? Were you in his spiritual charge, with thoughts of a convent?"

She nodded.

Into his face came a look of joy. Then, in a voice brimming over with tenderness and paternal sympathy:

"I cannot express my pleasure, my heartfelt gratitude, that you have been spared to us. Of your exalted character and of your holy aspirations our dear friend spoke repeatedly. And now, in your hour of affliction, it will be not only the duty, but the joy and privilege of our Holy Church to serve you as counsellor and guide."

As the girl made no reply he went on, in a subdued and gently modulated voice:

"At this time more than ever before, you must need the consolation of Religion. Am I not right in believing that you feel a deeper yearning for the closer love and protection of our Heavenly Father? for that security and peace which the outer world can never offer? And too well we know that the outer world is uncharitable and cruel. It might look askance upon this strange adventure. But the arms of Our Mother are ever open. You are always her daughter, and with *her* there is nothing to forgive. All is love, and faith, and peace."

To this deeply religious girl, now stricken and weary, whose heart was numbed with grief, whose hope was crushed, these words came as a voice from Heaven. She held forth a hand which the prelate held in both his own.

"God bless you, my child."

XVII—VOICES OF THE WOOD

WHEN the Princess realized the somewhat famished condition of her new acquaintance she ordered a tempting lunch from the yacht, and had it served in the cottage: fresh meat, with fruit, vegetables, and cream and butter—new dishes among the Pines of Lory! Of this repast the Archbishop partook with spirit.

"Truly an invigorating air. What an appetite it gives!" And he devoured the viands with a priestly relish, but always with arch-episcopal dignity. The person, however, for whom the meal was served leaned back wearily in her chair, barely tasting the different dishes.

"You will starve, my child," said the Princess, gently. "Really, you must eat something to keep alive."

The effort was made, but with little success. And in Elinor's face her friend divined an overmastering grief.

The two women, after lunch, strolled out among the pines, toward the bench by the river. It became evident to the Princess, from the manner in which her companion leaned upon her arm, that days of fasting—and of sorrow—had diminished her strength. Upon the rustic bench Elinor sank with a sigh of relief. But into her face came a smile of gratitude as her eyes met those of the little lady who stood before her, and who was looking down with sympathetic eyes.

To Elinor's description of how she and Pats found the old gentleman reclining upon this same bench, the Princess gave the closest attention. Every detail was made clear by the narrator, who took the same position at the end of the seat, crossing her knees and leaning a cheek upon one hand, as if asleep. Then the Princess, after asking many questions, took the vacant place beside her and they sat in silence, looking across the river, to the woods beyond. To both women came mournful thoughts, yet with pleasant memories. And soothing to the spirit of each was the murmur of the woods. To Elinor

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this plaint of the pines was always a consoling friend : a sad but soothing lullaby which now had become a part of her existence. It recalled a year of priceless memories. But these memories of late had become an unbearable pain ; yet a pain to which she clung.

For the Princess, also, there were memories, stirred by these voices overhead, but softened by time. Hers was not the anguish of a recent sorrow. From these day-dreams, however, she was brusquely awakened. With no word of warning, the girl at her side had sprung to her feet and faced about. Into her face had come a look of unspeakable joy. Her lips were parted in excitement, and a sudden color was in her cheeks. This transformation from deepest grief to an overpowering ecstasy alarmed her companion. And in Elinor's eyes there was a feverish eagerness, intense, almost delirious, as she exclaimed :

" You heard it? "

" What? "

" That sound ! The notes of a quail ! "

The Princess shook her head.

" Oh, yes, you heard it ! Don't say you did not hear it ! "

Then, when the Princess, still looking up in vague alarm, gently shook her head a second time, Elinor reached forth a hand imploringly, as it were, and whispered :

" You must have heard it. The whistle of a quail ; back there in the woods? "

To the little woman upon the bench these words had no significance, but her sympathy was aroused. That sensitive nerves and an aching heart should succumb, at last, to despair and loneliness and fasting she could readily understand, and she answered, kindly :

" I heard no bird, dear child, but it may be there. Perhaps your hearing is better than mine."

At this reply all the joy went out of Elinor's face, leaving in its place a look so spiritless and despairing that her friend, who could only guess at her companion's thoughts, added :

" Or it may be nothing. You merely dreamed it, perhaps."

Elinor straightened up. She drew a long breath, and murmured, in a low voice from which all hope had fled :

" Of course ! I dreamed it," and sank wearily into her place upon the bench.

Furtively, but with pity in her face, the Princess regarded the drooping head and closed eyes; then she stood up and placed a hand affectionately upon Elinor's shoulder.

" I understand your feelings. Rest here until the boat goes." Indicating, with a wave of her hand, the big trees towering high above, she added : " Your last moments with these old friends shall be respected. I am going to the two graves over there, and will return before it is time to start."

She walked away, into the grove.

Again, among the shadows of these pines, came memories of her childhood, with the feeling of being alone in a vast cathedral. And the fragrance, how she loved it ! And she loved this obscurity, always impressive and always solemn, yet filling her soul with a dreamy joy.

In her passage between the columns of this shadowy temple she stopped and turned about for a parting glance at her friend. In the same position, her head upon her hand, Elinor still sat motionless, a picture of patient suffering. For a moment the Princess watched her in silence, then slowly turned about and started once again upon her way. Only a step, however, had she taken when the color fled from her cheeks and she halted with a gasp of terror. Gladly would she have concealed herself behind the nearest tree, but she dared not move.

In the gloom of the forest, scarcely a dozen yards away, a figure was moving silently across her path in the direction of the cottage. Such a figure she had seen in pictures, but never in the flesh. The North American savage she always dreaded as a child : and once, at a French fair, she had seen a wild man. This creature recalled them both. He was brown of color, with disorderly hair and stubby beard, and no covering to his body except strips of cloth, faded and in rags, suspended from one shoulder, held at the waist by a cord, and dangling in tatters about his legs. Bending slightly forward as he walked—or rather glided—among the pines, he was peering eagerly in the direction of the house. Had his gaze been less intent, he would have

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seen this other figure, the woman watching him in silent terror. Furtively she glanced about the grove to see if other creatures were stealing from tree to tree. But she failed to discover them.

Now the Princess, while fashionable and frivolous, and reprehensible in many ways, was not devoid of courage. And her conscience told her to give warning to her friends. This heroic decision was swiftly made. In making it, however, her cheeks grew paler.

But she was spared the sacrifice. As she drew in her breath for the perilous attempt she saw the man himself stand still and straighten up. Then, before she could utter the warning—before her own little mouth was ready—the shadowy silence of the wood was broken, not by the dreaded warwhoop, but by an imitation, startlingly perfect, of the notes of a quail.

That this was a signal to his followers she had no doubt. But suddenly, while these clear notes were yet in the air, the stillness of the pines was again disturbed by a cry—a cry of joy, intense and uncontrolled—from behind her, toward the river. She turned about. In astonishment she saw the grief-stricken maiden—a moment ago too weak to walk alone—already lifted from the rustic bench as by a heavenly hand, now flying in this direction over the brown carpet of the pines, swift and light of foot, with wings, it seemed. The savage, too, had heard the cry and already he was running toward the approaching figure. And he passed so near the Princess that he would have seen her had he wished.

They met, the wild man and the girl. And the mystified spectator—mystified for a moment only—saw the maiden fling herself upon this denizen of the wood and twine her arms about his neck. And he, with a passionate eagerness, embraced her; then held her at arms' length, that again he might draw her to him, kissing her hair, mouth, forehead.

From the rapturous confusion of exclamations, of questions interrupted and unanswered, the Princess understood. For a moment she looked on in wonder, fascinated by this astounding miracle. But she soon recovered. With a lump in her throat she began backing away, to escape unobserved. Elinor, through her tears, happened to see the movement and came forward, leading the savage by the hand. With a new light in her eyes, and her voice all a-quiver, she exclaimed:

"This is my Pats!"

The Princess courtesied.

"And, Pats, this is the Princess—the Princess de Champvalliers: our girl of the miniature."

Pats nodded—for he recognized the eyes with the drooping corners—and he smiled and bowed. And the Princess, as she looked into his face and forgot the wild hair and scrubby beard, the stains, the rags, and the nakedness, met a pair of unusually cheerful, honest eyes, and impulsively held out her hand.

XVIII—A NUNNERY?

In very few words Pats told his story.

As Elinor had believed, he was forced beneath the water by the sliding earth and stones; but instead of lying at the bottom he had been carried by the undercurrent far out toward the middle of the river. On coming to the surface, more dead than alive, he found himself among the branches of an uprooted pine, also speeding toward the sea, at the mercy of the torrent.

Numb with cold from the icy water, he clung to this friend all one day and night, ever drifting toward the Gulf. At last, when rescued, he was barely conscious. And on recovering his wits he found himself aboard a Government coaster just starting on a two-months' cruise.

"I insisted on being landed. They refused at first, but when I told them the situation—of the solitary girl I was leaving alone—in the wilderness, they not only put me ashore, but gave me all the provisions I could carry."

"Bravo! A boat load of lovers!" exclaimed the Princess. "And they did well!"

"Indeed they did!" said Pats, "for they were pressed for time, and it cost

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them several hours. So, in high spirits, I started westward along the coast, expecting to get here in three or four days."

Then, turning to Elinor: "Do you remember the wide marsh we noticed from the top of that farthest hill to the east, at the end of our journey last autumn?"

"Yes, I remember. We thought it the mouth of a river."

"Well, it *was* the mouth of a river, with a vengeance. That marsh extends for miles on both sides of a river as impassable as ours. Ten days I tramped northward up the farther bank. And then, in swimming across, I lost nearly all my provisions, and most of my clothes."

With a slight bow to the Princess, he added, "I hope madam will pardon these intimate details: also certain deficiencies in my present toilet."

"Make no apologies, and tell everything," she answered, "I am one of the family."

Pats continued: "During nine days I travelled south, retracing my steps, but on this side the river. The woods are different up there, with a maddening undergrowth, and it soon made an end of what clothes I had left. Yesterday morning I saw the sea again."

To every word of this narrative Elinor had listened, absorbed and self-forgetful. As for the Princess, she loved the unexpected, and here she found it. The more she studied Pats the better she liked him, and his cheerfulness—a cheerfulness which seemed to rise triumphant above all human hardship. She took an interest in his unkempt hair and barbaric, four weeks' beard; in his scratched and sunburnt chest and arms. Even in the tattered remnants of his clothes she found a certain entertainment. And she noticed that while he stood talking in the presence of two ladies he appeared unembarrassed by his semi-nakedness: perhaps from the habit of it. And, after all, what cause for embarrassment? How many times, on the beach at Trouville, had she conversed with gentlemen who wore even less upon their persons?

Another surprise was given her when a brown setter, from somewhere in the forest, came flying toward them, and threw himself upon the long lost Pats. And the dog's delight at the meeting was similar to Elinor's. He, in turn, was presented to the Princess, who patted his head.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur Solomon.* I am happy to meet you: and for your enthusiasm I have the profoundest regard."

Then, as they all started toward the cottage, Pats still answering Elinor's questions, there appeared among the pines a black figure which recalled pictures of Dante in the forest of Ravenna. This figure halted in surprise at sight of the half-naked savage approaching with an easy self-possession, a lady on either side. And evidently the savage was a welcome object—a thing of interest—of affection even, if outward signs were trustworthy. And his Grace, when presented to this uncouth object, made no effort at assuming joy. Whether from an unfamiliarity with wild men, or from some other reason, this creature proved offensive to him. The lately lamented lover appeared politely indifferent to the priest's opinion—good or bad—and this so augmented his Grace's irritation that his words of welcome displayed more dignity than warmth. After proper congratulations on the return of her friend, he said to Elinor, in impressive tones, with a fatherly benevolence:

"We always rejoice when a human life is saved, but it would prove a sad misfortune, indeed, should it cause you to falter in your high resolve and return to worldly affairs."

Elinor instinctively edged a little closer to Pats and slid a hand in one of his—a movement observed by the Princess.

His Grace, with yet greater impressiveness in tone and manner, added:

"Yours is not a nature to forget or lightly ignore a pledge once given. And please understand, my dear child, it is for your spiritual future that I remind you of your solemn words to our dear friend—to him who is no longer here to recall them to you, and whose beneficent influence is forever gone."

Into Elinor's face had come a look of pain, for these words to a conscience such as hers were as so many stabs. Pats frowned. Still clasping the fingers that had slid among his own, and with a slight upward movement of the chin, he took one step forward toward the prelate. But before he could speak the Princess acted

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quickly, to avert a scene. In a vivacious, off-hand manner, yet with a certain easy authority, she said, smiling pleasantly in turn upon her three listeners:

"You speak of a convent? Ah, your Grace forgets something! Religion is a mighty thing. We all know that. But there is one thing mightier—and here are two of its victims. 'Tis the thing that makes the world go round. You know what it is. Oh, yes, you know! And it has made archbishops go round, too; even Popes—and many times! And when once it gets you—well! *il s'en moque de la réligion et de touts les Saints*—for it has a heaven of its own. Moreover, we must not forget, your Grace and I, that this unconventional gentleman——"

Here she turned a mirthful glance upon Pats and his rags, and he smiled as his eyes met hers—

"That our unconventional gentleman has already tried to give his life for this girl. Moreover, he will do it again, whenever necessary, and she is not likely to forget it."

Indeed not, if truth was in the look that came to Elinor's eyes.

"Princess," said the Archbishop, "this is not a matter for argument. It is a question to be decided by the lady's own conscience."

"But I have made no promise," said Elinor. "I told Father Burke it was my intention to enter a convent. It was merely the expression of a wish—not in the nature of a binding promise."

"But to me," said Pats, smiling pleasantly upon the Archbishop, "she *did* make a binding promise—a very definite promise of a matrimonial nature. If she enters a convent—I go, too."

Thereupon the Princess laughed—a gentle, merry laugh, spontaneous and involuntary. "A nunnery with a bridal chamber! *Fi, l'horreur!* Imagine the effect on the other sisters!"

At this utterance the Archbishop closed his eyes in reprobation. Then, with a paternal air he regarded Elinor. "Dear lady, I have no desire to argue, or to persuade you against your wishes—or against the wishes of your friends. Pardon me if I have appeared insistent. I only ask that you will not forget that our Church is your Church—that in sorrow and in trouble, and at all times, her arms are open to you."

Then, addressing the Princess: "I am the bearer of a message from Jacques Lafenestre. The baggage is aboard, and the yacht can sail whenever Your Highness is ready."

With a ceremonious bow—ceremoniously returned by the group before him—his Grace strode slowly away toward the little path that led to the beach. The Princess also—after handing to Pats the key of the house—moved away in the direction of the two graves, promising the lovers another half hour for their parting visit to the cottage. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she stopped and wheeled about as if moved by a sudden thought.

"You know well the tapestry that screens the chamber. The scene in the Garden of Eden?"

Both nodded; and Pats exclaimed: "The most entertaining work of art I have ever seen!"

"I give it for my wedding present, so that Madame Pats may have a portrait of her husband as he appeared when first I met him."

With a smile and a nod she turned away and the jaunty figure was soon lost among the trees.

Once more alone, Pats and Elinor turned and looked into each other's eyes; and both discovered an overflowing happiness that choked all words—and all attempt at words.

Pats opened his arms. As of old, she entered, and the familiar rite was observed.

The surrounding silence remained unbroken. But in the murmuring of the pines, in that floating music now dear to both, there came to the reunited lovers a subdued but universal rejoicing—felicitations from above.

THE END.

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H. W. Halleck.
Major-General, 1862-1864.

U. S. Grant.
General, 1864-1869.

George B. McClellan.
Major-General, 1861-1862.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1861-1869.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

THIRD PAPER

Infantry Private Campaign Dress, Civil War.

IN the winter of 1860-61 the authorized strength of the army was 1,083 officers and 11,848 men, and its actual strength was about ten per cent. less. The troops were widely scattered, occupying seventy-nine posts and twenty-three arsenals. The 2d Artillery was in New York, New England, and along the lakes; part of the 1st Artillery was in the Southern and Gulf forts; all the rest of the army was beyond the Mississippi. One regiment of cavalry, one of artillery, and two of infantry were on the Pacific coast. The remaining thirteen regiments were stationed at small posts of a few companies each, extending from Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, to Fort Brown, in Texas, and from Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, to Fort Mojave, in that part of New Mexico which is now Arizona. Scott was in command, with the rank of brevet lieutenant-general and head-quarters in New York, having declined to remain in Washington in consequence of a quarrel with Jefferson Davis, when Secretary of War; the three brigadier-generals were Wool, Twiggs, and Harney, commanding departments, with head-quarters respectively at Troy, N. Y., San Antonio, Tex., and St. Louis, Mo. The four other departments, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and California, were commanded by Colonels Fauntleroy, Cooke, Sumner, and A. S. Johnston, respectively. There was no retired list, and the colonels of artillery and infantry were old men, all but three of them having come into the service during the War of 1812 or earlier, and they were nearly all incapacitated for active service. The majors and captains, on the other hand, were in the prime of life, a majority of them graduates of West Point, and all of them well-trained soldiers with long experience on the frontier and in the Mexican War. The lieutenants were made up of the graduates subsequent to the Mexican War, and of those appointed from civil life on the enlargement of the Army in 1855.

Of the 32,000,000 people in the coun-

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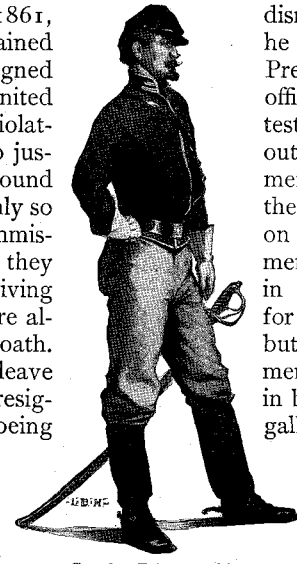
try in 1860, a little more than one-fourth resided in the eleven States which seceded. About the same proportion of officers resigned in the first six months of 1861, the exact number of resignations being 269 and of dismissals twenty-six. A few of these resigned in January and February, but the majority of them only after their States had adopted ordinances of secession. Nearly all the Southern officers appointed from civil life went with their States, but, to the honor of West Point, of the 330 of its graduates appointed from Southern States, who were in service at the beginning of 1861, 162 or nearly one-half remained loyal. The officers who resigned and took arms against the United States, when accused of violating their oaths, attempted to justify themselves on the ground that the oath was binding only so long as they held the commission, and in proof of this they cited the fact that on receiving a new commission they were always required to take a new oath. They claimed the right to leave the service whenever their resignations were accepted, and being out of the service to have the same right as any other Southerner. None of them went over to the enemy while still in service, with two infamous exceptions, Twiggs and Lynde. Twiggs had been nearly fifty years in the service, had served with distinction in the War of 1812, the Florida War, the war with Mexico, and the subsequent Indian campaigns. He was now a brigadier-general, with only Scott and Wool senior to him; he commanded the Department of Texas, with all or parts of six regiments, numbering about 2,500 men—about one-fourth of the army. When Texas seceded in February, 1861, the Confederate Convention appointed commissioners to treat with Twiggs, and to them he basely surrendered all the troops under his command and all the public property in his department. The troops were paroled and were sent in detachments to the coast to embark for the North; but before this was effected Sumter had been fired upon, and the detachments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, captured, and held as prisoners until they could be exchanged in the following years.



Cavalry Private, 1863.

Lynde was major of the 7th Infantry, in command of the regiment and of Fort Fillmore on the Rio Grande, forty miles above El Paso. On July 20, 1861, he was attacked by an inferior force of Confederates to whom he surrendered his entire command without resistance. Twiggs was dismissed from the service on March 1st, in the last days of Buchanan's administration; and Lynde was dismissed in November, although he was subsequently restored by President Johnson in 1866. The officers of the 7th Infantry protested against the surrender without avail; they then cut the regimental colors from the staff, tore them in pieces and secreted them on their persons. When the regiment came North after exchange in November, 1861, application for a new set of colors was made, but it was refused, until the regiment should regain its good name in battle. This it did with great gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and a new set of colors was furnished and presented with suitable ceremonies.

The resignation of so many officers, and the capture of so large a force in Texas, in a measure disorganized the army. A portion of it was retained on the plains for Indian service, but the greater part of it was gradually brought East and attached to the armies in the field. The artillery was used principally as light batteries, and the dragoons and mounted riflemen were henceforth called cavalry; there was a regular brigade of cavalry and one of infantry in the Army of the Potomac, and similar brigades in the Western armies. Officers were allowed to accept volunteer commissions, and the detachments for this purpose, combined with the casualties of the service, reduced the number of officers present for duty until regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants. On May 3, 1861, the President issued an order, adding to the army

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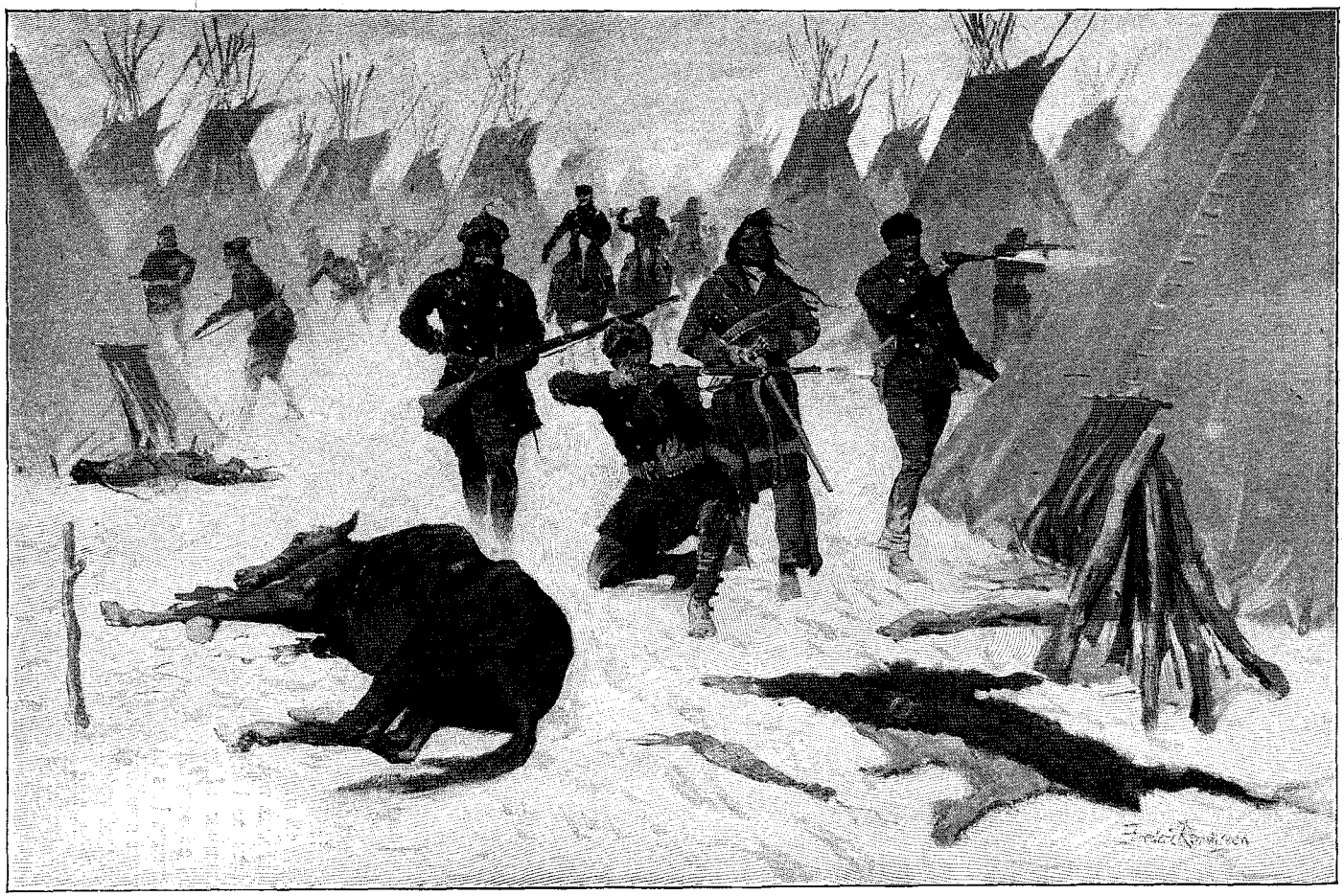

Drawn by Frederic Remington.

The Defeat of "Crazy Horse" by Colonel Miles, January, 1877.

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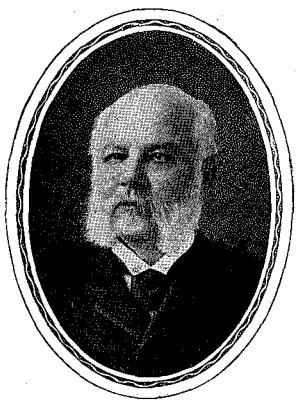
W. T. Sherman.
General, 1869-1883.



John M. Schofield.
Lieutenant-General, 1888-1895.

P. H. Sheridan.
Lieutenant-General, 1883-1888.

Nelson A. Miles.
Lieutenant-General, now in command.

Generals who Commanded the Army from 1869 to the Present Time.

one regiment of cavalry, one of artillery, and nine of infantry. The new regiments had three battalions each, and with the increase in the enlisted strength of some of the old regiments carried the total authorized strength to 2,404 officers and 41,158 men. But enlistment in the regulars was not as popular as in the volunteers, and at no period of the war was the number of regulars on the rolls as great as 26,000, and those present for duty were always less than 20,000. These numbers were swallowed up and lost in the mighty host of volunteers by whom the war was fought, and the service performed by the regular army in the great conflict was chiefly to furnish officers for the volunteer commands in the line and the all-important posts in the staff departments.

The first call for volunteers was synonymous with the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. It was issued on April 15, 1861, under the provisions of the militia law of 1795. It called for 75,000 men to serve three months. More than double the number instantly responded and over 91,000 were actually mustered under this call. But within ten days from the time it had been issued the President realized that it would not be sufficient and began the preparation of a second call, which was issued on May 3d. Confidently relying upon the approval of his acts by Congress as soon as it could convene, the President assumed the authority to call for 42,000 volunteers to serve three years, and to increase the regular army to the extent above mentioned. When Congress met in July these acts of the President were immediately approved, ratified, and confirmed; and other acts were passed authorizing him to call for 500,000 volun-

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teers, and appropriating $500,000,000 for the expenses of the war. In pursuance of this and similar legislation of the following years additional calls were issued from time to time. Under these various calls the number of men actually mustered in for three years service, as reported by the Provost Marshal General, was as follows:

July, 1861	657,868
July, 1862	421,465
October, 1863	369,380
March, 1864	292,193
July, 1864	153,049
December, 1864	54,967
From Southern States and Territories	166,848
Total for three years	2,115,770

Volunteers were also accepted from time to time for periods varying from sixty days to four years, amounting in the aggregate to 500,647 men. In special emergencies the militia were called out in successive years for periods of service ranging from one to six months; in the aggregate these amounted to more than 200,000 men. About 186,000 colored troops were enlisted. Excluding the regulars and a portion of the colored troops not specifically credited to the different States and Territories, the Provost Marshal General reported the total number of men furnished under all the calls as 2,859,132, the equivalent of 2,320,272 reduced to a three years standard.

The number of men on the rolls at different periods was as follows:

July, 1861	186,751
March, 1862	637,126
January, 1863	918,191
January, 1864	860,737
May, 1865	1,000,516

The percentage present, during the active years of the war, reached its maximum of nearly 700,000 in January, 1863; in January, 1865, only 621,000, were present out of a total of 960,000, the accumulation of wounded, sick, prisoners, and missing having steadily increased. Of those present, the number ready for duty on the firing-line was probably not over two-thirds, the remaining one-third being occupied as teamsters, cooks, hospital attendants, and in the many other duties incidental to movements of an army exclusive of fighting. As a striking illustration of the difference between paper strength and fighting strength in a war of such vast dimensions, covering such an enormous territory, Dr. J. W. Draper quotes a letter from "one of the greatest and most successful of the generals," in which he points out that at the close of hostilities in 1865 there were 1,050,000 men on the rolls and only 262,000 present for duty in the active fighting armies of Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others. "Where were all the rest? Guarding thousands of miles of sea-coast, rivers, and roads, guarding prisoners, and acting as provost guards, or loafing about the country. I do not mention this in criticism, but to show how in war such vast expenses do occur, and how often the country overestimates the exact strength of armies from the official returns. At no single time during the late Civil War—not even in 1864, the time of greatest pressure—do I believe that fifty per cent. of the men drawing pay as soldiers were actually within striking distance of the enemy. To this cause may be traced some of the worst failures, when the Government and people behind pushed their officers 'on,' supposing that figures could handle muskets and fight battles."

It is interesting to note the difference between the manner of calling out men to fight in the Revolution and in the Civil War. In the Revolution, as previously stated, the army was discharged and renewed nine times over; in the Civil War the number of enlistments was only three times the average number on the rolls, and this was due more to the enormous losses than to short service, for the great bulk of the enlistments were for three years. In all the debates of 1861–65 there is no reference to the dangers of a standing army, with long enlistments; on the contrary, the whole legislation was expressly designed to secure the largest number of men for the longest period of time. Similarly there was no manifestation of contempt or jealousy for the army, as there was in the Revolution, but the warmest expressions of gratitude for the patriotic services of the men, and the bestowal of the highest honors upon the successful commanders. When the war ended the army did not melt away and slink home in small detachments, but so much of it as could be was gathered at Washington

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for a grand review, forming one of the most impressive military pageants of the century. Some timid souls did indeed express their fears that there might be trouble in getting rid of the million of men under arms in 1865, but their fears were groundless. The regiments were transported to their respective States in an orderly manner, mustered out in an incredibly short space of time, but with every military formality, and the men were then absorbed in the mass of the community destined all their lives to receive honor and consideration for the inestimable services they had rendered and of which they were justly proud and conscious, but having no interests apart from those of other good citizens. The whole tone of public sentiment in regard to armies had completely changed between 1776 and 1865.

The raising of the regiments was confided to the States, each of which maintained an elaborate staff system under direction of its adjutant-general. In the States the men were recruited, organized, uniformed, armed and equipped, the officers appointed, and the preliminary drills established. Then the regiment was turned over to a federal mustering officer, mustered into the United States service, and thenceforth became a part of the army, supported by the federal government, subject to the Articles of War and in every respect upon the same footing as the regulars, except that its officers were always appointed and promoted by the governor of the State. From such regiments the great armies were formed, subdivided into corps, divisions, and brigades, the general and staff officers being appointed by the President. At the head of the War Department was a Secretary (Stanton) of intense earnestness of purpose, not infrequently unjust to individuals, but devoting his whole soul, with tremendous energy, to the gigantic task of suppressing the rebellion; and above him a President who stands out among the very few pre-eminently great men of all time, bringing to the study of purely military questions his extraordinary common-sense and often arriving at conclusions more correct than those of some of his best generals.

Whatever were McClellan's defects as a commander in the field, by universal consent he is acknowledged to have rendered great service in organizing the armies in the East. Never after Bull Run was an attempt made to fight battles with untrained militia or short service men; these were occasionally called out for guarding specific points at critical moments, but for the actual fighting the reliance was placed on the three years' volunteers, who after their first engagements became veterans, the equals of any who ever fought.

The campaigns and battles were on a scale of surpassing magnitude. There were more than a score of single battles, sometimes extending over several days, in each of which the losses in killed and wounded on the Federal side were greater than the aggregate of all our losses in all our other wars combined. How paltry seem the 5,000 killed and wounded in the War of 1812, or the war in Mexico, or the war with Spain, compared with the 14,000 at Shiloh, 15,000 at the Chickahominy, 13,000 at Antietam, the same at Fredericksburg, 16,000 at Chancellorsville, 23,000 at Gettysburg, 16,000 at Chickamauga, 37,000 in the Wilderness, and 26,000 at Spottsylvania. The grand aggregate of destruction fairly staggers the imagination, accustomed as we have been for more than a generation to the figures: 93,000 killed by bullets, 186,000 killed by disease, 25,000 dead from other causes—a grand total of 304,000, about one in nine of every man who wore the uniform.

In no other war in all time has such respect been paid to the dead. Immediately after its close the Secretary of War was directed by Congress "to secure suitable burial-places, and to have these grounds enclosed, so that the resting-places of the honored dead may be kept sacred forever." In seventy-nine separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the Civil War are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on a fixed day has become a national custom. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks marked by the white headstones, on nearly half of which is inscribed "unknown." The world may be searched in vain for anything similar or kindred; there is no other such impressive sight.

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On fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Such is the inscription at the gate of every one of the national cemeteries.

Indicating the magnitude of the struggle in another way, is the long list of battles, combats, and engagements; excluding mere skirmishes, which in another war would have been noted, the total number of engagements was 2,261; and of these nearly 2,000 were in the 1,096 days of 1862–63–64; an average of almost two a day, week in and week out for three long years. Before their term of enlistment expired men in the ranks began to dream of home and family and friends as of something remote in the past, like ancient history, and as unlikely to form part of their surroundings in the future as the arrival of the millennium; they came to think that they themselves had never led any other life than their present one of tramping through the mud, sleeping on the wet ground with a flimsy piece of shelter tent over their heads, walking up and down a sentry's post during the long watches of the night, firing hostile bullets at their fellow-men and receiving wounds from them. They almost forgot that there was any other kind of food but fat pork, stringy beef, and hardtack; any other drink but strong coffee, any other kind of cup but one of tin. The end of the war seemed as far away as the end of a long life to a young man, or farther; and in their nightmare they saw themselves condemned through endless years to continue in the treadmill of their monotonous suffering, until finally their time should come to drop dead, as they had seen so many of their comrades, or to pass out of the army by way of the hospital, leaving an arm or a leg there. There have been longer wars, but never one of such length sustained with such unflagging and intense energy, by such a multitude of men.

The campaigns of the war can only be briefly referred to here. In the East they were marked by continuous desperate fighting, confined to a comparatively small area, yielding no positively decisive results on either side until the end; in the West, by marches of extraordinary length, accompanied with fighting at times equally desperate but not so continuous, producing much more decisive results in the capture of successive armies, the gaining of territory, splitting the Confederacy in twain on a north and south line, and then dividing the eastern segment on an east and west line, cutting a wide path through its interior and destroying its strength and resources.

In the East the northern limit of Confederate advance was on the Susquehanna, and the southern limit of final Federal victory was on the Appomattox; from Harrisburg to Lynchburg the distance is only 250 miles; from the Alleghanies to the Chesapeake the average distance is only 150 miles. In all Europe, with its centuries of warfare, there is no tract of equal size—not even that of which Leipzig is the centre—which has been so drenched with the blood of soldiers. Beginning at Bull Run under McDowell in 1861, driven back to Washington; then a grand flank movement by the Peninsula under McClellan in 1862, arriving within sight of Richmond only to be driven back and return to the starting-point on the Potomac; then fighting under Pope at Bull Run again in 1862, to be again driven back to Washington; next, once more under McClellan, arresting the northern advance of Lee at the bloody battle of Antietam; then resuming the offensive under Burnside at Fredericksburg, and being repulsed with horrible slaughter; a few months later the same result under Hooker at Chancellorsville; then under Meade, stopping Lee's second northern invasion in July, 1863, at Gettysburg, the "high-water mark of the rebellion"; finally starting forward in the spring of 1864 under Grant, never again to turn back, but to suffer almost unprecedented carnage in the six weeks before reaching the James; then nine months of trench digging and daily fighting, varied by a side issue in the Shenandoah Valley where Sheridan won undying fame, until Lee's lines were stretched to the breaking point and he was compelled to leave them, when Grant almost instantly crushed and captured his army in the spring of 1865—this was what the Army of the Potomac did and accomplished.

In the West the course of events was dissimilar. Serious work did not begin until the spring of 1862, when Grant left

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the Ohio and broke into the Confederacy by the line of the Tennessee, capturing the army at Fort Donelson and being brought to a standstill by the bloody battle of Shiloh, where he was joined by Buell's army, and where A. S. Johnston finally terminated his career by death on the battle-field. Then Halleck took command of both Grant's and Buell's armies, but, lacking initiative and aggressive energy, first let his enemy escape at Corinth and then scattered his own army, the largest ever assembled in the West, in various directions and himself came East to succeed McClellan as general-in-chief. For the balance of the year 1862, the advance in the West was arrested, Bragg leading Buell back almost to Louisville and then being himself driven back to Georgia, fighting meanwhile severe battles at Perryville and Stone River; and Grant engaged in inconclusive movements in western Tennessee and engagements at Iuka and Corinth. But in the spring of 1863, the advance was resumed again down the Mississippi by Grant, and after several unsuccessful attempts to reach Vicksburg he marched past it on the opposite bank, then recrossed the river, abandoned his communications, and by a campaign as bold as it was brilliant divided his adversaries, defeated Johnston on the east and drove Pemberton on the west into Vicksburg, where he compelled his surrender—the second army captured by Grant. In the previous year Farragut had captured New Orleans, and while Grant was operating against Vicksburg Banks was besieging Port Hudson, the remaining confederate station on the Mississippi. Both fell on July 4, 1863, and then, in Lincoln's language, "the Father of Waters again went unvexed to the sea." The Confederacy being thus sundered Grant hastened back to southern Tennessee where Rosecrans, after being defeated by Bragg in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, was besieged in Chattanooga. Grant raised the siege, and in a series of battles during the latter part of November, 1863, drove Bragg back into Georgia and almost destroyed his army. Grant was then called East to the chief command, and Sherman, who had served under him since Shiloh, took up his work in the West. In the spring of 1864, he alternately outmanœuvred and fought Johnston, forcing him down to Atlanta, and then cutting loose from his base in the West he marched to the sea at Savannah; thence he turned north and compelled the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina barely 100 miles south of Appomattox. From Atlanta, Hood had escaped around Sherman and marched north into Tennessee, but at Nashville, on December 16, 1864, Thomas destroyed him. From the mouth of the Tennessee River, whence Grant started in January, 1862, to Raleigh, where Sherman ended in April, 1865, the Western army had made a great circuit of about 1,500 miles; occasionally receding but almost constantly advancing, and fighting nearly all the way. There were regiments in the 15th and 17th Army Corps which had been in every movement from Donelson to Raleigh, and the aggregate of whose marches during the three intervening years was not less than 4,000 miles.

In so gigantic a conflict the number of generals was in itself a very considerable force. There were 2,537 of them, including brevet rank, almost as large a body as the army with which Taylor began the invasion of Mexico. Omitting the brevets as a mere form of compliment in reward for gallant or distinguished services, nearly 1,400 of them having been conferred on March 13, 1865, the actual number of appointments to the position of general officer was 736. Of these 139 were major-generals, 11 in the regulars and 128 in the volunteers; and 597 were brigadier-generals, 36 in the regulars and 561 in the volunteers. The first appointments to the highest rank in 1861 were of prominent and distinguished citizens, men of wide experience in civil affairs but devoid of military training, such as Dix, Banks, Butler, and E. D. Morgan, but this plan was soon abandoned and the appointments of generals were confined, with rare exceptions, to men who had served with distinction in the army either before the war or since its inception. Once appointed, advancement depended on the value of the services rendered and results accomplished, as estimated by public opinion and the judgment of Lincoln and Stanton. Many were tried and found wanting; they were quietly set aside on

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waiting orders or in unimportant posts until the close of the war permitted their discharge. Those who succeeded were rapidly advanced. The results of this natural selection, made in the fiery school of war itself, are indicated with a fair degree of accuracy in the Army Register of 1866, where Grant appears as general-in-chief, Sherman as lieutenant-general, Halleck, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, and Hancock as major-generals, McDowell, Rosecrans, Cooke, Pope, Hooker, Schofield, Howard, Terry, Ord, and Canby as brigadiers. All of these had been army commanders. Mansfield, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Kearny, and Reno had been killed in battle, C. F. Smith, Sumner, and Buford had died. McClellan, Frémont, and Buell had resigned in 1864, Logan and Slocum in 1865.

The office of general-in-chief was held by Scott until his retirement from age and infirmities, after fifty-three years of active service, in November, 1861; it was then conferred upon McClellan until his failure on the Peninsula, when Halleck took his place in July, 1862; he was relieved by Grant and became chief of staff to the latter in the spring of 1864. Of the four, Grant was the only one equal to the stupendous task. His position as a great soldier, in the same class with Marlborough, Frederick, Wellington and Moltke, is now firmly established, in spite of adverse criticism. At Donelson he forced the surrender of an army nearly as large as his own by the skill and energy of his movements; his campaign against Vicksburg will bear comparison with Napoleon's campaign of 1796 in Italy, the classic of the military text-books; as a tactician his handling of his men on the field of Chattanooga was unsurpassed; and his campaign from the Rapidan to the James in 1864 was not the application of mere superiority of brute force, but was a series of flanking movements and vigorous attacks, remarkable for the skill with which they were executed in view of the topography of the country. He made mistakes—no general ever escaped them—the chief of which was the assault at Cold Harbor, and he frankly acknowledged this. His principal lieutenants, the commanders of the principal armies, reached their places, as he did his, by merit and selection, in which his sound judgment of military men was an important factor — Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, McPherson, Hancock, Schofield, Howard, Logan, Slocum—they were all justly famous for a successful campaign or for a great victory in battle.

The soldiers on the Confederate side were in no way inferior in military ability, and, considering their resources, in success; Lee, the two Johnstons, Jackson, Bragg, Hood, Longstreet, Early, were worthy antagonists of the army commanders on the Federal side; and they were all from the same school of the old army, graduates of West Point, veterans of Mexico and the Indian campaigns. They had the disadvantage of inferior numbers and resources, but this was practically neutralized by their interior lines, shorter communications, and the advantage of the defensive in a country whose topography was peculiarly favorable to defensive operations. Lee twice tried the offensive in the East, and Bragg and Hood did the same in the West, and all failed; but on the defensive they showed extraordinary skill and ability.

The million of volunteers on the rolls in April, 1865, were nearly all mustered out in less than six months. A constantly diminishing force of them was retained in service until the summer of 1866.

The peace establishment of the regular army was fixed by the act of July 28, 1866, at ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, forty-five of infantry, one battalion of engineers, and the staff departments—in all 3,036 officers and 51,605 men. In 1869 this was reduced by disbanding twenty regiments of infantry and consolidating them in the remaining twenty-five; in 1874, the number of enlisted men in each company of artillery and infantry was reduced so as to bring the total number of enlisted men down to 25,000, and in 1876 the number of officers was reduced to 2,150. These numbers remained practically unchanged until the war with Spain.

The reorganization of 1866 was practically the creation of a new army. Death and resignation of the officers, and expiration of service of the men, had left of the old army barely 450 officers and perhaps 2,000 men; the new army was to consist of over 3,000 officers and 50,000 men. Some of the regiments when the new army

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was organized contained not an officer or man who had been in the service prior to 1861, and outside of the artillery no regiments had more than the field officers and a few captains from the old army. The 450 officers, however, were all officers of experience, the greater part of them graduates of West Point; the old regiments had their traditions and history—most important factors in any military body—and their organization had been continuous and unbroken. There was splendid material for the nucleus of the new force. The 2,500 new officers required by the law of 1866 were obtained almost entirely from meritorious officers of volunteers who were appointed to all grades from brigadier-general to second lieutenant, according to their age, and the positions they had filled during the war. Corps commanders became colonels, brigade commanders took new rank as majors and captains, and not a few who had commanded regiments of volunteers in battle (such as Corbin, MacArthur, and Young, now major-generals) accepted commissions as second lieutenants.

The influx of this new blood in such large quantities was in many respects beneficial to the army; the new officers had been trained in the great school of war on a large scale, they represented all parts of the country except the States lately in rebellion; and they had no sympathy with any narrow or exclusive views. They brought the army more closely in touch with the people at large, than it had ever been before. On the other hand it was inevitable that in making so large a number of appointments there should have been some mistakes, and some improper selections were made. The opportunity to rectify this came in the reduction of 1869 and 1870, when nearly 750 officers had to be discharged. Some resigned and others were retired on account of wounds. The selection of the remaining number who were to be dropped out with a year's pay, was made on the recommendation of a board of officers of high rank and unimpeachable character, familiarly known from its cleansing qualities as the "Benzine Board." These officers made a searching examination of the record, qualifications and habits of every officer in the army, and on the result of this examination based their recommendations, which, with very few exceptions, were carried into effect. The inferior material was thus literally wiped out, the officers who were retained being of high character as well as of ample military knowledge and experience. The influx of graduates from West Point also soon began to have its effect, the number of graduates between 1865 and 1898, inclusive, being more than 1,800. The character of the rank and file at first left much to be desired. It was difficult to secure recruits, and in order to fill up the ranks it became necessary to enlist recent emigrants of a low class, many of whom could hardly speak English. Year by year, however, this improved. Improvements were made in the pay, the clothing, the rations and messing arrangements, and in everything which pertained to the soldier's comfort, health, and morals. A small number of promotions from the ranks encouraged enlistments of a higher order of men, and finally the hard times succeeding 1893 induced many young men of a most desirable class to think of service in the ranks of the army. The number who applied was so large that it was possible to make careful selections, barely one-third of the applicants being accepted, and these being all American citizens, able to read and write, and bringing evidence of good moral character. The improvement had reached its highest point when the war with Spain broke out, and no more carefully selected and highly trained body of men ever carried arms than those who sailed to Santiago in June, 1898. It is doubtful if they were ever equalled.

The cavalry and infantry regiments of the new army under the law of 1866 were sent west of the Mississippi as rapidly as they were organized and officered, and the army again returned to its task of civilizing the great West. As we have seen, the years between the Revolution and the War of 1812 were occupied in subduing the Indians in the Northwest, in what is now Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Between the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico, the Indian troubles were in the South —in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. The problem had been solved at all points east of the Mississippi before the outbreak of

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the war with Mexico. After that war attention was turned to the country beyond the Mississippi, but in the twelve years intervening before the Civil War the settlements were comparatively small in number and the work of the army was largely that of exploring the country in all its parts. But after the Civil War the task of subduing the country and its savage tribes was taken up in earnest by millions of settlers, under the protection of the army. The construction of the transcontinental railroads began immediately after the war, and the first of them was opened to traffic in 1869. It ran through the best hunting-grounds of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, cutting the great buffalo herd in two. Close behind the construction of the track came white settlers in large numbers. The Indians quickly grasped the meaning of this, and saw how it would affect their future. They determined to fight; and they continued fighting at intervals for nearly thirty years. Their subjugation was barely completed at the outbreak of the war with Spain.

Beginning with the massacre of the garrison of Fort Phil Kearny in 1866, the hostilities extended over Kansas and Nebraska in 1868, during which occurred Forsyth's unique engagement with the Cheyennes on the Republican River; and Sheridan and Custer in the following winter showed that our troops could carry on an active campaign amid the blinding snows of winter, and with the temperature below zero. In 1870 the Piegans in Montana were so severely punished by Baker that they have never since given trouble. In 1876 came the great war with the Sioux, in which Custer lost his life and nearly the whole of his regiment at the little Big Horn; and Crook, Miles, Mackenzie, Merritt, and Otis fought and dispersed the followers of Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and other chiefs, who had gathered together the largest force of hostile Indians ever assembled in the West. The next year, Chief Joseph, with a small band, took the war-path on the Pacific Coast, and then conducted a running fight through Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana, being finally captured at the Bear's Paw Mountain on the Missouri River. In Arizona there was almost incessant fighting from 1870 to 1887, the fierce Apaches refusing to live on the reservations, or to abstain from murder and robbery. From the inaccessible cañons, where they lived, and over the alkaline deserts which adjoined them, they hunted the white settlers and small bodies of troops as the tiger hunts his prey, and in time the troops learned to hunt them in similar fashion, and to equal them in craft. In five years' service in Arizona one regiment had ninety-seven engagements with the Indians, and another marched more than 6,400 miles.

In addition to these larger operations there were almost countless scouts and marches, necessary to keep the Indians in subjection and force them to live on the reservations. From 1866 to 1892 there was not a year, and hardly a three months, in which there was not some expedition against the Indians in the vast region west of the Mississippi, and between the Canadian and Mexican borders.

In these long years of scouting and fighting on the Western plains and mountains the army rendered inestimable service as the advance agent of civilization, protecting the settlement of a vast region more than twice as large as the country east of the Mississippi River, the greatest grain-producing and meat-producing area, and containing the richest mines, in the world. Its services have not been requited and have hardly been appreciated, but as time goes on and these great States are filled with the millions of people they are capable of supporting, the work of the army during the thirty years following the Civil War will receive due credit as a factor of the first importance in bringing the United States to its present commanding position among the great powers of the world.

The life was one of hardship, differing in every respect from the life of the East. It bred in the officers the habit of command and self-reliance, for even the youngest officers were constantly in command of scouting parties; it taught them the practical duties of their profession in a way that they could never learn in garrison, and it inculcated in them the sentiment that the faithful performance of duty, regardless of danger or suffering, is the highest aim of a soldier, and the consciousness of having done this is his great-

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est reward. The results of all this were clearly shown in the war with Spain.

In addition to its strictly military duties the army has been entrusted during the last generation with other duties of the highest importance. The Engineer Corps has been charged with the conduct of all the great public works of a national character, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the construction of forts and public buildings, the explorations and surveys of the West, the demarcation of the national boundary lines on the north and on the south, the construction of light-houses on the sea and lake coasts, the hydrographic survey of the great lakes, and the conduct of astronomical expeditions. The sums expended on these great works are counted by the hundreds of millions of dollars, and while efforts have frequently been made to transfer these functions to civil departments of the Government, yet the confidence in the integrity and efficiency with which they have been administered by the army officers in charge is so great and so universal that all such propositions for a change have been rejected. The officers of the army have also for many years past furnished a constantly increasing number of instructors in military art and science at colleges and schools, thus disseminating the elements of military knowledge among the youth of the land as part of their general education. In recent years officers of the army have also been detailed to the various States for service with their National Guard or organized militia, and have been largely instrumental in bringing the State regiments to their present high state of efficiency, so widely different from the inefficiency which characterized the militia from the Revolution to the War of 1812.

The gradual cessation of Indian hostilities after 1885, the opening up of the Western country by railroads, and the growth of large cities even in the heart of the Far West, caused the frontier finally to disappear; and made it possible to concentrate the troops in comparatively large garrisons in the vicinity of cities, whence they could be rapidly transported by rail to any point where hostilities might break out, either on the plains or elsewhere. To this concentration General Sheridan gave unremitting thought and attention while in command of the army during the last few years of his life. At these stations were built permanent barracks of the most modern and approved type, not excelled by any thing of the kind to be found in other countries. There was a startling contrast between these surroundings and the "dug outs" in which officers and men and even their families had lived just after the Civil War, at stations remote from every trace of civilization, where the mail arrived but once in two months during the long winters. The concentration of comparatively large bodies of troops at a single post made it possible to conduct drills and practice marches in a way to supplement the military instruction gained in the Indian campaigns. Schools of application were established to complete this education; for the Engineers in New York harbor, for the Artillery at Fort Monroe, for the Cavalry and Infantry at Fort Leavenworth, and for the light batteries at Fort Riley. The superior quality of intelligent American recruits led to the introduction of gymnastics and calisthenics, wall-climbing and gun-drill for the infantry, and rough riding for the cavalry, until in every cavalry regiment there was one or more troops who could hold their own in bareback performances with Buffalo Bill's cowboys. Practice at the rifle-range was not only made compulsory but was taken up with enthusiasm by the officers and men, with the result that in every company every man was a qualified marksman and a large number of them were sharpshooters. The ideal was at last fully realized about 1895 of an army small in numbers but most highly trained in every thing pertaining to their occupation; well educated officers, of unquestioned courage and high moral character; intelligent and thoroughly drilled men, every one an athlete in perfect health; and all, both officers and men, disciplined and subordinate, imbued with a loyalty to their country and their leaders which has never been surpassed. Their arms, equipments, and uniform were the very best that money, brains, and practical experience could devise.

Such was the superb little force of 25,000 men, constituting the United States Army in the spring of 1898.

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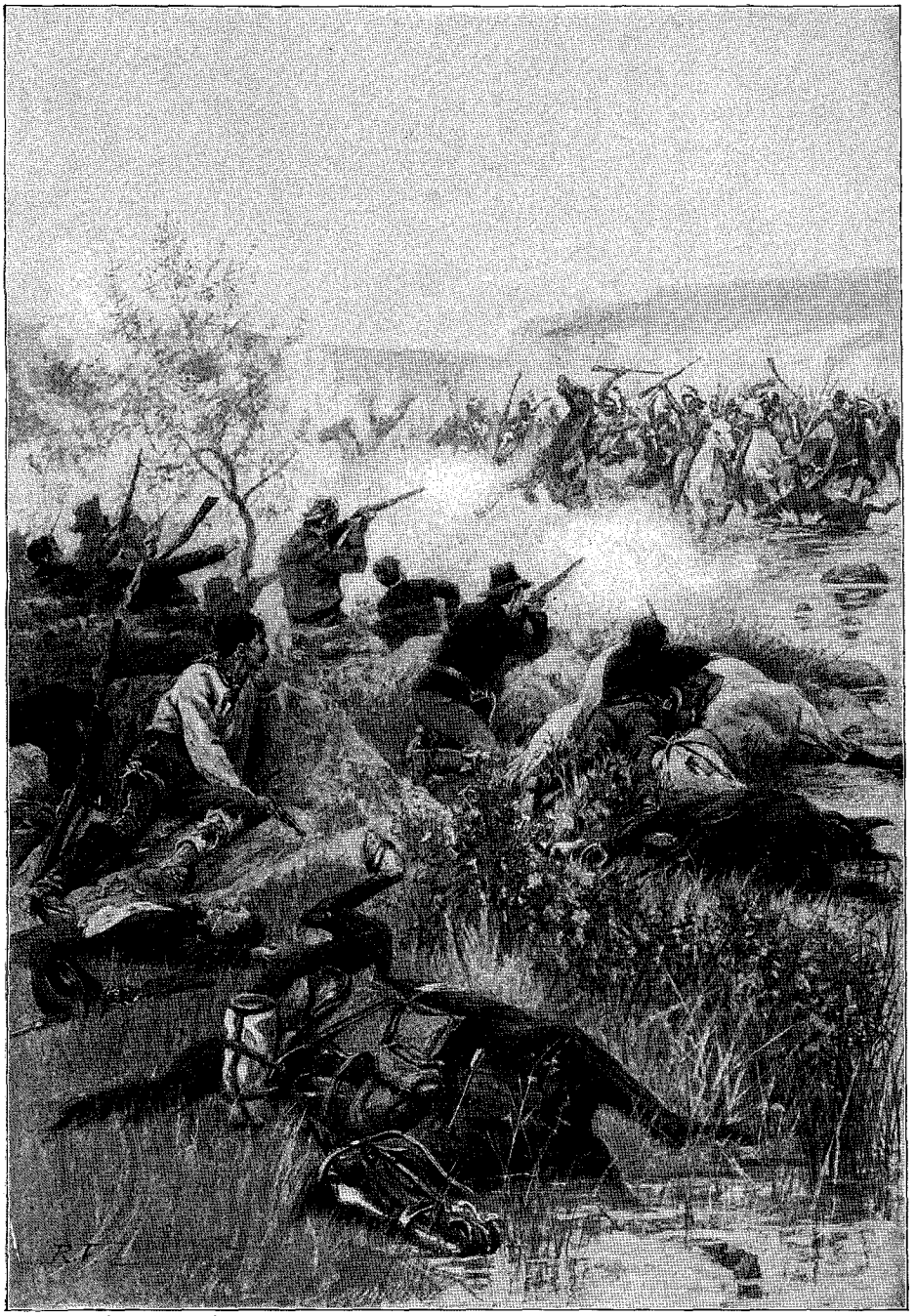

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

The Defeat of Roman Nose by Colonel Forsyth on the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, September, 1868.

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It was rudely disorganized during its brief campaign in the ensuing summer, but it accomplished the object for which it existed, and in a manner that commanded the applause of the entire world.

The Maine was blown up on February 15th, but the President continued his efforts to avert war, which was not declared until April 21st. In the interval Congress had passed an act (March 8th) adding two regiments of artillery to the army and providing for a three-battalion organization in all regiments; on March 9th it had passed a resolution appropriating $50,000,000 for the national defence, to be expended in the discretion of the President; and on April 15th, nearly all the regiments of cavalry and infantry were ordered by rail from their stations in the west and on the Pacific coast to New Orleans, Mobile, Tampa, and Chickamauga.

Cavalry Private, Indian Campaign, 1870.

Within a week after the declaration of war, Congress passed acts authorizing the President to call for volunteers to serve during the war not exceeding a period of two years, and increasing the regular army to 63,000 men by filling up the companies to their maximum strength. These were supplemented by the act of May 11th authorizing the raising of three regiments of volunteer engineers and ten regiments of immunes.

The first call for volunteers was made on April 23d for 125,000 men. They were practically all enlisted within thirty days, and on May 25th the second call was issued for 75,000 men. This call was substantially completed by July. In August the number of men under arms was 58,688 regulars and 216,029 volunteers, a total of 274,717, or an increase of about 250,000 since the declaration of war. The war was by this time already ended, and on August 18th orders were issued for mustering out 100,000 volunteers.

Of the volunteers who responded under the first call nearly one-half were National Guard regiments of the various States, which had long been thoroughly organized, uniformed, drilled, and equipped, and many of which had the traditions of service in the Civil War. They bore no resemblance to the militia of the War of 1812. The other volunteers were largely commanded by regular officers of long experience, and they were composed of splendid material.

There were three campaigns in the war, each very brief, and each remarkably brilliant and successful; each was conducted on foreign soil, involving movements across the ocean in improvised transports and for distances varying from 1,000 to over 7,000 miles. Each was conducted with the assistance and co-operation of the navy. The first, under Shafter, consisted of 16,000 men, eighty-five per cent. of whom were regulars, the flower of the army, containing no recruits. It sailed from Tampa, landed near Santiago, fought three engagements, conducted a brief siege, and within three weeks of the landing received the surrender of a Spanish army of 23,000 men. The second, under Merritt, consisted of 10,000 men, of whom three-fourths were volunteers. It proceeded from San Francisco on its long voyage across the Pacific in three detachments, landed within range of the enemy's guns at Manila, was engaged in constant skirmishes with the Spaniards, and within two weeks after the arrival of the third detachment captured the city of Manila and received the surrender of an army of 13,000 men. The third, under Miles, consisting of 10,000 men, sailed partly from Santiago and partly from Fort Monroe; it landed in Porto Rico, defeated the enemy in several minor engagements, and was about to compel the surrender of his army when its movements were arrested by the armistice of August 12th. The aggregate losses in the three campaigns were 280 killed and 1,579 wounded; of the latter less than five per cent. died. The deaths from disease were

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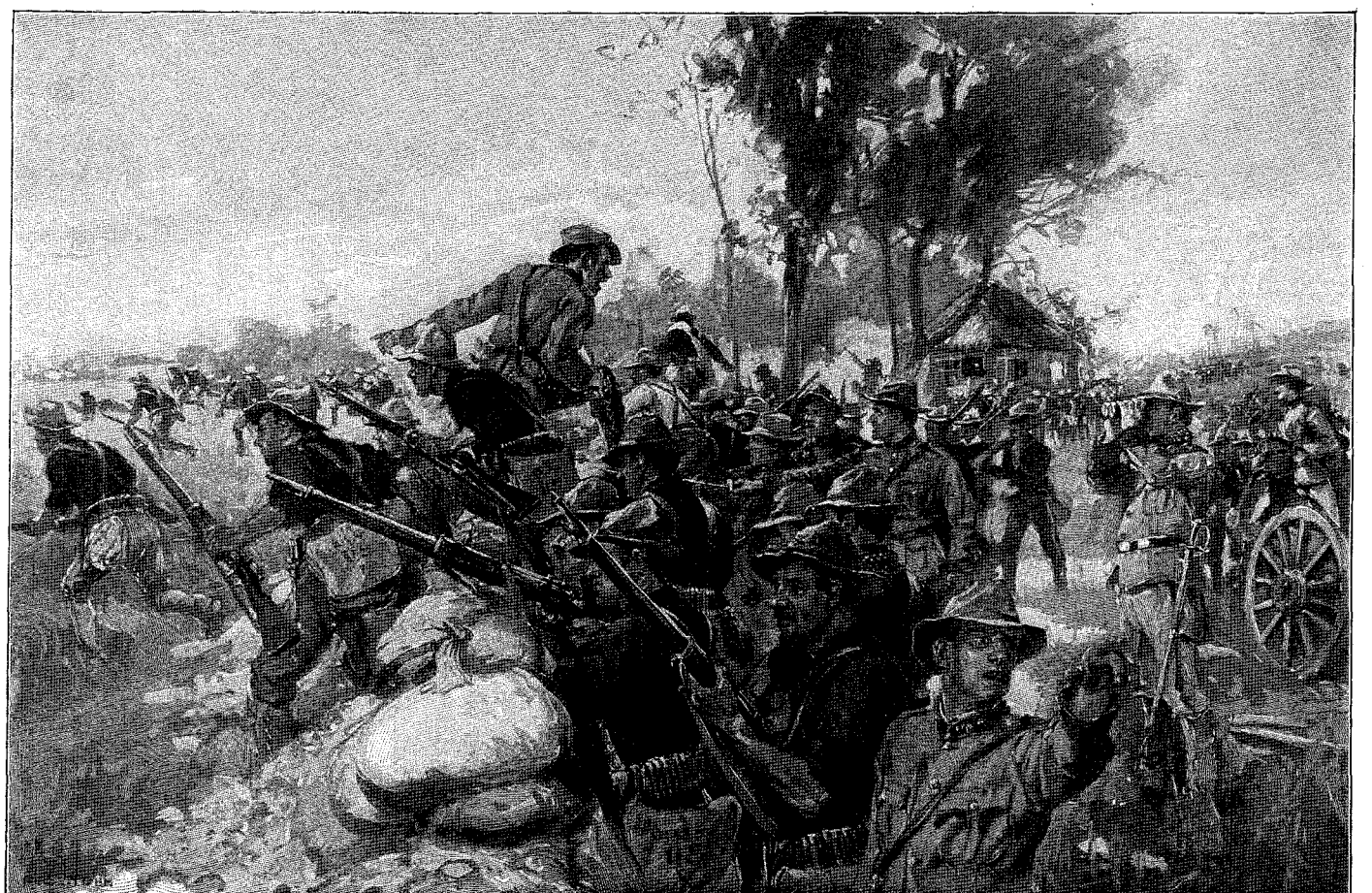

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of Manila.

The regulars advancing from their trenches on the morning of August 13, 1898.

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Cadet Private, 1901.

larger in proportion, and the total number of deaths between May 1st and September 30th, was 2,910. Not a prisoner, a gun, or a flag, had been lost. The three campaigns had all been conducted in the tropics, in climates usually considered deadly for Northern men, and in the very worst part of the rainy season.

The Navy surpassed even its brilliant record in the War of 1812, and in the two great battles of Manila and Santiago it sunk every hostile ship and practically destroyed the Spanish navy. The war was virtually terminated by the Protocol of August 12th, under the terms of which the Spanish troops were to evacuate Cuba and Porto Rico. There were more than 70,000 of them in the vicinity of Havana, which had not been brought into action.

There never was a war in which so many of the enemy were captured with such small loss to the captors; never one which, with so small an amount of hard fighting, brought about such profound and far-reaching political results.

The situation at Manila during the four month between the signing of the Protocol and the signing of the Treaty was in many respects without precedent; it was full of danger and difficulty, and contained all the elements of explosion. Within the walls were 13,000 Spanish prisoners, without the walls 20,000 United States troops, and just beyond the suburbs 15,000 armed Filipino insurgents. Spain had not yet surrendered the sovereignty nor expressed any willingness or intention to do so; the United States had not yet decided whether it would take over the islands or retire from them; an insurgent government had arisen under Aguinaldo, which, while it had no legal existence, and was not recognized by any nation, claimed dominion over the whole group. The Spanish Government had, however, ceased to exist not only in Manila, but at nearly all other points in the Philippines; the United States force were bound fast, by the terms of the Protocol, to the city, bay, and harbor of Manila and could make no move in the interior; Aguinaldo alone was free to act, and he made the best of his opportunity, setting up his despotic government at all points, using the taxing power to the full limit, and with the proceeds buying arms and ammunition abroad and shipping them into the islands through every port and landing-place except Manila.

The treaty of peace was signed on December 10th, and on the 21st the President put an end to this anomalous situation which had grown intolerable. In his proclamation of that date (promulgated by General Otis at Manila on January 5, 1899) he announced that the islands had been ceded to the United States and "the military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor, and bay of Manila is to be extended with all possible despatch to the whole of the ceded territory." The long delay had been interpreted by the Filipinos as an evidence of fear, and they had been forming their plans of attack with the intention of driving the Americans out of the islands. Within two days after the proclamation was issued these plans were perfected, but the execution of them was postponed until a favorable opportunity. This was thought to have arrived when the Senate was about to vote on the final ratification of the treaty, and on the night of February 4, 1899, the attack was begun. From the moment the first shot was fired the situation of the troops was completely changed; they were at last free to act, and they acted with uncommon vigor. The Filipinos were repulsed with enormous loss, and hostili-

Captain (Adjutant) Light Artillery Full-dress, 1901.

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ties having begun they were vigorously pushed, and the circle of military operations around Manila was constantly enlarged. Expeditions were also sent to the Vizayas and other islands. Reinforcements of all available regiments of the regular army were hurried forward from America. The first of these arrived on February 23d, and by August 1st fifteen regiments had arrived, numbering in all about 20,000 men. The War Department had already submitted to Congress in December a plan for increasing the regular army to 100,000 men; but after long debate this was rejected on the threadbare and wholly inapplicable argument that such an army was dangerous to our liberties. In its place, at the close of the session on March 2d, a compromise measure was adopted by which, during a period to extend no longer than June 30, 1901, the regular army should remain at its war strength of 65,000 men, and 35,000 volunteers were to be enlisted. But the men who had enlisted in the regular army during the war, and all of the volunteers of 1898 were entitled to their discharge on the termination of the war with Spain, *i.e.*, on April 11, 1899, the date on which the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged. Had these men demanded and insisted on their discharge in accordance with their legal rights we should have been left in the Philippines with less than 4,000 men. To their eternal credit they did not claim their discharge, but practically all continued on duty in active campaigns against the Filipinos until they were relieved by other regiments, three to six months later.

The new volunteer force was composed of one regiment of cavalry and twenty-four of infantry. Unlike the volunteers of the Civil War and the war with Spain they were not apportioned among the States, but were raised by the United States, all officers being appointed by the President. They were organized during the spring and summer of 1899 and sent out in succession, as fast as each was fully uniformed, armed, and equipped. They arrived at Manila between October, 1899, and January, 1900. The volunteers of 1898 had already been sent home between June and October. In January, 1900, the number of troops in the Philippines was 65,000, about one-half of whom were regulars and one-half volunteers.

Meantime the campaign against the insurgents had continued almost without abatement. As a result of their attack of February 4th, the insurgent line around Manila was broken, and they were separated into two parties, one on the north of the Pasig River and one on the south, and between the two communication was made impossible. On the 25th of March the offensive was vigorously opened by a campaign to the north, under MacArthur, with the three brigades of his own division and one brigade of Lawton's division, having an effective strength of nearly 12,000 men. The fighting began at Caloocan, just outside of Manila, on March 25th, and continued daily until MacArthur reached San Fernando, about forty miles to the north, on May 6th. Malolos, the seat of the insurgent government, was captured on March 31st, the passage of the Bagbag River was forced on April 23d, of the Calumpit River on April 25th. Colonel Egbert, of the 22d Infantry, was killed at Caloocan, Colonel Stotsenburgh, of the First Nebraska, at the Bagbag. The campaign was conducted at the close of the dry season, during the hottest period of the year. The losses were 88 killed and 697 wounded, but this gives only a small portion of the hardships of the campaign. General MacArthur says in his report: "The division camped in extended order, occupied towns in extended order, lived, marched, fought, and slept in extended order, with a view to sudden attack or defence at any time during the day or night. That is to say, the entire command has in effect, aside from the period of actual marching and fighting, been on outpost duty, without reserve, respite or relief, for nearly ninety days. . . . The sun, field rations, physical exertion, and the abnormal excitement arising from almost constant exposure to fire action, have operated to bring about a general enervation from which the men do not seem to readily recover." The sick list had increased to an alarming extent, "whole organizations being now worn out and broken in health." It became necessary for these troops to halt at San Fernando and rest.

Meanwhile Lawton, who had arrived at

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Manila just before MacArthur started on his Malolos campaign, had first been sent to clear the insurgents from Laguna de Bay, then had been sent to the north to protect MacArthur's right flank in his advance, and had then been called back to Manila, where, early in June, he attacked the insurgents on the south of the city, drove them through Paranaque, Las Pinas and Bacoor to the Zapate River where, on June 13th, he had a very severe engagement with over 4,000 insurgents, strongly intrenched, whom he completely defeated and dispersed, with a loss among his own men of 14 killed and 56 wounded. The result of this expedition was to drive the insurgents, on the south, from the immediate vicinity of Manila into the eastern part of Cavité province.

Offensive movements were now suspended, in order to give the troops a needed rest, to send home the volunteers of 1898, and to await the arrival of the new volunteers. By October the rainy season was nearly over and the troops were arriving and on the way in sufficient number to justify the resumption of the offensive.

It was begun by an expedition under command of General Schwan, which overran Cavité province, completing the disintegration and breaking up of the insurgents on the south, which had been commenced by Lawton in the previous June. The main expedition was to the north, and was in three columns; Lawton with his division, Young's brigade of cavalry in the advance, was to follow up the Rio Grande Pampanga River to San Isidro, and then to penetrate the mountains of northern Luzon; MacArthur with his division was to continue his advance northward along the railroad; and Wheaton, with an independent brigade, was to be transported by sea to Dagupan, the northern terminus of the railroad, and advance thence into the interior to meet Lawton. These plans were all successfully carried out and resulted in the dispersion of the insurgent army in the great central plain, and the flight of Aguinaldo with what remained of his government into the mountains in the northeast of Luzon. General Lawton was recalled in December to Manila and sent out on an expedition to the northeast of Manila, where, in an engagement at San Mateo, he was instantly killed. General Bates succeeded Lawton in command of the 1st Division, and in January 1900 he was sent with two brigades, under Schwan and Wheaton, to make a final campaign in the provinces to the south and southeast of Manila—Cavité, Batangas, Laguna, and Morong—and clear them of insurgents. With the successful carrying out of this expedition, all organized opposition ceased, and the authority of the United States was fully established not only in all parts of Luzon, but also in all the other islands. During the year which had elapsed since the insurgent attack of February 4, 1899, there had been upward of 500 actions, large and small, in which we had lost more than 400 killed and 1,500 wounded—a greater loss than the aggregate in the war with Spain. The number of armed insurgents at the time of the outbreak was estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000. Their losses have never been accurately known, but they are estimated to have exceeded 3,000 killed or died of wounds, and 7,000 wounded—the greater proportion of deaths being due to their lack of surgeons.

The insurgent army having disbanded and its government being lost in the mountains of northern Luzon, the Filipinos then deliberately entered upon a campaign of brigandage and guerilla warfare, for which most elaborate instructions were drawn up by a committee of Filipinos residing in Spain, approved by Aguinaldo, and printed and secretly distributed throughout the islands. They are published in full in General MacArthur's report of 1900, and form a most interesting and unique document. They were based on the general principle that there should be a secret government of the Filipinos extending throughout the islands; that the people should secrete their arms in their houses, in the jungle, or buried in the earth; that they should pursue apparently the ordinary avocations of peaceful life, but that whenever a favorable opportunity offered for capturing a convoy or destroying a small party on the march they should take out their arms, assemble and attack with vigor; then disperse, conceal their arms, and return to their ordinary pursuits. These instructions were carried out in all the operations of the Filipinos during the

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spring, summer, and autumn of 1900, apparently with the idea of keeping up a semblance of opposition to the United States authority until after the election in November, 1900, when they hoped that if Mr. Bryan should be elected their independence would be recognized. When the news of McKinley's re-election finally penetrated through the islands this brigandage gradually came to an end, and from January, 1901, the military events have been only a succession of surrenders of arms and of scattered bodies of insurgents, each small in numbers but amounting to a great many in the aggregate. Finally, the capture of Aguinaldo by General Funston in an expedition in which he showed his capacity to outwit the natives in stratagem and to far surpass them in endurance and courage, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Philippine insurrection, which had been planned under the protection of our guns at Manila nearly three years before. During this time our troops — both regulars and volunteers — had shown their ability to deal with a foreign foe whose characteristics at the beginning of the struggle were quite unknown to them, and who displayed qualities which in some respects put them on a par with North American savages, although many of their leaders were men apparently of education, culture, and refinement. The total losses of our troops during the long and trying campaigns, from February 4, 1899, to June 30, 1900, were 509 killed, 2,223 wounded, and about 1,000 died of disease.

While this guerilla warfare was still in progress in the Philippines, it became necessary to send a part of the regular army to act in conjunction with troops of other nations on a novel mission in China. In June, 1900, telegraphic communication with Pekin was broken; it was reported that the foreign ministers and all the people at the legations had been murdered by the Boxer insurgents. England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and the United States joined in sending troops to rescue the ministers, if alive, and to avenge them, if dead. The 9th and 14th Infantry and Reilly's light battery of the 5th Artillery were sent from Manila to Taku, and the 6th Cavalry was sent from San Francisco. A battalion of marines was landed from the squadron. Major-General A. R. Chaffee was assigned to the command. An additional force of over 12,000 men was assembled in America, consisting of seven regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and two of artillery, and despatched from San Francisco; but when they arrived, in August, at Nagasaki, which the Japanese Government allowed us to use as a base, Pekin had already been taken and most of these troops were sent on to Manila.

The 9th Infantry was the first regiment to land at Taku. It arrived there on July 6th, pressed forward to Tientsin on July 11th, and on the 13th joined the British, French, and Japanese forces in the attack on that city. The city was captured after a severe engagement in which the 9th Infantry lost 18 killed and 77 wounded, the gallant Colonel Liscum being among the killed. The 14th Infantry arrived about July 26th, and General Chaffee on the 29th. On August 4th, the movement against Pekin was begun. Five nations participated, with an aggregate force of about 19,000 men, of which Japan contributed 8,000 and the United States about 2,100—composed of detachments from the 9th and 14th Infantry, 6th Cavalry, Reilly's battery, and a battalion of marines. There was a sharp engagement at Yangtsun, on August 6th, in which our troops lost 7 killed and 65 wounded, and on the 14th Pekin was reached. Two companies of the 14th Infantry, under Colonel Daggett, scaled the high walls and planted the regimental colors on their summit. The Tartar city was entered after some street fighting during the afternoon. On the morning of the 15th the fighting was renewed and three gates of the imperial city were forced. The losses of the two days were 4 killed and 27 wounded, Captain Reilly being killed. The American losses of the whole campaign were 32 killed and 177 wounded. The city was occupied by troops, ours among others, until May, 1901, when all our troops were sent back to Manila except a legation guard of one company.

In this China Relief Expedition, for the first time in our history since the Revolution, soldiers of the United States fought as allies alongside the troops of other nations. The occasion was a most interest-

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ing one, and our troops acquitted themselves in a manner which reflected great credit upon their country and upon the army of which they were the representatives. Our force was small, but it was sufficient. In fighting qualities it was second to none. In arms, equipment, rations, and transportation it was universally acknowledged that no other troops were so well provided as ours.

When Congress met in December, 1900, the law of March 2, 1899, was in force, requiring the discharge, on June 30, 1901, of all the volunteers of 1899, and all of the regular army in excess of 29,000 men. It was manifest that the regular army must be permanently enlarged, and this fact was fully recognized by Congress, although there was long debate on the details of the bill. As finally passed on February 2, 1901, it provides for an army not to exceed 100,000 enlisted men, including native troops in the Philippines and Porto Rico, the number of which is limited to 12,000 men; it consists of fifteen regiments of cavalry, a corps of artillery, thirty regiments of infantry, a regiment of engineers, and the staff departments.

The new regiments were organized during the spring and summer of 1901 and a portion of them sent to the Philippines. The volunteers of 1899 were all brought home and mustered out prior to June 30, 1901.

The officers are fixed in number, and so is the enlisted strength of the artillery, but in the other arms the enlisted strength varies as may be directed by the President; in a troop of cavalry from 65 to 100, in a company of infantry from 65 to 146, and in a company of engineers from 100 to 164. Each regiment consists of three battalions of four companies each. The strength fixed at the present time is intermediate between the maximum and minimum, and the aggregate enlisted strength is 77,287. The total number of officers is about 3,700, an increase of more than 1,500, as compared with the number on January 1, 1898. The number of general officers is increased from 9 to 22, viz.: 1 lieutenant-general, 6 major-generals, and 15 brigadier-generals.

The army thus enters upon another period of sudden increase similar to that at the close of the Civil War, but in this case the new appointments are confined solely to the general officers and to the lowest grades in the staff and line. These vacancies have been filled from meritorious officers of volunteers, but the intermediate grades have been filled rigidly by seniority promotion. An effort was made to have the law provide that a limited number, say one-third, of the promotions should be for merit under rules carefully framed to prevent any favoritism, but this provision was defeated largely on account of the opposition to it in the army, which eared that no rules could be devised which would prevent the selections from being made by favor. Other changes have been made, however, for which the army has been asking in vain for nearly a generation, during which it was thought by many that we would never have another war, and that questions of army organization were not of any practical importance. The artillery has been changed from a number of regiments, the companies of which were never brought together, to a corps, composed of batteries for manning fortifications and of light batteries for service with armies in the field. The regiments of cavalry, infantry, and engineers all have a uniform organization of three battalions of four companies each. Extra captains are authorized for regimental adjutants, quartermasters and commissaries, and extra lieutenants for similar positions in battalions. Interchangeability of service between line and staff is arranged by a provision that as vacancies occur hereafter in the principal staff departments they are not to be filled by permanent appointments but by details of line officers for a period of four years. Staff officers will hereafter be fresh from the line and know its requirements, while the line will contain a large number of officers who have had experience in staff duties and will be available for such duties in higher grades in time of war.

Under this new law the organization of the army is better adapted to our needs than it has been at any previous period of our history; and as soon as the new officers have become imbued with the army traditions, and the new recruits have acquired the thorough instruction which they will surely receive, the new and

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larger army of 77,000 men will attain that perfection of discipline, marksmanship, drill, and, above all, devotion to duty, which characterized the smaller army of 25,000 men in 1898—and there is no higher standard.

With the new century the army has a new and greater task before it. During the last 125 years it has been the instrument by which our independence was gained, the Union preserved, our territory extended, and this territory made habitable. It is now the instrument by which all resistance to the lawful authority of the United States in distant lands is suppressed; and it will hereafter be the strong arm upon which the civil power will rely for support as it introduces among alien races which have come under our charge those principles of self-government, of liberty regulated by law, of honest dealing and fair play, under which we have been so long happy and prosperous, but the benefits of which our new wards have never known.

From Lexington to Pekin the record of the army is one to be proud of. The Republic has not had and has not now in any branch of its public service a more devoted and faithful body of public servants, animated by intense loyalty, by splendid courage, by the highest sense of honor and duty.

MARQUIS ITO,

THE GREAT MAN OF JAPAN

By Frederick Palmer

TO say that Marquis Ito is to Japan what any other statesman is to his country, is out of the question. As the nation's is, the man's is—a career unto itself. Whatever comparisons I made in his study at Oiso, as he talked of modern politics or of his meetings with Grant, Bismarck, and Gladstone, were in turn dispelled by the thought that the fine old gentleman in a frock coat, sitting on a European sofa, had bridged, with his own span of life, the chasm between the Japan of ornate armor, queues, utter exclusiveness, and two-sworded men, and the Japan of to-day. If that were not enough, there is the story of that pilgrimage of courage, high patriotism, and more than a crusader's intrepidity which was the beginning of his great work.

He was a boy of twelve when Perry's squadron ran into the Bay of Yedo. A nobleman (though of the lowest grade), his education was entirely that of his class. He was being taught how to perform the elaborate and effeminate tea ceremonies; to read the Chinese classics; to defend his person by graceful sword-play; to be prepared to commit suicide by the supposedly refined code of *hara-kiri* at the slightest aspersion on his honor as a gentleman; to regard the merchant as far beneath a farm-hand as a farm-hand was beneath a nobleman; and to regard the foreigner with the feeling of an artist for a bull who has broken into his studio.

Seven years later, every Power had a treaty and trading privileges with Japan. The Dutch monopoly was at an end. All the world landed its goods on the shores of Japan; Yokohama, Hakodate, and Niigata were open ports, with concessions of land under foreign jurisdiction. On the one hand, foreign gunboats could demand an indemnity whenever they might line up before a town; on the other hand, the Daimyos—pillars of the feudal system—looked to the Shogun to prevent encroachments. Powerless from the first, he was too proud, too exclusive, too dull until the last to seek the knowledge which would enable him to resist. Japan was still in utter darkness, closing its eyes to

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any gleam of light which filtered in from the ports. No Japanese, except merchants and officials, was permitted to enter a foreign concession. No Japanese was permitted to leave his native shores under penalty of death

The bitterest "foreign-haters" among the Daimyos were the heads of the great clans of Choshu and Satsuma. My lord of Choshu considered every foreign footprint a taint on Japanese soil. With a flight of arrows and a majestic scowl he would have sent the rats of traders in their ships back to their savage homes. The excuse of powerlessness was no excuse to him. He was insubordinate to the Shogun and plotted the re-establishment of the Emperor (whose actual powers the Shogun, as agent, had usurped for two centuries and a half) at the head of a conservative movement. The sagacity of one of his young retainers, who was discreet in all things, had attracted his attention. Ito Shunsuke (or Ito Hirobumi, as his name afterward became) had been sent frequently on political missions to Tokyo, where, instead of frowning at the foreigner from a distance, he had sought to learn all he could about the animal. He concluded that his Government had closed the only way to the expulsion of the foreigner by refusing to make the foreigner's secrets its own.

What could not be accomplished openly might be accomplished by stealth. At the age of nineteen, with the easy confidence of a boy on a lark, Ito led his dearest friend, the present Count Inouye, and three other young men, into a project which would delight the heart of a Funston. Eluding the guards at dusk, they entered the concession of Yokohama and crept to the house of Mr. Keswick, a British merchant. There the four followers, fearing betrayal to the authorities by native servants, hid in the garden, while Ito went forward to remind the owner of his promise to assist him to get passage to Europe. Mr. Keswick took them aboard a British ship, then in the harbor, expecting no difficulty. But the Captain refused to receive them, on the ground that by being a party to the violation of one of the most jealously guarded of Japanese laws he ran the risk of having his vessel refused entrance to the port thereafter and of making trouble for his Government. But the future Premier was prepared for this argument.

"We have left our swords behind, so we have ceased to be *samurai*," he said. "We have cut off our queues, so our country will no longer recognize us as Japanese. As noblemen, we will not endure the punishment, let alone the degradation, which awaits us if we return. We shall kill ourselves, here and now, unless you take us with you."

The Captain knew that they would be as good as their word. It was not pleasant to contemplate five young men making triangular incisions in their bowels with concerted calmness and precision. Besides, the bloody remains of five young *samurai* on his deck would require more explanation than their living presence. He took the only humane way out of the dilemma.

They went as passengers who had paid their fare; but the skipper regarded them as interloping "heathen" who ought to be punished with work. Stomachs used to an Oriental diet were fed on "salt horse" and biscuit. Soft hands used to playing with fans and swords took their turn at shortening sails in storms to an accompaniment of oaths from the mate. Nauseated by the food and by seasickness, stung by the humiliation of doing a coolie's work for a lowborn barbarian, only their sense of duty to their country restrained them from following out the Japanese gentleman's code and committing suicide.

Different as was their means for securing it, precisely the same object as that which agitated the aristocratic breast of their lord, the Daimyo of Choshu, had brought them on board. The conduct of the skipper might well have confirmed them in it. They sought a means of expelling the last foreigner from their beloved land. Before they reached Shanghai, Ito and Inouye, in their discussions, had decided that merely European ships and guns would not enable them to meet the foreigner on equal terms. They must have his spirit and initiative. Profane and impolite as the crew was, the passengers could not fail to recognize their energy and fearlessness in battling with the sea under the iron will of the skipper.

Nothing could better illustrate the Jap-

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anese quality, especially pronounced in Marquis Ito, of admitting a condition, however unpleasant it may be, than their change of mind. When they saw English warships, railways, factories, the shipping on the Thames, and great bodies of soldiers, armed with rifles and moving with precision, they realized that Japan's remoteness, which had saved her from aggression until that late day, could save her little longer now that the age of steam was at hand. If she would avoid the fate of India she must change her whole scheme of civilization.

The fate of India! This became the bogy of Japanese patriots in the early years of Japan's membership in the family of nations. Their fears, if groundless, were valuable in making the reorganization of their country as much of a common cause as a foreign war. The young tourists learned the precept which Japan has faithfully practiced, that only the strength of its own arm raises an Oriental people above the cupidity of expanding empires.

They had been in England nearly eight months when news came that Shimonoseki, a port of their own province of Choshu, was about to be bombarded. The Daimyo had some batteries of obsolete guns commanding the Straits of Shimonoseki and some miserable gunboats. With these he had taken to harassing foreign vessels which approached his shores. The Shogun, whom he defied, pleaded unaccountability for a rebellious vassal whom he was powerless to control. He was going to keep the barbarians out of his own province regardless of the pusillanimity of other Daimyos.

If ever the counsel of a globe-trotter was needed in Choshu it was needed then. Ito and his companions feared that their lord would carry his stubbornness too far and that a foreign flag might be planted for good and all on their native soil. They hastened home, arriving in Yokohama in August, 1864, just before the allied fleet of fourteen men-of-war departed formally to do the Shogun's work of punishing Shimonoseki. They registered themselves as Portuguese and in their European garb easily passed for such at the hotel. Then they placed themselves under the protection of the British Minister, who put them aboard the British flagship.

When the fleet swung in before Shimonoseki the five young men went ashore, and, using all the fund of arguments at their disposal to show the hopelessness of resistance, tried to convince their lord of the wisdom of making peace with the enemy until he should have modern weapons. The Daimyo scowled majestically, and bade the barbarians do their worst. The guns of the fleet reduced Shimonoseki, and sent the bowmen and the two-sworded men scurrying into the hills as easily as snuffing out a candle. A great light suddenly broke upon my lord. Conviction of the inefficacy of Japanese against foreign arms became general, not only in Choshu, but also in the other extreme anti-foreign province, Satsuma, whose Daimyo had seen his city of Kagoshina razed without his being able to do the allied fleet any injury in return.

At first the returned prodigals were in danger of their lives. Count Inouye was cut down in the streets and left for dead. Then it was their lot to lead men very soon after they had been scorned of them; to receive their reward for fearless initiative in their youth. They became the advisers of their elders; the schoolmasters of a province, of a nation.

At the outset, with the narrow object of expelling foreigners, then with a broader one, Choshu and Satsuma showed the enthusiasm of a proselyte in adopting foreign methods. For the first time in the history of the Shogunate, common men were drilled as soldiers. War ceased to be exclusively the occupation of nobles. Gentry stood in the ranks beside cooks and barbers in feudal Japan! Instead of a small band of men of select breeding sauntering forth in the manner of so many fencing masters, there were companies and regiments with rifles and field guns. It was not long before the two provinces could defy the Shogun's ill-organized army. They who had made party with the old Emperor against the Shogun's concessions to foreigners, now made party with the young Emperor against the Shogun's conservatism and saw the Revolution of '68 successfully accomplished. The leaders of Choshu and Satsuma became the statesmen and the military and naval leaders of the realm. For theirs was more than the advantage which Virginia

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had in the matter of Presidents in the early history of the United States. Of that little band of brave voyagers, Marquis Ito, it is said, saw the ambition which he had set for himself accomplished when, thirty-five years after the bombardment of Shimonoseki, in the same port he dictated terms of peace with China which made Japan a world power. Inouye, his chum, has held the highest offices within the gift of the Emperor.

There have been Inouye as well as Ito factions. They have often disagreed, but every Japanese politician knows that their fondness for each other will not permit them to remain apart long. Let them but walk an hour together on the seashore at Oiso and the (now) amusing memories of the British skipper's "salt horse" and curses drown their differences.

To write the Marquis's biography is to write the history of the country since the revolution. To read the Constitution is to read him, for he draughted it. Whether out of office or in office, his has been the great dominating influence for the last twenty years. He has been as frequently the power behind the Premier as the Premier. Out of office or in office he has always had the ear of the Emperor. His first appointment was to the Governorship of Kobe when it became a free port. His first cabinet portfolio was that of Minister of Public Works, in 1873, when he was only thirty-two years of age. His first cabinet was from 1886 to 1889; his second, 1892–1896; his third, January to June, 1897; his fourth, October, 1900, to May, 1901.

The wonder of what he has accomplished is a part with the wonder that an edict should make the lords of provinces give up their fiefs and *samurai*, cut their queues, lay aside their swords, and face, with the masses, the problem of earning a living when handicapped by soft hands and minds trained only to chivalrous etiquette. The modern Japan which his policy has brought forth was made possible by the religious devotion of nobles and coolies to the Emperor, which made the Imperial wishes law; by the intense patriotism and the official integrity of the retainers of the Daimyos, who have become the officers of the army and navy and members of the civil service. As an Occidental, I should place integrity as the first cause. When you have official servants so proud that even the postmen will not accept a Christmas present, a statesman knows that, whatever his errors of construction may be, the timbers are sound. As long as men become policemen on less than a coolie's pay for the honor of serving the Government, it will never lack for first-rate ability to fill its offices. Japan may well reverence her old military aristocracy, with its false punctilios of honor and its class distinctions, whenever she turns her eyes toward China, where chivalry is held in contempt and his privilege to accept bribes is regarded as inherent by the masses as by the official himself; where, however well planned the architecture, you may be sure that the timbers are rotten.

As I have said, what of the marvel official integrity does not explain, the position of the Emperor does. He is the 121st of an unbroken line, a deity of Shintoism, the real religion of Japan. Upon him as a rock Marquis Ito built the constitution of 1889, in which he adeptly reconciles the Emperor's ancient autocratic rights with a Privy Council, a House of Peers, a new order of nobility, and a House of Representatives; in which is guaranteed the right of the people to much the same functions of government as they have in Germany, at the same time that he placed the Emperor, "divine and sacred," as he calls him, in a position where he is not to be made the topic of "derogatory comment or of discussion." His book in elucidation of the constitution makes him quaint as a commentator, in republican eyes, but strong as a statesman, when you consider the task of changing a feudal régime into a modern state, where a thousand conflicting elements are striving for mastery. In one place he says: "The Emperor is not only the centre of the executive, but is also the source and fountain-head of the legislative power." Again: "In performing their heaven-descended mission sovereigns must first take advice before they arrive at a decision."

Impatience is the great weakness of Japanese statesmen, and, indeed, of the Japanese themselves; and it is with the opposite quality that the quick-spoken Marquis, who is light on his feet at sixty,

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Marquis Ito.

From a photograph given to the author. The autograph inscription reads: "To Frederick Palmer—Ito Hirobumi."

who is whimsical as a genius at times, has won most of his victories. If he cannot gain his object to-day, to-morrow will do.

It has usually been his lot to be just a little ahead of the nation. If the crowd stopped to dissent when the path looked rough, he has waited in front of them until they were ready to come up, never going to the rear and offering to lead them in the other direction. While he rests in retirement, as he is at the present moment, it is with a seeming easy confidence in his eventual return to power. To-day the papers of wide circulation are calling him an old fogy, and the nobles are accusing him of turning radical; while it is quite certain that if the country were in trouble both sides would turn to him as the one who could combine all elements in a steady working unit. Unpopularity never passes into distrust. His power is not in his policies so much as in the *man* who has put his policies through.

His golden period of administration was the five years, 1892–1896, of development under the new constitution. It saw the extension of railways and other public works building in a time of universal confidence; the rise of factories, whose products startled America and Europe with the presence of a new competitor in the East; the construction of subsidized shipping lines (whose success, at first scouted, is now assured), which ply to all the ports between London and San Francisco; the efficiency of a yellow race's adapted modern army and navy demonstrated in the war with China.

The greatest shock of his career came in the moment of his triumph, when one morning the Ministers of Germany, France, and Russia drove to the Foreign Office bearing a joint note. With the squadrons of those three powers standing between the victorious troops in China and their base of supplies, there was but one course left for the Premier, who stood bravely to his task. He retained as many of the fruits of victory as he could, and passed out of office in an outburst of blame from the peo-

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ple, who, if they could, did not want to appreciate in their angry resentment that a mere diplomatic ultimatum could defeat national ambition. For saying the word, without firing a shot, Great Britain could then have had the wedge of Lio-tung Peninsula and Korea placed between Russia and China. When she was approached she made no more use of the power of her great fleet than if it were built of paper. So the Russian flag floats over Port Arthur; while Great Britain, now not entirely lost in her South African dream, wants little Japan to put the wedge back again.

A triumph of peace for the Marquis (and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mutsu), as admirable as that of war, was the one which placed the foreign concessions under Japanese law, thus bringing Japan, as she deserved, absolutely into the comity of civilized nations. The foreign merchants cried out at the very mention of such a thing. Through many years the negotiations were kept up. Adroitly the Japanese had them transferred from Tokyo to the home offices, where they dealt directly with each of the thirteen nations interested. If there were objections the Marquis waited until time wore them out. His success in the end completed one of the finest pieces of ordinary working diplomacy of modern times. To-day, less than fifty years after Perry landed, a foreigner can travel as safely in Japan as in New York State, and I have yet to hear of one who has been deprived of his rights under Japanese law.

When in office the Marquis, who is poor, lives in Tokyo with less display than many secretaries of legation. When out of office he lives in Oiso, as modestly as a country rector. Oiso (on the seashore, two hours from Tokyo by rail) is a summer residence of the Japanese statesmen of to-day. Here cabinets are formed and broken in sultry weather, and here you may see the leading families of the land enjoying themselves with native simplicity. When I went to see him it was a month after the fall of his recent cabinet. He was again a free man, who had time to care for his health and to receive an unofficial caller. A few minutes walk from the station, straightway from the village, brought me and his old secretary, Mr. Zumoto, to a shady path, and then to a two-storied European house of the same type, which, here and there in unfrequented Japan, denotes the home of a missionary. Through the foliage of one side of the yard a summer sea blinked in the distance. The gift of the Japanese for making a few stunted trees and some shrubbery go a long way toward a forest had as completely separated this little country seat from the rest of the world as if it were a castle in a great park in Scotland.

Frequently it is reckless, never is it kind, to approach Prime Ministers with a set of questions which are called an "interview." I did not go to Oiso with that purpose, but only to get a glimpse of the greatest personality between San Francisco and Suez when he was out of harness. My first and my last impression of Marquis Ito was of a simple, old-fashioned gentleman who could, when necessary, hide his opinions under a seeming candor. There was never the feeling, which is almost invariable when with Orientals, even with Japanese, that he belonged to a totally different world. If it had not been for his face and his slightly broken English—with now and then an effort to catch just the phrase that he wanted—he might have been a European or an American at home to a caller in his study. But his face is distinctly Japanese and of a well-defined *samurai* type. It is oval, with the curving as opposed to the flat nose; with eyes less slanting than those of the average Japanese.

There was one question which I intended to and did put, as soon as I had opportunity, to the one most competent to answer it. With European statesmen, the Far Eastern question has been only an incidental question. Their information has come second-hand from varying authorities. With the Marquis, the Far Eastern question has been the great question. He has gained first-hand information on a visit to China itself as a councillor who had the ears of the Emperor and the viceroys. An Oriental himself, who reads the Chinese classics as well as Li Hung Chang or Chang Chih Tung, he can understand the workings of the Chinese mind as an Occidental cannot. Unlike the foreign resident in China, such as Sir Robert Hart, his judgment is not obscured by the prejudice of locality, or

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by his interests as an employee (which Sir Robert is), or as an employer. He has enough perspective; not too much, as most of us have. Finally, he has led an Oriental people—if I may compare the Japanese with the Chinese—out of the most hidebound Orientalism into the spirit of Occidentalism.

"Will China reform?" I asked.

"That is possible only with a strong Emperor or as the result of a general armed revolution," he replied. "There is no strong Emperor. There is no prospect of one. Whenever any rebellion starts it will be so disturbing to their interests that the foreign powers will not permit it to spread."

"Then, as far as China itself is concerned, it must drift?"

"Yes."

"But if there is not a strong Emperor," I added "there is a strong Dowager Empress."

At this he smiled and pointed toward the one thing in the room which destroyed the illusion that I might be in the house of a European or an American who was fond of Japanese art. No Occidental ever becomes quite so Oriental in his tastes that he sees in a signature, eight feet by three in size, an object to hang on his wall, even though it be in Chinese characters done with an artistic trailing of a big brush dipped in India ink.

"The Dowager Empress's autograph," he said, "which she gave me when I was in Peking. This also," he added, lifting another *kakemona* to show a spray of flowers on silk, very well painted indeed. "She prides herself a great deal on her work as an artist."

Thereby hangs a tale in striking contrast to—or shall we say in striking confirmation of—the conclusion of a British Minister's wife, that the Empress is a simple-minded old lady who has been greatly maligned. In those days of great expectations, when Kang Yu Wei, the reformer, was the man behind the throne of China, Marquis Ito visited Peking. The young Emperor was then reading English books and even contemplated a visit to Japan for purposes of enlightenment. He treated the statesman who had travelled the road which he had chosen as a royal guest. Fast on the heels of their inter-

Marquis Ito in Official Costume.

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view came the *coup d'état*. The Empress put Kwang Su in leading-strings, recalled his edicts and sent the reformers flying for their lives. When Marquis Ito sought an audience with her, she pleaded a headache and sent him the *kakemonas*.

In theory, the Mikado chooses the best men for the cabinet portfolios, regardless of their factions. This worked out well in practice while the Choshu statesmen still had the call of the country and before the new monarch of popular representation had realized its power. The scores of young men who went abroad to study twenty years ago are now reaching middle age. They have formed many small factions which must be recognized when a cabinet is chosen. Therefore, cabinets are not long-lived and a continuous policy, except on such subjects as — well, as Russia and the army and navy — is difficult. These conditions led Marquis Ito to organize a party, the Seiyu-Kai, which controls the Lower House. His latest cabinet was formed from among its members and from outside elements. It encountered the almost solid opposition of the Peers, who hold that party government endangers the Emperor's prerogatives. The Marquis seemed to have thought as much himself when he wrote his comments on the constitution, for he says:

"In some countries the cabinet is regarded as constituting a corporate body. The Ministers are not held to take part in the conduct of the Government, each one in an individual capacity, but joint responsibility is the rule. The evil of such a system is that the power of party combination will ultimately overrule the supreme power of the sovereign."

Marquis Ito in His Grounds at Oiso.
Photographed by the author.

His followers reply that party responsibility under present conditions—so it appears to a foreigner—will strengthen the Emperor's hand by giving him stable cabinets. And the Marquis is not the first statesman to change his mind.

"I am not seeking party government in the sense that you have it," he said. "If ever, that will not come for many, many years."

Thus, at the age of sixty, when most men are content with old associations, he finds that the need of the country, as he sees it, throws him into the company of the younger generation.

He spoke of the American constitution and (to him, the constitution-maker) of the marvellous circumstances which brought together, in so small a population, such a set of great men as its makers. He had read *The Federalist*, which he seemed to find more interesting than a novel. I mentioned the fact that many Americans thought that the occupation of the Philippines was inconsistent with our system.

"A nation cannot stand still," he replied. "It must go forward or backward. Expansion is a natural law. You had to accept what came to you."

One cannot conceive of a repetition of conditions which will permit of the making of a new state out of hand by adopting, wherever met, parts of the old which are deemed suitable. Japan found in the British a model for her navy; at first, in the French, and, afterward in the German, a model for her army. Marquis Ito studied constitutional law under German professors, and visited Washington in 1870 to study our system of finance.

"General Grant was kindness itself," he said. "Mr. Boutwell gave me the run of

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the Department. No document which I wanted to see was refused; no question but was answered by the fullest information. I saw the General again on his tour around the world. He was our first national guest."

The Marquis has been in America twice on other missions, and he promises himself a vacation trip to Canada some autumn. He is very fond of Montreal, which has none of the social responsibilities of a capital. For his tastes are quiet, as quiet as the villa at Oiso, where, when he is free from greater affairs, his favorite pastime is the writing of Chinese verses. The Emperor himself is a poet, who vies with the Empress of an evening in making Japanese couplets.

Before my departure, the Marquis showed me through his native house, which adjoins the other. With its cool-looking mats and the breeze playing through it, it justified his contention that if a European dwelling was more comfortable in winter, a Japanese dwelling is more comfortable in summer. Over the door was a piece of rough, knotted wood bearing three Chinese characters, which Li Hung Chang had sent him. (Fancy an Occidental statesman making such a present!) These two veterans have tested each other's steel and have become better friends in many international controversies. They exchange occasional letters, in which, of course, quotations from the Chinese classics abound. When Marquis Ito was leaving Peking after the *coup d'état* he begged Li, who was exceedingly feeble, not to return his farewell call. But Li and his chair came, nevertheless.

"I could not deny myself that much," said the Chinese, "when, probably, we shall never meet again."

The life-work of one practically finished, that of the other long past the meridian, what a contrast they form! Li sees his four hundred millions with their capital in foreign hands. Ito sees his forty-five millions a world power. Li has amassed a gigantic fortune: Ito is poor. And Li admires Ito, in spite of his neglect of his fiscal opportunities, as the greatest of Japanese; while Ito admires Li, in spite of his wealth, as the greatest of Chinese.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

VII

RUSSIA AND THE NATIONS

THE reader of these papers has now considered the six great divisions of interest in the Russia of to-day—the life of her two capitals, her vast Siberian territory, the people and problems of the multifarious Caucasus, her new and successful empire of Central Asia, her dependency of Finland, and the career and policy of the man who, under the Tsar, chiefly directs her contemporary development. There remains, in conclusion, the vital question: whither is this colossal conglomeration tending? In other words, what is to be the future of Russia? Interesting as are her separate aspects, their chief importance and significance for other people lie in their joint and several contributions to the solution of the problem of her future destiny among the nations of the earth. He would be a bold—not to say an untrustworthy—writer who would try to give a precise answer to the above question; but an examination of the international conditions surrounding Russia, sufficient, perhaps, to enable the reader who has followed me thus far to make for himself a forecast in general terms, may be attempted without over-confidence.

The future of Russia, far more than that of any other country, depends upon her relations with other nations. Three Powers of the world enjoy a certain geographical isolation which endows them with a corresponding measure of political

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independence. These are: first, the United States; second, Japan; and third, Great Britain. Except where they touch an entirely friendly Power, the United States may be said to have no frontiers at all. The map of Europe might be repainted without affecting them. There is no great nation, except England, whose fall or aggrandisement would make them a whit the more or less secure. In a much smaller degree this is true of Great Britain, whose only frontiers are in Canada and along her Indian boundaries. Japan, too, is a Power which, except in so far as she considers Korea to be ultimately her own, has no boundaries that her battle-ships cannot protect. The converse is truer of Russia than of any other nation; indeed, with the exception of the United States and France, there is no great Power whose frontier does not run with her own. A glance at a small scale map impresses this vital fact. Beginning at the North, the Russian land-frontier skirts successively Sweden, Germany, Austria, Roumania (and through Roumania, the other Balkan countries of Bulgaria and Servia), Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, China, and (in Korea) Japan. Moreover, Russia has created an intimate relationship with the one great Power whose frontiers do not touch her own—France; and by marriage and by protection she has interwoven her affairs with the two remaining countries of the Balkan chessboard—Greece and Montenegro. Thus, no political or status-threatening question can arise in any nation of the world—always excepting the United States—which does not immediately and vitally affect her own interests. Therefore I say that the future of Russia, far more than that of any other country, depends upon her relations with other nations. What is for the rest of mankind a merely humanitarian motto, *nihil humani a me alienum*, is perforce for Russia the first axiom of foreign policy.

The strange bridal of Russia and France—the unnatural alliance of autocracy and democracy—has been familiar to all the world since the bands of the French warships played the *Marseillaise*, the hymn of the revolution, before Alexander III., whose father had fallen at the hands of revolutionists, in Kronstadt. This momentous event was the direct result of the change of German policy, marked by the downfall of Bismarck and the refusal of Count Caprivi to renew the secret treaty with Russia by which Bismarck had unscrupulously sought to "hedge" against his allies of the Triple Alliance. Russia turned to France, and Germany turned to Turkey—thereby adding to a negative anti-Russian policy a positive and indeed, certainly in Russian eyes, an aggressive one. The Dual Alliance has so far had but a financial result—the investment of many hundreds of millions of francs in Russian immovable securities—for it is almost wholly in repaying State advances to Russian railways that the French loans have been employed. The Russian alliance has not saved France from attack, for nobody has dreamed of attacking her; and on the one occasion when she might have drawn her sword—about Fashoda—the influence of St. Petersburg was, with profound wisdom, used in the interests of peace. On the other hand, since it was known of all men that if the dogs of war were loosed in Russia, the leash would slip simultaneously, whatever the issue, from the hand of France, Russia has enjoyed a political and a military prestige far beyond that to which her own arms entitle her. It is commonly said that France is growing tired of this one-sided bargain, and that she is keenly alive to the fact that while Russia is adding enormously to her sphere in the Far East, she herself stands where she did before the fêtes of Kronstadt and Toulon. I think that in a certain degree this is undoubtedly the case. The jest that when the charlotte russe was placed upon the mess-table, the French officers rose and cheered, would have no point to-day. Moreover, the generation which fought in 1870 is dying out, and the new generation has forgotten Deroulède's war-poems, and only looks upon him as the rather ridiculous conspirator of an impossible "plebiscitary republic." The Kaiser, too, ceases not his friendly overtures—witness the distinguished reception of French officers at the manœuvres, the abandonment of the annual military banquet at Metz in celebration of the surrender at Sedan, and the motor-car race from Paris to Berlin—an event inconceivable ten years ago—and

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Count Field-Marshal von Waldersee's extraordinary and fulsome compliments to everything French during the Chinese campaign. The Emperor William II. has set his heart upon certain aims which are before him now at every waking instant. To the realization of these Russia will inevitably be opposed. Therefore it is of the most urgent importance to him to allay French resentment and secure French neutrality, and to this end he will spare no effort and stop at nothing short of the actual relinquishment of territory. Such an attitude on the part of Germany is obviously calculated to undermine the foundations of the alliance of France with Russia. The Tsar did not visit the Exposition, but it will not be long before the Kaiser is seen in Paris, and from that moment the Dual Alliance will only possess an antiquarian interest. At present it proceeds upon the old lines, for another large Russian loan has just been floated in France, and no French ministry would dare to announce its collapse; but though it may linger long in name, its days of potency, be they few or many, are numbered. And I hold this view notwithstanding the fact that the Tsar, doubtless as a retort to Count von Waldersee's plain hint that the Kaiser could accept an invitation, is about to visit President Loubet. When the Dual Alliance was first made known to the world I asked a very distinguished diplomatist, belonging to neither nation, what he thought of this earth-shaking news. His reply was frank and epigrammatic: "*C'est du tra-la-la, et puis—rien!*" He was, I think it is now evident, a true prophet, but the more events prove him to have been so, the greater is this additional testimony to the consummate diplomacy of Russia.

The relations of Russia and Germany make a very different story. They are concerned with the future, and with a coming situation possibly more delicate and more pregnant than anything since the fall of the first Napoleon—a situation, moreover, that may burst upon us any day between night and morning.

To understand this, it is necessary to look back a little. The keynote of Bismarck's foreign policy was—keep on good terms with Russia. To that he subordinated, and if needful, was ready to sacrifice, every other German interest abroad. For that, he went so far as to play a crooked game with Germany's chief partner in the Triple Alliance. For that, he contemptuously declared that the Balkans were "not worth the bones of a Prussian grenadier," because Russia desired to extend her influence there. For that, he even condoned that barefaced outrage, the Russian plot to kidnap Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, a German prince. For that, he inspired his reptile press to stir up ill-will with England, and himself even launched a most offensive insult against the British royal house, because he knew that Russia would be instantly alarmed by a *rapprochement* between Germany and England, but would remain on good terms with a Germany which occasionally growled across the North Sea. At the same time, he took good care to keep Russia convinced that if Germany wished it, she could at any time have an alliance with England, and therefore he managed that the relations of Germany with England should remain at the stage of a vague irritation, and not take on such an aspect of irremediable rupture as would naturally tempt Russia to seek in England an ally against Germany. So strongly were both States permeated with this Bismarckian policy of a Russo-German understanding that a dying Tsar and a dying Kaiser alike urged it upon their successors. Indeed, it appeared rooted in German policy, and when the Russian Foreign Minister once remarked to Bismarck that he had every confidence in him, but was he sure that his own position was secure, the Iron Chancellor replied indignantly that his imperial master had perfect confidence in him, and that he would assuredly only lay down his office with his life.

Such were the relations of Russia and Germany up to a short time after William II. ascended the throne. How simply and suddenly he "dropped the old pilot" in 1890 is well known. The dismissed and astounded Bismarck never forgave his Emperor, and the closing years of his life were deeply stained by an unparalleled series of malevolent interviews, inspired articles, and deliberate breaches of confidence, all intended to prove that Germany's policy had become anti-Russian,

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and that nothing but disaster awaited the Fatherland in consequence. But William II. went on his way unmoved, and bit by bit his policy and his ambitions have been revealed to students of European affairs. They are original, daring, and gigantic. Moreover, he has, up to the present, succeeded at every step. The crucial time, however, has not yet come. When it does come, he will probably be found to have been aiming at nothing less than a transformation of the map of Europe, and an extension of the German Imperial sphere, in comparison with which the annexation of Elsass and Lothringen was, from the stand-point of national economics, but like adding a potato-patch to a dukedom.

I do not mean that after he had dismissed Bismarck the Kaiser adopted a frankly anti-Russian policy. That would have been as contrary to his own diplomatic methods as it would have been distasteful to his people and dangerous to the security of his empire. On the contrary, he endeavored to combine all the advantages of a good understanding with Russia, with the advantage also to be found in complete freedom of political action. "The incessant movement of his imagination," as an anonymous writer has recently said, "presents him in turn with equally persuasive pictures of incompatible designs." But Alexander III. was no lover of Germany and the Germans, as Alexander II. had been; moreover, he was a convinced Panslavist, and Panslavism and hatred of Germany are at the end of the same road. Therefore the Kaiser set himself, with such a Tsar in Russia, an impossible task. One of his first acts was to conclude a treaty with England, by which the latter secured an extension of rights and territory at Zanzibar, in return for the cession of Helgoland to Germany. This *rapprochement* was, of course, ill-viewed in Russia, and the Kaiser took the next opportunity of counteracting its effects, namely, by the very strong step of throwing aside all his previous sympathy for Japan, and joining Russia and France in forcing her to give up a large part of the fruits of her victorious war with China. This step involved many fateful consequences, several of which are still to come. It involved the seizure of Kiao-chao and Port Arthur, and the cession of Wei-hai-wei; the virtual annexation of Manchuria by Russia; the change of route of the Trans-Siberian Railway; and, indeed, it may fairly be said to have been the cause, even if indirectly, of the Boxer rising and all that came in its train. Moreover, it has left Russia and Japan face to face under conditions in which war is only too possible an outcome. Naturally Russia was much gratified by the Emperor William's course, but her gratitude, probably to his lively disappointment, took no material form. He thereupon proceeded to help himself to advantages in the Far East which he had failed to secure by the good will of his temporary ally. With the murder of some German missionaries as a pretext, he boldly seized upon Kiao-chao and announced that Shan-tung was a German sphere of interest. The Foreign Offices of Europe were led to believe that Russia was a consenting party to this course, and consequently they failed to unite in the protest which would assuredly have been made if they had known that Germany was taking isolated action. This incident strained Russo-German relations very severely, as (to depart for a moment from chronological order) did the precisely similar stratagem by which the command of the international forces in China was secured for Count von Waldersee. On this occasion, too, Europe was given to understand that Russia's consent had been obtained—more, indeed, that the suggestion of the German Field-Marshal had originated with her. The German version was specifically repudiated later in a Russian official document, and the circumstances are believed to have been the subject of a private and personal explanation by the Kaiser to the Tsar.

From all these events—to say nothing of the two visits of the Emperor William to England and his enthusiastic reception there—it will be clear that the relations between Russia and Germany must now be widely different from what they were in Bismarckian days. And to complete the picture so far, must be added the conviction in St. Petersburg that Germany is about to impose an increased duty upon the import of Russian cereals. If this be done, Russia will retaliate—a tariff war.

In the foregoing, however, we have

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hardly yet touched upon the real and fundamental causes which are moulding the relations of Russia and Germany today. These are not isolated incidents or personal encounters, but new springs of national policy, new drifts of racial development. The fact—as Russia sees it—is that Germany has deliberately placed herself athwart Russian policy in each one of the three paths along which Russian statesmen desire that their country should enjoy an unimpeded progress. These three paths lie in the Far East, the Near East, and toward the Persian Gulf. Here, then, we at last touch the danger-zone of contemporary European politics, and the most important factor in the future of the Russian Empire.

I have already spoken of German action, *vis à vis* Russia, in the Far East. It may be summed up as a claim to share a position which Russia has regarded as predestined to be hers alone. Germany has come into North China; she has established a naval base there and appropriated a province; she secured—by sharp practice, as Russia thinks—the conspicuous leadership of the European nations; she has concluded with England an open convention which, in spite of assurances to the contrary, means that under certain circumstances, she would join in opposition to Russian designs; she now maintains a considerable naval force in Far Eastern waters; she has, in a word, given Russia clearly to understand that any farther extension of Russian power in China must either "square" Germany or overcome her opposition, and this is a new, a serious, and a wholly unexpected obstacle in the path of Russian policy.

German activity in the Near East is a much darker cloud still upon the Russian horizon. Events here have moved for a long time precisely as Russia has desired, and her desires are deeply rooted in the aspirations and confident hopes of her people. Turkey has slowly but steadily decayed. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople was the power behind the throne. Step by step Bulgaria, which, under the ferocious patriotism of Stambolof, barred the Russian advance in the Balkans, has been brought back under Muscovite influence. Stambolof's strong and busy hands, chopped off in front of his own house, are preserved by his wife in a bottle of spirits; his murderers, well-known to everybody, have never been punished; little Prince Boris was baptized into the Greek Church; Russia has lent Bulgaria money, and has once more sent her officers to the Bulgarian army; Prince Ferdinand has been permitted to entertain a Russian Grand Duke in a Bulgarian port, and the next steps will be his reception by the Tsar in St. Petersburg, his remarriage with a Russian or pro-Russian princess, and the elevation of Bulgaria into a kingdom.

All this has come about precisely as Russia desired. So, too, with Servia, hitherto jealously dominated by Austria—the Tsar was prepared to be godfather to the expected but mythical heir. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro remains the devoted friend of the Tsar, as he was of his father, and his influence is naturally much greater now that his daughter is Queen of Italy. Only Roumania preserves her diplomatic independence of Russia, and indeed, is allied by a military convention with Austria. With this single exception, the obstacles to a Russian advance to Constantinople had gradually been removed, when suddenly it dawned upon an astonished Europe and an indignant Russia that the Kaiser's "mailed fist" had obtruded itself into the way. During the Armenian massacres Germany, with calculating and appalling indifference, declined to speak or act. The Turkish army was supplied from German factories with cannon and ammunition; when she took the field against Greece a German general drew up the plan of campaign; and the Turkish council of war at Elassona followed German advice day by day. (I was a prisoner in that camp for a whole day shortly before the outbreak of war, so I am not speaking without some personal knowledge). The Kaiser's brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Greece, commanded the Greek army against the irresistible combination of Turkish troops and German tactics, while the Kaiser's sister wept bitterly over her brother's ruthless indifference toward her adopted country. For a while Germany contributed one second-rate warship to the blockade of Crete, and finally withdrew even that. The Kaiser has made a

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triumphal progress in Constantinople and in Asia Minor. Finally, the way being thus carefully made ready, Germany, with confident audacity and entire success, took the step for which all the rest had been but preparation, and openly thrust her line of policy not only across the ambitions of Russia but into the very kernel and heart of Russia's most cherished plan.

This was accomplished by the signature, in December, 1899, of the concession to a German company of the right to build a railway across Asia Minor to Baghdad, with an obvious ultimate terminus in the great harbor of El Kuweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf. The Russian Ambassador had moved heaven and earth to prevent this concession being given to Germany, and a British syndicate had even offered to construct the line without any State guarantee at all. But so powerful was the combination of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, and Dr. von Siemens, the director of the Deutsche Bank, that they not only obtained the concession but also in it an undertaking from the Turkish Government to pay to the company a kilometrical guarantee or subsidy of £1,000 per mile per annum—that is, a yearly payment in all of £240,000—$1,200,000! This is the most striking diplomatic success of modern times, and the rebuff to Russia is, of course, proportionate to the triumph of Germany. I say nothing of the rebuff to England; under Lord Salisbury's foreign policy we have grown accustomed to rebuffs. But it is worthy of remark that the final struggle for this great concession was taking place in Constantinople at the precise time when the Kaiser was in England and when the first startling disaster of the Boer War had just occurred.

The proposed railway is an extension of the line rapidly built and well worked by Germany, from Haidar-Pasha, in the Bosphorus, *via* Ismid, Eskischehr, and Afiunkara-hissar, to Konia. The new line will proceed southward to Karaman, at the foot of the Taurus Mountains, then skirt this range northeastward to Eregli, cross it by the famous pass to Adana (whence there is already a short English line to the Mediterranean), and proceed to Tell-habesch (with a branch to Aleppo), bridging the Euphrates at Europus, and *via* Mosul (near Nineveh) Tekrit, and Beled (with a branch to Chanekin, on the Persian frontier) to Baghdad. Thence the line will continue *via* Kerbela, Nedjef, and Bassora, to Kozima, at the head of the magnificent harbor of El Kuweit, where there is to be a German naval coaling-station—four days' steam from Bombay! To bring this railway into connection with European lines the Bosphorus is to be spanned by a bridge, gratefully named after the present Sultan, and a recent well-informed anonymous writer calculates that Kozima will be reached in three and a half days from Constantinople, and ten days from Berlin. The length of the new railway will be 1,750 miles, and according to the Concession it is to be finished by 1907. But although the concession was signed nineteen months ago, the first shovelful of earth has yet to be lifted—and for a very good reason, of which I shall speak presently. I have described the railway in some detail in order that readers may mark its course upon the map, for it is certainly one of the most important matters—if not the most important—in European foreign politics to-day.

What will this railway accomplish? "The German calculation is, of course," says the anonymous writer I have already quoted, "not only that new trade will be developed, but that the course of present trade will be altered. It is expected that British vessels will cease to be the chief medium between Central Europe and the East. Passenger traffic with India is to be almost absorbed by the Baghdad Railway, reached from London and Paris *via* Munich and Vienna." But far more than this, Asia Minor is to serve for the overflow population of the Fatherland; its grain is to render Germany independent of the United States and Russia; Mesopotamia, irrigated anew, is to overflow with agricultural wealth; tobacco, silk, oil, petroleum, are to be produced lavishly; and a German fleet, at a naval base four days from Bombay, with a railway to Germany behind it, is to alter the balance of power in Asia. All discussion of these developments is stifled in Germany at present, but a glance at the map, combined with an elementary knowledge of ancient econ-

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omic history, is sufficient to show them plainly.

Now Russia's designs upon Persia, and what she regards as the imperative reasons for them, were explained by me in the fourth article of this series,* and it is unnecessary to traverse the ground again here. Suffice it to say that Russia has been determined, at any cost, to secure the control of Persia and a naval and maritime outlet upon the Persian Gulf. Persia is perfectly helpless before her, she is virtually mistress in Teheran, her plans for railway extension from the Caucasus (as shown upon my previous map, February, 1901) are only hanging fire for want of money, and her engineers are already surveying a railway route through Persia to the Gulf. This extension she regards as a matter of life and death—so much so that her leading newspaper has recently declared that if England would consent to this, every other issue between the two countries could be settled amicably and at once.

It will thus be seen that the relations of Russia with Germany are highly critical. If the Emperor William persists in the scheme he has so grandly conceived and, up to the present, pushed forward with extraordinary skill—and he is not the man to be frightened from an ardently desired goal—a rupture of the traditional relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg is not far off. I need not point out what an opportunity this situation affords to England, if she had a statesman with insight and courage to take advantage of it. The more so, as she holds in her hands, for the moment, the key to the building of this Baghdad railway. Turkey is utterly unable to pay a penny of the guarantee she has promised unless she is permitted by the Powers to increase her import duties from eight to eleven per cent., which, backed of course by Germany, she is now desirous of doing. But England has the preponderant share of Turkish trade, and therefore for her to consent to burden her trade in order that Germany build a railway to rob her of an important trade route is, as has been said, like asking her to contribute to the cost of the razor for cutting her own throat. There is, however, reason to fear that Lord Salisbury has recently concluded a secret convention of some kind with Germany. Nobody knows what is in it, and Englishmen can only pray that this concession to Germany —with another to be mentioned in connection with Austria—is not part of the price they will have to pay for the Kaiser's conspicuous and unwavering neutrality during the war in South Africa.

With Austria, no less than with Germany, have Russia's relations recently undergone a rapid and a vital change. For a number of years past peace has been guaranteed in the Balkans—the powder-magazine of Europe—by the common decision of St. Petersburg and Vienna that they would not allow it to be broken. Indeed it was preposterous that these semi-civilized little states, sizzling with ill-digested ambition, ignorant, reckless, ceaselessly intriguing, should be able, at any moment, to precipitate a situation in which two mighty empires might find themselves irresistibly dragged into a colossal and ruinous war. Thereupon Russia and Austria, having decided that this should not be, proceeded to communicate their decision to Servia and Bulgaria in terms that left no room for misunderstanding, and Europe breathed freely. It was tacitly understood that Austria would not interfere in Bulgaria, while Russia recognized that Servia must be more or less under Austrian influence.

It will be remembered that the freedom of Bulgaria was the result of the Russo-Turkish War, and that Servia was saved from Bulgaria during the war between the two by an Austrian aide-de-camp riding to Prince Alexander's tent to inform him that if he advanced farther he would find not Servian but Austrian bayonets in his front. Thus each of the two great powers had a kind of prescriptive right to exercise influence over one of the two little Balkan states.

Roumania did not come under this arrangement, for though she fought with Russia against Turkey, and, indeed, according to Moltke, saved the Russian army from the loss of the results of one whole campaign, she was alienated through her treatment by Russia at the close of the war, and she has been virtually a

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1901.

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member of the Triple Alliance for a good many years. Roumania is the most civilized and the most powerful of the Balkan countries, and so far from Russia having gained influence there, the only result of the growth of Russian influence in the Balkans is that King Charles has just concluded a new military convention—or, more probably, confirmed an old one—with Austria. So significant is this last act, that the *Reichswehr*, the semi-official journal of the Austro-Hungarian army, publishes, even as I write, the following remarkable comments :

> It is only in case a Balkan situation were created which would be directed against Austria and Roumania, as also Greece, which is affiliated to the latter country, that what is now described as the Austro-Roumanian military convention, which, perhaps, exists on paper, would acquire practical significance. At the present juncture it is certainly a suspicious circumstance that Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro should make such extravagant efforts to manifest their devotion to Russia. It is, for the moment, impossible to say how far this policy of flattery will prove successful; but it is conceivable that under Panslavist influence it may one day lead to a regrettable disturbance of Austro-Russian relations.

But gradually, as Russia has resumed her old paramountcy in Bulgaria, which Stamboloff destroyed, this Austro-Russian understanding has worn thin, and Russia has begun to trench upon Austria's sphere in Servia. The Tsar's wedding-present to Queen Draga will be remembered ; I have mentioned his intention to be godfather to the heir who never appeared ; and the Servian royal pair are about to pay him a formal visit. The late King Milan had a personal feud with Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the fine old mountain-fighter who belongs, body and soul, to Russia, but King Alexander has just withdrawn his military attaché from Vienna to send him to Cettigne, the little Montenegrin capital. In fact, the Russian press now uses language on this subject which a few years ago would have caused the immediate suppression of the newspaper printing it. A leading St. Petersburg journal of Panslavist views, for instance, speaks to-day of the meeting of the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria as "the canonization of Russia's eternal and fraternal friendship with her loyal kindred of the Balkan States" (note the plural), and adds that Russia has now addressed herself to the task of eliminating most thoroughly "the baneful Hapsburg incubus," not only from the independent Balkan States, but even from the peoples which still "languish under the oppressive sway" of Austro-Hungary. Frankness could go no farther.

There is, however, one other impending question, hardly mentioned yet in current comment, which may affect—and at any moment—the relations of Russia and Austria. I allude to the situation which will arise upon the death of the aged Austrian Emperor and the consequent action that Germany may take. We enter here upon the region of political speculation, though not without several definite and striking utterances to guide us. The Austrian Empire is of course a congeries of states, of widely differing origins and language, for the most part on bad terms with one another, only held together by the purely political and accidental bond of the Hapsburg Crown and, to an even greater degree, by the personality of the Emperor Franz Josef. Even Hungary, which is politically a separate kingdom, having its own King crowned in Buda, and only sharing its foreign affairs, customs, and army with Austria, cannot agree with the latter over the periodical *Ausgleich*. While as for the other races of the Dual Empire—Germans, Czechs (Bohemian Slavs), Poles, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats and the rest, all hope of peace among them is now virtually abandoned. Every kind of concession and coercion has been applied in turn, but the abominable scenes of disorder in the Parliament at Vienna are a reflection of what exists throughout the land. Austria is in a state of general ill-veiled rebellion, and the next and only remaining step will be the suppression by the Crown of representative institutions, followed by absolute government.

Now, the great racial struggle is in Bohemia, between two million Germans and four million Czechs. Other warring interests are comparatively unimportant. The Czechs are of course backed by their fellow Slavs in the Empire, and the Germans by Vienna, with its almost exclu-

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sively Hebrew and extremely influential capitalist ring. Between Czechs and Germans nothing less than a deadly hatred prevails, and both are disloyal to Austria.

Each of the rivals, it must next be observed, is included in a great politico-racial movement outside its own country. Russian Panslavism of course includes the Czechs, though they do not altogether reciprocate the feeling, as Panslavism carries with it the doctrines of the Russian Greek Church, and the Czechs are not orthodox. But they are infinitely nearer to this than to German Lutheranism. What, now, is the corresponding movement which includes the Germans? A precisely similar, though not nearly so well known aspiration, called Pan-Germanism, already wide-spread and deeply rooted both in Germany and Austria. It has its great leaders, its organization, its newspapers, its famous atlas, its flag; and unless many signs fail, it possesses the sympathy and enjoys the devoted support of no less a power than the Kaiser himself. Its racial object is simple: Germany to include all German-speaking countries. Its political objects are as simple and strikingly concrete. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett describes them as follows: "This party now openly desires the break-up of the Austrian Empire, the annexation of all the German portions of Austria by Germany, and the extension of the German Empire to the Adriatic." Another well-informed writer upon this topic, Mr. W. B. Duffield, says: "The successful prosecution of German ambition means that Trieste is to be a German port, and the Adriatic a German lake," and with this "the imposition of a universal monarchy in German lands." And the latter truly remarks that it is impossible to read these words which the Kaiser spoke at Bonn on April 24th last in any but a Pan-German sense: "Why did the old Empire come to naught? Because the old Empire was not founded on a strong national basis. The universal idea of the old Roman Kingdom did not allow the German nation developments in a German national sense. *The essential of the nation is a demarcation outwardly corresponding to the personality of a people and its racial peculiarity.*" One must be stupider than even Heine said the Germans of his day were, to misunderstand such a plain hint as this, and, indeed, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, the Archduke Ferdinand, understood it well enough, for he retorted in a speech which startled Europe, calling upon the Roman Catholic forces of the Empire to rally to its defence.

To discuss what may be, and what ought to be, the attitude of England toward such a tremendous expansion of Germany, and the practical destruction of an Austria always peace-keeping and always friendly to us; and still more to guess whether England's promise of neutrality has been pledged in order to keep Germany out of the South African question, would be outside the scope of this article. But it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this situation arising at the death of a monarch now aged seventy-one; or the extreme delicacy and danger of the international complication that would thus be instantaneously produced.

Russia is not prepared, either from a purely military or a financial point of view, to fight Germany; but such considerations have never kept her back yet, and it may reasonably be doubted whether she would not plunge the whole Balkan Peninsula into war, and perhaps even the whole of Europe, rather than see her mightiest military neighbor so vastly aggrandized in territory, in population, in wealth, and in sea-power. At any rate, we see here Panslavism claiming the Austrian Czechs, and Pan-Germanism claiming the Austrian Germans, and that definite rivalry alone constitutes one of the most momentous and puzzling factors in the relations of Russia with the nations.

As my space contracts, I must speak briefly of two other countries in connection with Russia. There has been for long in the United States a belief that Russia was a genuine, sympathetic friend, moved by admiration for the American people and their institutions. This has grown up chiefly, I suppose, from the apocryphal narratives of the readiness of Russia to intervene on the side of right during the war of the Rebellion. Therefore the American people have frequently

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made public profession of their friendship for Russia, which Russia, needless to say, has cordially accepted, for who would refuse such a gift? But the whole belief is a political soap-bubble. It is nothing but a bright film in the ether. Russia likes to appear a friend of the United States, because the effect of that is to postpone any co-operation of England and America in world affairs—a contingency which Russia is not the only Power to fear. But beyond this, she never thinks of the United States, except to regard her institutions with profound disapproval and worse; to anticipate the time when enough cotton will be grown in Turkestan to make it safe for her to put a prohibitive tax upon every American bale; or to wish that the American billionnaires would invest a few spare millions in government guaranteed 4 per cent. bonds of the Russian State railways —and, let me add, if I were a billionnaire I should assuredly meet the Russian wish in this respect, for there is no better investment at such an interest in Europe. Beyond these things, America does not exist for Russia, except when a troublesome Secretary of State puts a series of direct questions about Manchuria or the Open Door, and insists upon answers in writing. In fact, Russia thinks about America precisely what a great religious autocracy *must* think about a huge secular democracy four thousand miles away. The rest is mere empty flag-wagging, and for my own part, when I see an American newspaper lauding Russian love for the United States, I cannot help asking myself, knowing what I know, why that particular newspaper goes out of its way to disseminate that particular view.

About Japan, on the contrary, Russia thinks night and day. When she, with the help of France and Germany, had unceremoniously kicked Japan out of Port Arthur and off the mainland of China, Russia probably thought that she had done with the little island-Empire for a long time. But Japan thought otherwise, and proceeded to lay out a programme of naval and military expansion due to mature a short time before the Trans-Siberian Railway was to be completed. Many things have conspired to hinder the progress of the great railway, but Japan's military and naval schemes have gone steadily onward, in spite of all financial difficulties. To-day she has a magnificent navy, including the most powerful battle-ship afloat, stronger than any fleet Russia could safely send to the Far East, while her army is at least equal in numbers, and superior in equipment and scientific training to the land forces Russia could muster on the Eastern side of her vast dominions. And between the two nations there lies Korea—a territorial deadlock, a political antinomy. Russia cannot allow Japan to have it, for that would give her Eastern border a land-frontier to a military Power. Japan cannot allow Russia to have it, for that would leave her island home almost within gunshot of the troops and the naval bases of the Colossus of the North, and deprive her of an outlet for her overflowing population. At present Japan is gaining, for her influence and her people and her trade are increasing in Korea every day. It is a very dangerous situation indeed, and Russia would give much for a diplomatic exit from this military and naval anxiety. So, too, would Japan, whom it has nearly ruined, and the situation would inevitably hatch out a treaty, except for the simple difficulty that neither country will relinquish the only thing the other wants.

There remains the last and greatest of Russia's foreign relationships. England—what of this long-existent and traditional rivalry? Is not mutual enmity rooted in the hearts of both peoples? Do not their statesmen take this nightmare of predestined war to bed with them every night, and wake every morning to find it wide-eyed upon their pillows? Has not a library of books been written in both languages to show to demonstration that Briton and Muscovite must inevitably come to the death-grip? In fact, are not England and Russia, by the eternal nature of things—

Like rival thunders from opposèd poles,
Rushing toward the shock that splits the world?

Well, a few people do not think so, and I am one of them. Moreover, these few are growing in number every day, in spite of the fact that the last two or three books

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on the subject are violently anti-Russian. If our statesmen were like those of other countries, we should ere this have been on the road to an understanding with Russia, for Lord Salisbury has confessed that the anti-Russian, pro-Turkish policy of Lord Beaconsfield was "putting our money on the wrong horse;" and Mr. Balfour has pointedly remarked that "Asia is big enough for both." But though our statesmen's words fly up, their thoughts remain below, and we are as suspicious of Russia as ever, and Russia is equally disgusted with our shilly-shally, invertebrate, hand-to-mouth conduct of our relations with her. Therefore she goes calmly ahead, doing what she pleases, taking what she wants, knowing perfectly well that when England alone desires or opposes anything, a few acid despatches and a little calling of names in Parliament will be the worst she has to fear. In diplomacy Russia plays a strong game, and plays it sometimes without many scruples; but she both respects and likes an opponent who plays his own game strongly, too, and she does not demand in others a higher standard of scrupulousness than she follows herself. I assert, with confidence resting on solid ground, that Russia would welcome to-day a direct challenge from England to "put up or shut up," as the vulgar phrase goes—to declare once for all, taking the consequences, whether she prefers open friendship or frank enmity, whether or not she is willing to give and take, in the matter of national ambitions, till a settlement is reached and a collision averted. If she were approached by the right man, in the right spirit, I am sure that England and Europe would be surprised at the cordiality of her assent, and the extent of her willingness to concede all that could fairly be asked of her. And I am profoundly convinced that this would be the wisest foreign policy that a British statesman could adopt.

There are only three parts of the world where serious obstacles are thought to exist—China, Persia, and India. As regards China, Russia has virtually got what she wants—namely, Manchuria and her free rail-route to the sea. I know that China has not signed the Manchurian Convention, but she will sign it, or it will make no difference if she does not. England and the United States, the two Powers that could have kept Manchuria Chinese and open to the world's trade, have failed to unite to do so. I know, too, that the United States Government has formally warned all and sundry that it will not consent to any portion of China being seized and surrounded with a private wall of hostile tariffs, but as all and sundry are perfectly aware that the United States will not fight to back up this warning, they regard it as an interesting but wholly negligible expression of opinion. And Russia has got, too, the enormously valuable gold-mines of Mongolia, the original concessions for which were given to a Scotch friend of mine, who still owns them and wonders what on earth he should do with them. So in China, Russia being palpably replete, there should be no great difficulty in persuading her to admit the fact.

Persia presents a much more difficult problem, as her territory contains or controls the overland route to India, and here very delicate and determined diplomacy would be necessary. What Korea is between Russia and Japan, that Persia closely resembles between Russia and England. But I do not see that British interests under all conditions would necessarily exclude a Russian railway to the Persian Gulf, and it must be remembered that the alternative is a German railway thither and a German naval base.

Most people, however, believe that the real strain and danger between the Russian and British Empires lie in India. The intention of Russia to invade India has been for generations an accepted commonplace, due probably most of all to the idea expressed in Sir Henry Rawlinson's remark that "anyone who traces the movements of Russia toward India on the map of Asia cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance which these movements bear to the operations of an army opening parallels against a beleaguered fortress." This is very true, but it must be remembered, first, that some of these movements date back a considerable time, when the situation of Russia in world-politics was very different from what it is to-day; and second, that in many of these movements commercial development was beyond question the chief, if not the sole, aim—an aim which, be it added, results are

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abundantly justifying. This question of Russia's views with regard to India has been present to my mind in every conversation I have ever held with a Russian whose opinion was worth hearing, and after long consideration I have come to the conclusion that the invasion of India is not seriously contemplated by either Russian statesmen or Russian soldiers of high rank. It would be roughly true to say that every Russian officer up to the rank of colonel believes firmly that the invasion of India is possible, probable, and desirable, while everyone above the rank of colonel has learned that as a military operation it is practically impossible, and that as a political move it would be the climax of folly. In Central Asia almost every Russian knows to a month or two when he will get his marching orders for Kabul—the time is generally close at hand; in St. Petersburg the very few men who really influence the course of Russian affairs will not waste their scanty leisure in discussing the question with you—they sincerely regard you as quite an outsider, diplomatically speaking, if you desire to raise it.

The truth is, in my opinion, that Russia regards her position on the Indian frontier as a lever to bring pressure to bear, whenever necessary, upon England. If the relations between the two countries grow strained beyond a certain point, you hear of troops from the Caucasus crossing the Caspian; if the situation gets worse, you learn the precise number of troops of all arms gathered at Kushkinski Post on the Afghan frontier; if a serious rupture occurs, or were about to occur, I should expect the Russians to seize Herat—which they could do at any time. After that there could be peace or war all round. But the notion of invading India to annex it and administer it, does not form part of any Russian plan. It would, from every point of view, be far beyond Russia's means, considering the vast task she has assumed and the vast aims she cherishes in other parts of the world. Finally, this must be considered. India no longer looms in Russia's eyes as the El Dorado of the world; she sees that problems of finance and population are assuming very grave dimensions there; she realizes what the strain of administering India is likely to be for England in years to come; she has not the least desire to add that burden to the many she has already assumed. And one word more—a little prophecy: I venture to say that before long she will give England and the world a striking piece of evidence that she is harboring no designs against that part of the British Empire.

Therefore I hold that India offers no insurmountable or even serious obstacle to a solid and friendly understanding between England and Russia, covering all issues where their national interests appear now to be at variance.

Such, then, are, in necessarily brief outline, the relations of the Russian Empire, as a great whole, with the different nations surrounding her, upon whose attitudes and actions her future must in large part depend. It will have been seen that the problems awaiting her—perhaps close at hand—are neither few nor simple, but that they will demand all her judgment, all her diplomacy, all her prestige, and possibly all her resources, to solve them to her advantage. Some of them are so bound up with her national security and well-being that a mistake in handling them might throw her back for generations. If I were a Russian, however, I should feel little anxiety on that score.

At the present moment, it is true, Russia is passing through an industrial and commercial crisis of a very serious character. Precisely as in Germany, where the economic life of the nation is vastly better organized, her industrial development has for the time outstripped the financial resources of the commercial classes. Moreover, Russia is the victim of unscrupulous speculators. On the wave of enthusiasm caused by the great French loans, certain groups of promoters, chiefly Belgians, floated enterprise after enterprise as a joint-stock company. Not for an hour longer than they could help did these promoters retain a rouble of their own in their companies. The silly French and Belgian public swallowed them all. Most of them never had a moment's chance of success. Their capital was enormous, mostly fictitious, their actual working capital of the scantiest, and in many cases the enterprises were little better than swindles, the natural bases of the business being

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lacking—rolling-mills, for instance, being erected where either ore or coal was unprocurable at paying rates. These enterprises are irrevocably doomed to bankruptcy—their promoters never expected anything else—and Russian reputation will unjustly suffer by their failure.

Furthermore, the transition from agriculture to industrialism is so sharp a change that some labor difficulties were inevitable. The Russian peasant does not easily accommodate himself to new conditions, nor, on the other hand, does the Russian employer. Both have to modify their habits to suit their new environment. But this industrial development was both right and inevitable in a country possessing the boundless natural resources of Russia. Perhaps it has been unduly hurried, but that is the Russian way: to be very slow in adopting a new principle, and then to embody it in act and fact with a rapidity that takes away the breath of an observer from less confident countries. The one imperative need of Russia is foreign financial assistance, and for this she has in many directions magnificent security to offer. The whole of her French loans have gone into productive enterprises, and she has never broken faith with a creditor or an investor. If only her ruling authorities could sweep away some of the mass of formality and Chinese-like delay that discourages the foreign capitalist and has often sent him away in disgust, her progress would be much more rapid. But she will progress, notwithstanding everything—including the devoted band of prophets of evil who vaticinate so glibly about her, and who, if more were known about them, would not in some cases carry even the weight they do.

No, let my last word be, Russia is going ahead. It is foolish and unscientific to judge her solely by the foot-rule of our older and different civilization. She should be measured by a standard evoked from her own past, her own period of existence, and her own racial character. Then it will be seen that she stands, so far as virtue and vice go in a national development, very much where the rest of the nations do—that only the judge who is able to cast up very long debit and credit accounts, in a very great ledger, can strike a true balance. For the rest, she excels most European nations in her vivacity of intellectual outlook, in her insouciant courage to affront great difficulties, in her freedom from traditional and theoretical top-hamper, and in her absolute confidence in her own glorious destiny. Beyond this, no nation in the world, save perhaps America, can vie with her in lavish wealth of natural resources, and when we add that she has never lacked the guidance of statesmen of profound sagacity and almost reckless courage, and that her present all-powerful Emperor is a man inspired, beyond all question, by lofty ideals, it should be clear that the twentieth century will count Russia as one of its greatest factors in the movements and developments of human society. I trust that this series of studies of the Russia of To-day may have helped to bring home these conclusions, in the interests of peace and commerce, to readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

NOTHING is more interesting than to see some of our writers and artists striving to seize and reproduce the outward physiognomy of New York, its character and mien at certain times and in certain localities—its "spirit of place." New York is not London or Paris or Rome for romantic possibilities of aspect, but it has moods and moments and manifestations of its own that can speak, even deeply, to the imagination. The endeavor to catch the look, the "feeling," of a great city's atmosphere and street-scenes—that elusive but most potent personal soul which all the interesting cities of the world possess—is full of fascination for the artistic instinct, and closely allied to the interest in the human types which, in every city, seem to sum up in themselves and to localize all the diffused impressions that the mind receives from the peculiar life of the place. Such studies in New York types as certain of our artists have been making have had an interest confirmatory of the revelations of the many portraits of Americans that the foremost painters, native and foreign, have given to the world of late. Lay those studies by the side of certain views of the New York streets, especially of foggy nights or late, snowy afternoons, which the best illustrators have been able strikingly to represent, and the resultant perception that you will have is rather a curious one. The streets appear to suggest more than those clever faces of men and women. The human types which people the city have somehow less perspective; they seem to convey less than the setting in which they move.

Physiognomy in Places and Individuals.

It is certain that it is not so in the old-world cities; and that leads one to various speculations as to what gives marked expressiveness to the human countenance. Leonardo da Vinci, who would not in such matters be accused of being a superficial observer, was of the opinion that the character of the habitation affected the physiognomy. He believed, for instance, that the face, the eyes especially, of persons who lived in big, old houses, lofty, and of a gloomy aspect, gained a singular degree of depth and intensity. This was what, in man or woman, attracted him most, and what he sought persistently to put into his work; and one may therefore assume that it was more than a chance coincidence, discovered now and then, that made him associate some of those impassioned and tragic visages that he saw in the Italy of his day, and that we still may see in the Italy of ours, with the dark, massive, and ancient dwellings of many Italian towns. Some of those dwellings, then as now, might have been given over to squalor; but they had the details—the large rooms, high ceilings, broad staircases, dense walls discreetly muffling sound—of the noble in domestic architecture. They had, perchance, hanging over them, moreover, the sense of mystery that comes from an historic past. Such things breathe distinction and poetic dignity; they predispose to gravity, revery, and an undefined imaginativeness, to which the inmate may never be aware that he is subjected, yet which work their way subtly into his features. So far we know that the painter of Mona Lisa was right enough; but, having learned more as time has gone on, we also know that it is not the kind of house alone that people live in that influences unconsciously their mind and expression, their manner and carriage, but the mode in which they live in it. The habit of tubbing, flesh-brushing, exercising in the open air, and choosing sleeping-rooms with a sunny exposure, would have lessened even within the shade of old palaces the number of those mysteriously affecting physiognomies that Leonardo found so haunting. It would have neutralized the spell of the sombre and romantic environment in a sensible measure, and been a force tending toward the creation of what may be called the modern physiognomy—a physiognomy clear, open, straight-glancing, and practically shadowless. This is the physiognomy in which there is nothing morbid—in which the will expresses itself strongly, and the emotions may only express themselves very little—that can be studied in the portraits of Sargent and Alexander. It is this which we encounter oftenest in the New York types of Mr. Gibson. It is this, finally, which we oftenest see, in the flesh, in the streets and

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theatres and churches and public conveyances of the great commercial city.

In its most radiant examples, in handsome youths and happy, blooming girls, there is no gainsaying the physical attractiveness of this same modern, this ideally American, countenance. But youth and beauty are not the whole of life, and it comes to one at times that there might be said of this all-will and no-emotion face what Matthew Arnold said of the radiant Greek life of ancient days—that it was all very well until people were sick or sorry. There are many phases of existence that correspond to being sick or sorry. People become middle-aged, they lead stupid lives in a narrow orbit, they have middling means and middling interests. Of such is the vast population of every place. Out of such, precisely, the Leeches and Gavarnis of London and Paris drew some of their richest types, their most unctuously characteristic physiognomies. Out of such also, the great Italian and Spanish painters brought forth the models for their Madonnas and their saints. The up-and-doing masses of a representative American population, however, produce comparatively very few idiosyncratic countenances, very few faces (as has often been remarked) out of the normal in any direction, and easy either to caricature or—at least at some points—very highly to idealize. Deprived of the flush of youthful beauty, the medium type of face of persons who live essentially the modern life—the life of energetic, concrete effort, of scientific sanitation in the home, and, outside of it, of cheerful acceptance of all sorts of promiscuous contacts, in cable-cars and Pullman sleepers—is a type that does not offer to an artist the most varied resources. Who would quarrel with sanitation or the life of vigorous action? And yet it is sure that we do not conceive of Mona Lisa as troubling about ventilation and plumbing, or "going in" for golf!

In other terms, it apparently takes a great deal of inward, rather than outward, life to make a little of the facial suggestiveness that artists seek. And (other things being equal) that will sometimes come to sedentary, cooped-up persons rather than to those that exult in motion. A Frenchman would say that to be physiognomically expressive one must "pay with one's person." That is what a great city does. It pays with its person. It has scars and it shows them. And it is what we divine of the complexities of human history behind the scars that gives to certain city aspects such power to stir the imagination.

Memory and the Lack of It.

AN active member of our educational forces observed a short time ago that whatever a child understood he remembered. This was said in arguing against the supposed importance of cultivating, specifically, the memory in youth; and this view of the secondary place which should be assigned to memory, *per se*, is characteristic of the opinions prevailing throughout many departments of instruction at the present moment. The parrot-like memorizings of by-gone days have been set aside in the advanced systems of teaching, and it is perhaps one of the innovations that gives, to those technically interested in such matters, the greatest satisfaction.

There is certainly another side to the questions involved, however, and it is at times borne in rather strongly upon the layman. Without doubt the drift of education, in what may be called the race-wide sense, is inevitably away from the very particular development of the memory. Practically, when man enters into the stage of the printing-press his memory ceases to be to him a faculty of the very first order of indispensableness; that is, its highest pitch of cultivation, the utmost that it can yield in stretch and tenacity, cease to be indispensable. Requirements that to men of to-day appear not short of phenomenal were demanded of the memory of generations that had the Vedas to hand down orally, every phrase exact, unimpaired. In Oriental countries, where the reverent retention of religious texts is still the major part of education, the memory receives a discipline that the Occidental peoples may be excused for feeling that they can well do without. Assuredly, to catch and hold words easily and for any length of time, if it be done without notion of the larger meaning behind the words, is but a comparatively poor use to make of the mind. The increasing purpose of the education of civilized men must then be to strengthen the understanding, rather than to set great store by the automatic action of memory, for whose services books and newspapers, and all the other agents of communication of modern life, offer so many substitutes.

Notwithstanding, it is possible to set too little store by the power of retaining accurately, with photographic fidelity, what has

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been read or heard, and it cannot but strike one, in many ways, that this is what is occurring now. Those Hindoos, picked out anywhere from among the swarming millions of the population, who, as Mr. Kipling and other writers have told us, can pass on, unaltered by a syllable, an order, a message, a rallying-word, from one end of India to the other, testify to a general drill of the memory and a respect for verbal precision in a whole people, unthinkable in a modern country, and especially, one feels inclined to say, in America. It is really curious to observe how rare are the persons whom one meets in the miscellaneous relations of life who appear to be capable of repeating with perfect exactitude a statement which they may have listened to even a moment before, or a sentence to which their attention may have been but recently and very carefully called. They will give you the idea of it, more or less clearly; more or less intelligently they may "understand" what they have taken in, and what they seek to transmit farther. For all that, though, they have not closely *remembered*, in the verbal sense. They do not pass on the precise collocation of the words, of the statement heard, of the sentence seen. And, with all consideration for the opinion of those who hold that, with children, understanding and remembering are one, it is forced upon one that the two functions are, after all, distinct, and that it often matters seriously that the second faculty should be subordinated to the first. An individual who likes to know what colloquialism calls "the rights" of a fact or a remark, who prefers to be just in his judgments, and clear as to his own stand and that of others, develops a habit, unconsciously, of sifting the veriest trifles derived from hearsay with the caution of a German exegete over a disputed passage. He learns to distinguish "testimonies"; which to accept as trustworthy, and which to reject; and it may not infrequently happen that the rejected testimony will be that of his best friends. They have no desire to deceive, they believe that they are conveying absolutely the truthful impression, but they are not *textual*, and hence they do deceive the unwary. One could probably not compute the disorders and confusions, and beclouding of sentiments and situations, due to innocent and honorable minds that have simply not been trained in the ability to reflect, mirror-like, an image just as they received it.

It will be objected that there is no such thing as a faultless reflection, that the personal element always enters to distort the outlines. Well, but the words can be remembered; one may not be sure as to the intention of the writer quoted and the speaker reported; but one can be sure as to the very words they used. All our current views and habits are such, nevertheless, that the verbal memory has paid to it, in practice as well as in theory, a very unimportant amount of regard. The mere fashion of our newspaper-reading, which skims, in the most superficial way, the most inconceivably heterogeneous mass of matter, day by day, relaxes the fibres of verbal memory, and makes us flippant as to its dignity. What is the use of painful precision when we have "got the drift" of a thing? We are like that light-hearted young critic whom Balzac described for us. "If some one take the liberty to remind him that Raphael did not paint the Judith in the Pitti Palace—'Pedant!' he replies, laughing."

The memory may be one of those faculties that one might call clerkly. Perhaps it is mechanical, and a plodder. But there are circumstances in which nothing and no one can fill the place of a good clerk: a merchant who had secured one would not exchange him for Napoleon. And it may be that we are too much disposed just now to underrate the sheer mechanical memory, and that we shall be constrained to restore it to some of its past repute.

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THE FIELD OF ART

AN IDEAL SALON

THE Field of Art has received an article on this subject from Mr. André Saglio, son of a very well-known archæologist, and very lately charged with important work upon the Retrospective Exhibition of 1900, and Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl. Attention is called to the discouraging effect upon the student of the overwhelming mass of paintings (four thousand and more), and the only less numerous array of important sculptures which a great exposition like that of Paris in 1900 includes. Advantage is taken of the existence of some excellent prints, the work of French engravers of the close of the seventeenth century, to call attention to the condition of the Salon in its earliest years. One of the prints shows the opening, or rather the preparation for the opening, of the Salon of that year. It is an "animated scene; trim valets, with sedulously rounded calves and arched ankles pose upon ladders in the act of hanging the three or four dozen pictures which compose the entire Salon of that halcyon epoch. The king himself—that Louis in whom no pressure of state affairs or preoccupation of his Court were able to crowd out the love and encouragement of the beautiful—after a short tour of the room, for the purpose of inspecting the paintings individually, had taken his seat beneath a canopy sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys, and from his throne surveyed, well-satisfied, the general harmony of the collection against its Gobelins background."

So far the quotation is *verbatim* from an early page of the long article mentioned. What follows is the second half of the paper, and this may be given complete without inverted commas:

Doubtless there is no need to emphasize the fact that the present arrangement of our expositions is precisely the opposite of this most simple system. Our paintings are hung with a discrimination akin to that of a fruiterer placing pears in his shop-window, against an invariable drapery, in an invariable light, and in the sole design that the frames should fit, as nearly as possible, each to each. Written out thus coldly, the statement is one of almost incredible brutality, but, "pity 'tis, 'tis true." And how, we may ask, is our public to enter into any understanding of the sentiment with which our painter has fairly impregnated some sombre autumnal landscape, if this same landscape be flanked on the one hand by a scullion drinking the wine intended for the sauce, and on the other by an English admiral dying on the deck of his disabled ship? And this is an actual case, noted at the Exposition of 1900! And when we turn to the arrangement of sculpture in our exhibitions, the chaos is more hopeless still: heads, legs, and arms inextricably confused within the range of vision, a bacchante dancing before a dying grenadier, a first communicant kneeling before a band of Roman roysterers, a modern beggar soliciting alms from a nude and chanting Apollo! Ah, no! Let us not boast too loudly of our civilization, for in these things we are barbarians still!

To make more coherent this project of an ideal Salon, let us picture to ourselves our imaginary rooms, and, by way of pointing the argument, place in them certain of the more notable works of art which figured in the United States' section of the Paris Exposition, and the memory of which is therefore fresh in the minds of all who saw them. We must suppose that for the purposes of this exhibition there is available a building similar to the city residence of one of our luxury-loving millionnaires, in which we have at our disposal fifteen or twenty spacious rooms, differently lighted. For it must be remembered that works of art have for a primary purpose the embellishment of a dwelling, and that, to form a proper estimate of their value, one should, so far as possible, see them in the ordinary light of such an interior as they are intended to occupy, rather than under the perpendicular illumination usually adopted in public galleries.

To begin at random, let us imagine a room of extreme but strictly refined richness, and of the most brilliant but the most harmonious

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coloring. As a base, we should have draperies and wall-hangings of cherry-colored damask, serving on one side as a background for a colossal mirror, framed, after the style of Louis XIII., by elaborate and heavily gilt carvings. From the centre of the ceiling should depend a great bronze chandelier in a design of electric bulbs grouped like fruits among their leaves, while couches and chairs, still Louis XIII. in style, and with upholstery of old Genoese velvet, held by brass nails and in tone a deeper red than the draperies, should stand out upon a rich Savonnerie carpet. At one end of the room we should have an immense table with spiral legs and a top of polished marquetry, and thereon an equestrian statuette in silver, or one of George Gray Barnard's beautiful pagan divinities in smooth bronze, *patiné*. Around this bit of statuary should be scattered prints and books in costly bindings, and on half columns at the corners, busts in white marble or gilded bronze. Finally, a rare old cabinet should contain a collection of precious objects, jewelry, miniatures, and medals. It is in such a sumptuous setting alone that Sargent's superb portrait of a lady and her children could fitly be displayed. We should see it in the place of honor, its only companions such canvases as were peculiarly suggestive of light, as the Indian pictures of Edwin Lord Weeks and the Japanese studies of John La Farge, and others where richness of tone had been particularly cultivated—Abbey's "Hamlet," for example, or "The Expansionist" of Francis Millet.

By way of contrast, the succeeding room should be of an aspect much more sombre. A foundation of tanned leather should stretch from the ceiling down to a breast-high panel of dark-hued walnut, and above a high marble mantle, cream-white in color and intricately carved, should be installed that portrait of a mother and child wherein George de Forrest Brush so skilfully recalls the pictures of the Italian Renaissance, in an old frame with side columns, bearing faint traces of once brilliant blue and gold. Here, too, should be hung the portrait of a mother and daughter by Cecelia Beaux, that by Sargent of the principal of a woman's college, and Winslow Homer's deep-toned marines, "A Summer's Night" and "The Coast of Maine." On a great easel, draped with a Chinese fabric, blue-black in color and showing here and there a strand of gold, should be placed, upright, Whistler's portrait of himself, while one side of the room should be occupied by a broad, low book-case, filled with books in iridescent bindings of violet, plum, olive-green, brown, and nasturtium orange. On this, just at eye level, should be ranged pieces of Tiffany glass, between portraits in *bas-relief* by Saint-Gaudens, and bits of sculpture in bronze, wood, and ivory, by Proctor, Borglum, Bartlett, and others. Upon a table, a few feet from a window, a reduction of Saint-Gaudens's severe and stately statue of General Sherman should add a final note of dignity.

Again let us picture a room draped in heavy stuffs of faded rose, and furnished with moss-green divans very wide and deep, upon a rug of a similar but somewhat brighter green. In this we should have a harmonious setting for the subtle work of John Alexander, Walter MacEwen, and Alexander Harrison, while from a window an illuminating light should fall upon the soft brilliance of Mrs. MacMonnies's "Lilies and Roses." Elsewhere, touches of freshness would be lent by aquarelles, or by a series of delicate little interiors by Walter Gay, forming a frieze above the simple lines of a dark wood working-desk. Finally, in this interior we should see, in the centre of a panel and framed in deep-toned laurel and feathery fringed bamboo, the antique grace of Saint-Gaudens's "Angel with a Tablet."

As for the silvery dream-pictures of J. Humphreys Johnston, the landscapes of George Inness and Dessar, and the melancholy marines of Charles H. Fromuth and Eugene Vail, we should see them in an oval room, lighted with a sort of mystery, from the ceiling, against hangings of flax-gray. Here should be a blue-black carpet, and, in the centre of the room, a circular divan of embossed and gilded leather, around a stand supporting a bed of flaming geraniums, in the midst of which should dance MacMonnies's "Bacchante." At the two ends of the room credences should bear busts in white marble and lotus flowers, and chrysanthemums in Grecian vases with narrow necks.

We might long pursue this train of fancy, until we had placed all the works of art of the American section of the Exposition in surroundings designed to bring out their full value. But it is enough by these few illustrations to prove the point of our plea.

It may be argued that the cost of such an experiment would be excessive, but it should

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be borne in mind that the luxury would be more spectacular than actual, since it would consist principally of mural hangings, to be colored and recolored at will, of carpets, plants, and of the simplest furniture. Nor can there be any doubt that a collection of works of art thus framed would prove profoundly instructive, not only to the general public, but also to the artists themselves, painters equally with sculptors, goldsmiths, designers of fabrics, glass-workers, and cabinet-makers. The city possessing such an annual Salon might go far in the development of a general Renaissance such as may be observed at various points in the history of art, and inevitably further a growth of lofty ideals and standards which would place her, for a time at least, in the very forefront of intellectual communities. But the experiment should above all be tried in a city not as yet corrupted, as is Paris, Berlin, London, or New York, by the mercenary and secular considerations which have come in these centres to be the prime factors in the activity of the artistic world.—A. S., G. W. C.

. . . . . .

The distributing of works of art over walls, about floors, and throughout glazed cases will never be agreeable to the enthusiastic lover of the works of art themselves. But, then, for that matter, it will never be agreeable to the lover of the work of art to have it fixed permanently, kept out of the reach of his changing as to place and as to its angle of light, kept out of the way of his handling that he might turn it over and up and see its inside as well as its more brilliantly adorned exterior, kept out of the sphere of his influence that he might move it into a fuller daylight or put it into a more concentrated beam of light, with a view to bringing out its modelling. Neither the sculpture of large size which never seems at home in a gallery, nor the paintings of importance which must of necessity be injured by their near neighbors, nor the more refined and more exalted works of delicate water-color which are sure to find neighbors even more injurious than do the oil paintings, nor the pieces of bookbindings, of wrought silver, of carved ivory, of enamel or of porcelain, which are of necessity boxed in by sheets of plate glass, through which but a partial view of the charming objects themselves can be had; not one of all these can be enjoyed as well in the public gallery as the man who loves them thinks he could enjoy them if in his own control. He would put the large scale sculpture into the open air and into a special point of vantage where its own special dignity might tell while its peculiar delicacy, whatever that might be, might not be lost; he would put the large painting upon a wall where nothing else could disturb it, trying gingerly, bit by bit, the neighborhood of this or that minor work of art in hopes that someone, or even several, of these last, might be found rather to gain than to lose by the neighborhood of their formidable neighbor and perhaps be helped by a sort of contrast. And as for the more delicate, the minuter objects, there is only one way to enjoy them, as the true student of such things knows. It is to keep them locked up out of harm's way and bring them out once in a while for examination with the fingers as well as with the eyes. A true lover of Japanese lacquer boxes or of repoussé and enamelled eighteenth century watches—if you have ever watched him enjoy the examination and critical appreciation of this or that piece of his favorite department of art, he will seem to you to perceive as much through his fingertips as through his eyes. If you have had the good fortune to visit the collection of a friend of art with the collector's presence and suggestions to help, you have noticed his eagerness to bid you take and handle the choicest pieces—he having first assured himself that you know how to grasp them firmly and hold them safely.

This freedom to handle and to change the point of view cannot be granted in the case of the public exhibition, permanent or temporary; but the other thing, the collection of works of art, arranged as in a private room and for the delectation of a loving collector, might indeed be attained, though not so very easily nor so very soon. Success in this will come only with time and as the result of experiment. A very singular intelligence on the part of placing committees themselves, and a very singular patience, too, will be found essential to arrange these imagined collections in which each piece helps its neighbors and is itself benefited by the help it gives. And, moreover, there is the certainty of protest from those persons who for the moment are more desirous to learn than to enjoy—more desirous to compare as investigators do than to receive and rejoice as enthusiasts do in their moments of leisure.

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In fact, it is to many persons not a moment of leisure nor a moment fitted for tranquil enjoyment when they stand in a hall of temporary exhibition. The opportunity lasts for only a month; the building is a little out of the way; time is precious and engagements are many; it is not likely that more than three—or five—visits can be paid—and during the brief hours of those visits as much as possible must be learned—let enjoyment wait for another time, even for the time when memory shall deal with that which is to be learned while the exhibition remains open. So, too often, would the eager student receive your offer to him of a truly artistic combination of pieces in an exhibition of the future.

There is another difficulty to be met that is a two-fold one. It is the same difficulty that attends the organization and policing of our great modern agglomerations of men and women which we call cities, or—in a very modern phrase—metropolitan districts, and the like. It is a two-fold difficulty—the vast number of works of art which offer themselves for exhibition and the great crowds of people who come to look at them. Unless abundant space can be provided, the exhibitions of the twentieth century will suffer like those of the nineteenth century from the crowd, often of well-chosen works of art, and from the throng, which cannot be kept out, of even well-meaning visitors. Much system, much form and order must be maintained, or these crowds of works of art and of students of art will inevitably clash. It would seem as if the paintings must still hang on walls, and that the minor works of art must needs be arranged in somewhat a formal way on tables; and then the multitude, which tries to move slowly on before the pictures, will be impatient with the tables, and eagerly seek for their removal. As for sculpture, unless the abundant space of the old Parisian Palais d'Industrie, with its green sward and winding paths, with statues and busts on pedestals standing here and there without apparent system;—unless that abundant accommodation can be provided, the statues and busts will still have to be arranged in rows, greatly to the injury of their effect, no doubt, but perhaps inevitably so. The ideal exhibition will be, as it has been, the small one—that in which only a few pieces are on view at any one time, and those are put into full light and can be seen without the severe elbowing of your neighbors. But at that rate the year would not be long enough to hold the exhibitions which succeed one another. And the immediate remedy seems to lie somewhere in combination of all the exhibitions of the great city into what might be considered a single exhibition—single, because simultaneous. A dozen societies can provide more room for their exhibitions than a single one; and if those many associations agree to build their galleries in close connection with one another, and, if they agree further to hold exhibitions simultaneously, such liberty of choice would be given, such abundant opportunity of passing restfully from one intellectual excitement to another, that the fatiguing mass of a great exhibition in a single line of thought would be partially removed. Whether out of such a collected exhibition the more freely combined display of works of art might find its origin we cannot assert in advance. The tendency might not be exactly in that way, but it would assuredly be a tendency toward opportunities for more enjoyment and more intelligent study.—R. S.

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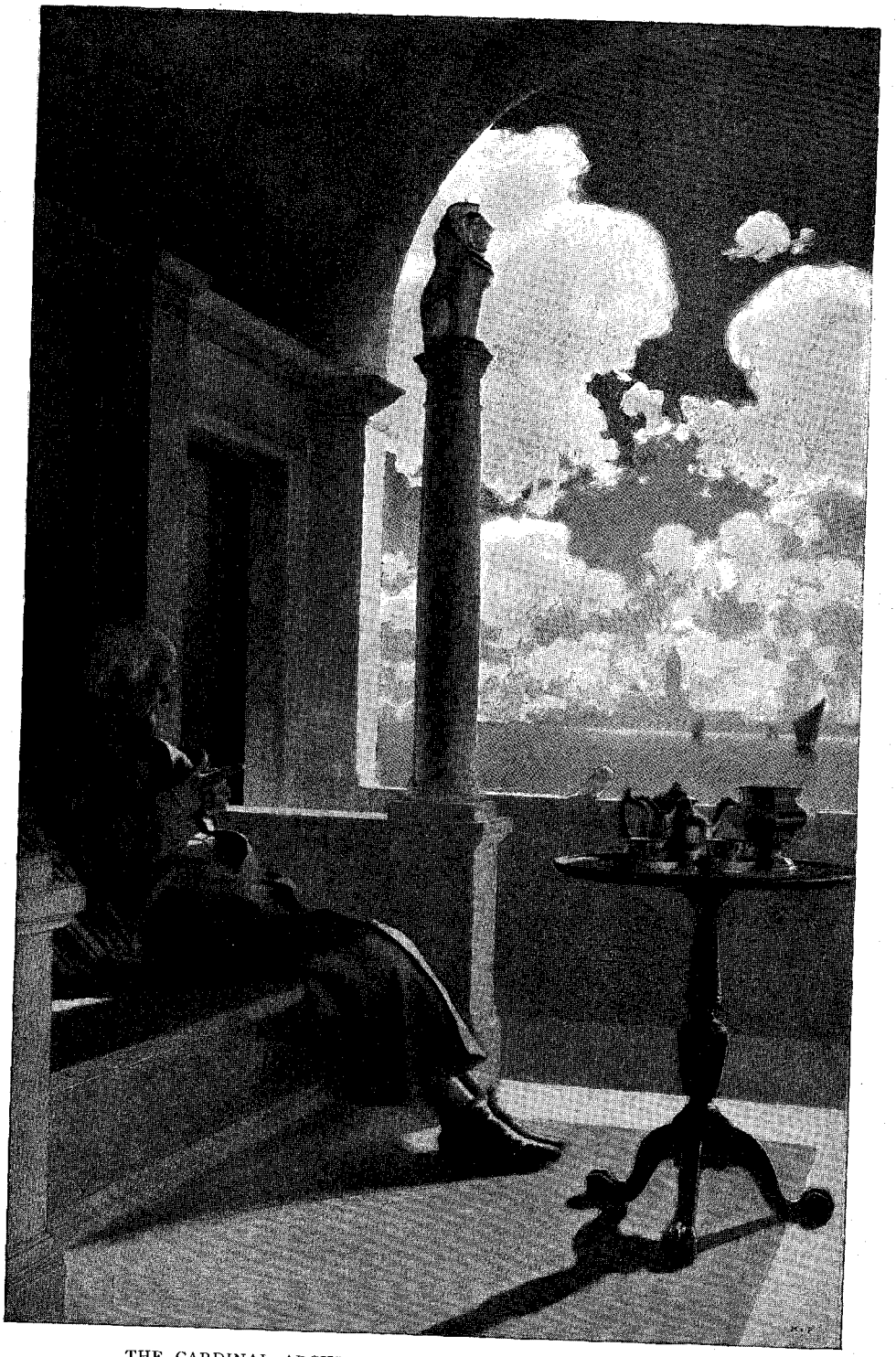

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP SAT ON HIS SHADED BALCONY.

—"The Turquoise Cup," page 671.

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